

# Hearst's International Cosmoopolitan

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NOVEMBER • 25¢

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## Big Game Hunting

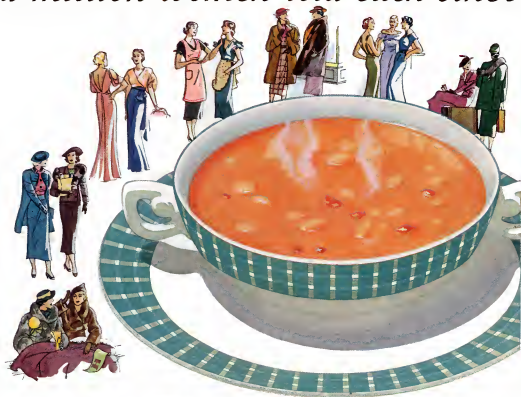
*From the Private Diaries of* **The PRINCE of WALES**

*Beginning* **BLOW, DESERT WINDS!**

**Also a Complete Short Novel**

# THE SECRET

*a million women told each other*



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SOME OF THE

57



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- *A famous scientist says:*  
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STERLING

VOL. XCVII NO. 5

H. P. BURTON  
Editor

Hearst's International  
*combined with*  
**Cosmopolitan**

NOVEMBER  
1934

(Trademarks Registered in U. S. Patent Office)

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new experiments  
with antiseptics!"**



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Similar studies have frequently been ordered—and will be continued. A brilliant student was rushed South to investigate the effects of antiseptics in treating tooth decay. Another was commissioned to a northern state to note the cruel march of a flu epidemic. A third gave his time for three winters to a detailed and painstaking study of cold prevention among factory workers.

These four assignments alone cost the company many thousands of dollars. But this money, like all money spent for research, was wisely spent. Our first duty, we feel, is to our product and its users. And only by keeping always abreast of the most recent developments in Science, only by comparative tests and endless experiments, can we always

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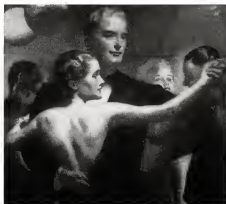


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OVER THE EDITOR'S SHOULDER

*Next Month—*



That Long-Awaited Novel by

**KATHARINE BRUSH**

*author of*

**“Red-Headed Woman” and  
“Young Man of Manhattan”**

Mrs. Billy Cunningham is attractive at thirty-eight. Her husband is rich—and overlooks her friendship for young Don Lamont, although it has become the scandal of their set.

But Mrs. Billy Cunningham is really two women: while she is dancing in her lover's arms her heart is torn with worry about Jay, son of her first marriage, who is the wildest of the young set that takes its pattern of life from the reckless older generation.

Katharine Brush has the ability to depict the colorful surface of life—and to look beneath and analyze the emotions of persons who live the smart life of today. She does these things supremely well in this new serial of country club life beginning in December Cosmopolitan—

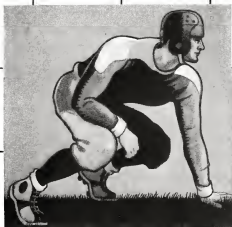
**Don't Ever Leave Me!**

**End of the Game**

A college gridiron . . . the daring strategy . . . the bruising battle . . . and love giving its signals and watching to win its goal.

**A SHORT NOVEL**

Complete in this issue by **FRANCIS COCKRELL**



### But a dub can look like a star

The wrapping doesn't always indicate what's inside the package, even on the gridiron. » » » Milky Way may look something like other candy bars. But, ah, the difference! Milky Way leads the world in sales because of its intrinsic superiority. Quality put it in first place, and quality keeps it there. "It is one of the most wonderfully made commodities in the world today," says an expert. Its fine ingredients are scientifically blended in a sun-flooded factory which is famed as a model of laboratory cleanliness and modern efficiency. Under the same ideal conditions, Mars, Inc., Chicago, also make Snickers, The Three Musketeers, Honey Almond, Toasted Almond Slices, Two Bits, and Thrills.



# Why Private Schools?

HOW to maintain schools for the greatest number of children at the lowest possible cost is one of the biggest problems in America today. That is why standardization wherever and whenever possible is the natural aim of the economy experts planning municipal and state budgets for education. It is why no public school program, despite the best efforts of capable and conscientious teachers, can ever be more than fairly satisfactory for all of the children in attendance; the scope of education in public schools is necessarily restricted.

Parents and educators have a different aim. They are concerned first with the opportunities the school program offers for developing the individual powers of boys and girls. No two children begin life with exactly the same physical, mental and emotional endowment. One especially gifted child can create a serious problem in discipline in a class of forty. A timid child may miss nearly all of the opportunities to develop initiative. Some children need more individual guidance than large public school classes will permit. Others will be stimulated by being given some personal responsibility. An over-worked teacher, who must see that a certain percentage of a class "makes the grade", is not likely to discover at once that Mary's home work in algebra is done regularly by her brother, or that John hasn't had a French grammar since that day when the class visited the Museum.

These are some of the reasons for the existence of private schools today. Thousands of parents who willingly support public schools realize that the private school is one of the most important institutions in this country. In the good private school there is time and space to study the personalities and individual talents of boys and girls. Classes are small enough to insure the attention and participation of all students every day. Supervised physical exercise and outdoor recreation fill the hours between dismissal of classes and dinner. Quiet games, motion pictures, lectures, music and dramatics before bedtime—a good private school usually offers a more balanced twenty-four hour program for the boy and girl of high school age than is possible today in the average modern home.

## COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

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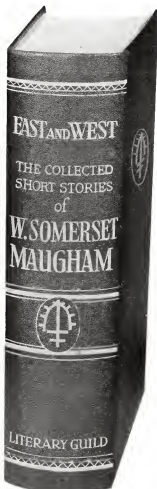
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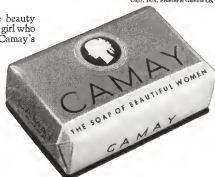
pose before "beauty judges." But in daily life, your beauty is judged whenever someone glances at you. For every day is a Beauty Contest. And compliments, admiration are awarded to the girl with a lovely Camay Complexion.

"If I had to choose only one beauty aid, it would be Camay," said a girl who attends an Eastern college. "Camay's rich fragrant lather leaves my skin so soft and refreshed."

"My skin has looked ever so much fresher since I began using this mild, pure beauty soap," said one lovely bride. Try Camay and convince yourself. It's the creamy-white

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# CAMAY . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

# COSMOPOLITAN ALMANACK, A.D. 1934



## ODE TO NOVEMBER

*To few Americans I yield  
In worship of the football field;  
On Saturdays, in rain or snow,  
I hear it on the radio.*

*Let us give thanks in vibrant verse  
That matters yesteryear were worse.  
How many, many years it's since  
We had the brandied pies of mince!*

*I love to hear the youthful noise  
Made by my yelling, romping boys.  
Alas! my racket was begun  
In mid-November, '81.*

*Will Shakespeare's magic years were through  
When he was only 52;  
He had it on me in prose and rhyme,  
But he never was so old as I'm.*

*You cannot say that I am unth-  
Ankful for such a lovely month.  
How soft and sweet the Southland! but  
How cold is my Connecticut!*

*Readers, perhaps you think it wrong  
To sing so sorrowful a song  
Some months may be less full of fun,  
But name me one, folks, name me one.*

**November 1, 1770**—On this day there died an unusual and eccentric man, Alexander Cruden, known chiefly and almost exclusively as the author, or compiler, of Cruden's Concordance to the Bible. He called himself Alexander the Corrector, partly because he was a proof reader, and partly because, owing to his fanaticism on the keeping of the Sabbath day and the teaching of the Gospel to inmates of Newgate Prison, he tried, unsuccessfully, to have himself appointed Corrector of Morals. Three times he was confined in lunatic asylums. For the Concordance he received—and not until the third edition had been published—£800.

**November 3, 1794**—William Cullen Bryant born. "Thanatopsis" was written when he was eighteen. He was editor, and later also owner, of the New York Evening Post from 1826 to his death in 1878, a record, I think, for continuous editorship.

the Nobel prize for physics in 1903. Professor Curie was killed by a dray in Paris in 1906. Madame Curie died this year.



## November 1, 1880

—Grantland Rice was born. The verses on sports that he has written would reach twice around the world. Which some of them have done.

## November 2, 1734

—Daniel Boone, hunter and Indian fighter, wasn't the first to explore Kentucky, or to settle that region. The first to explore it was Thomas Walker, and it was John Finley whose description of the country around Louisville attracted Boone to where, as Stephen Foster said, the sun shines bright.



## November 19, 1863

—Lincoln's Gettysburg address, ending "we here highly resolve that . . . government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth," was made at the dedication of the battlefield as a soldiers' cemetery. There is no lovelier paragraph of prose.

## November 29, 1934—THANKSGIVING DAY.

In July, 1623, in Plymouth, there was rain after a great drouth, and they "set aparte a day of thanksgiving." In 1688, the Plymouth authorities proclaimed the first harvest thanksgiving. Washington proclaimed November 26, 1789, as annual Thanksgiving Day; and in 1864, Lincoln set aside the last Thursday in November.

Well, they got naming the months for the Caesars, Emperors of Rome. So they wanted to change *Novembris*, then the ninth month, to something in honor of Tiberius, though what they'd have called it I don't know. Maybe just Tib, or Tiber, or Old Man River.

At any rate, Tiberius said No to the Senate. "For," he observed in Latin, "what are you going to do if there are thirteen Caesars?"



Five Presidents of the United States were born in November: James Knox Polk, Zachary Taylor, Franklin Pierce, James Abram Garfield, and Warren Gmaliel Harding.

# Blow, Desert Winds!

by WILLIAM CORCORAN

*Illustrations by Harold von Schmidt*



*A western novel in a new manner—an exciting, actionful story of conflict in the out-of-the-way places of the Far West of 1934—told with the utmost fidelity. Begin now the dramatic adventures of Lee McLean, a man with a price on his head who still could and would stop long enough to help virtue in distress*



U

P TO that time, generally speaking, if you killed a man in that country, the leading citizens got together, and one of two things immediately happened: they either shook you vigorously by the hand, or with equal vigor hanged you by the neck to a cottonwood tree until dead.

But times change. The country, not so long before an empty, wind-blown desert, suddenly grew up and became a state. The new state hastily acquired a capitol, a governor's mansion and sundry other indispensable buildings, including a penal institution at Malamosa.

Consequently, when Lee McLean, for reasons sufficient to himself, killed a man—more than one man, in fact—the leading citizens of his country, out of newborn state pride, forbore to follow precedent. They permitted the sheriff to hold McLean for trial. The trial resulted in a verdict of guilty, a sentence, and a commitment to state's prison for life. Lee McLean went to Malamosa.

He was the first lifer to be entered on the prison rolls.

Lee McLean submitted to incarceration as he had submitted to arrest and trial. "You figure this out your own way," he had told them with hard, challenging stoicism. "I've got nothing at all to say." And that was his story—to the end.

He was brown, tall and tapering, with long slender arms and hands that were powerful and deft. He was a man to look at, even in the colorless cotton prison gear. He was a man, indeed, for any woman to look at twice. He had dark, sunken eyes and a lean, immobile mouth that looked as if it could be very cruel, that probably could be gentle at will, but would never weaken. The eyes and mouth smiled in unison, when he wished. He walked in a way that told you plainly that he was a horseman. He bore himself at Malamosa with taciturn reserve, and when he spoke at all it was with a turn for humor of a mordant, searing kind. He'd been given somewhere, it was plain, a good measure of schooling, and he looked as if he'd left a good line of people somewhere behind him. He was single, alone in the world, with no kin to grieve.

The men running Malamosa Prison, local men who knew their way about inside the minds of men of their own kind, looked at Lee McLean and shook their heads. Here was a good man lost. Forever lost now, it was looked

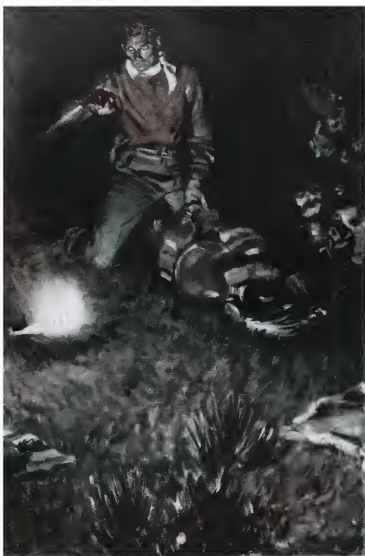


like. His kind might kill quickly, but never lightly. There was iron in his soul, evil in his heart, and danger in that sharp intelligence. He was one to watch.

He read their thoughts. "So you're going to keep me here, eh?" he said. "For life?"

"For life!" he was told. He smiled a slow, hard, unhumorous smile in his veiled, challenging way.

Now this Malamosa was a peculiar place as prisons go, in keeping with the youth of the state, the nature



Hearing a slight noise in the darkness, McLean tossed an open cartridge into the campfire embers. The powder flare revealed Tex—at McLean's saddlebags. Then the youngster whirled and fired.

Carver's prisoners stared put, less by dint of iron bars than by the formidableness of that grim hundred miles—that, and the thought of what John Carver would do when the fugitive was overtaken.

It was a terrible and a beautiful country, the land that lay beyond Malamosa's walls. Infinite in distance, arid, treeless, home of desert snakes and coyotes, wild horses and gaunt cattle, smoke bush and ocellita, it lay still and empty and everlasting. It overwhelmed a man, unless he knew its secrets, unless he belonged.

And this Lee McLean belonged. Looking at the desert stars through his cell bars at night, he murmured to himself again, "For life!" In from the land a wind was blowing—aromatic, nostalgic. It had the magic to evoke an old numb pain and to recreate one sharper and more near. There was a fragment of old song, half remembered out of a dim long ago that reached into a lost childhood:

How, blow, desert winds,  
Over the lonely miles,  
Far, far from the homeland,  
Far from the green sea isles . . .

Sudden and muted, an ejaculation between a prayer and a curse flew off on the desert wind.

The night was silent.

The days passed slowly in Malamosa, like slow, creaking wheels rolling to eternity. There was little to do. They manufactured a few rush-bottom chairs and assembled some primitive but crudely handsome furniture, all according to laws providing for the discipline of prisoners under sentence. The roster of inmates was small, and each cell door was carefully unlocked. They lounged in the yard in the shade at the foot of the west wall, or played with grimy cards in the mess hall, or roamed restlessly in the corridors. Always someone was roaming, roaming. There was quiet here, but no peace—no peace in a lifetime.

But if the prison administration was unoppositional, so were the prisoners. They were not a class of trained,

professional city criminals, organized and stealthy. They were dangerous and bad, certainly, but even their badness was undisciplined. Their easy-going privileges contained small risks: the main gate, a double barrier of bars with guards between, was well-nigh impregnable, and atop the adobe wall, in tiny wooden structures that gave shelter from the desert sun, other guards stood watch with Winchester .44 carbines. The

of that desert country and the highly individual notions of the hard, affable, man-hunting peace officer chosen for its ward. Warden John Carver, big, florid, white-mustached, blue-eyed, had a scorn for mere walls and bars; faith only in a man's sure nerve and the sights on his six-shooter.

The walls of Malamosa were of adobe brick, and the bars were of iron and not steel, yet John Carver slept soundly of nights for all that. Beyond Malamosa's walls in all directions lay a hundred miles of desert country.





"Please, please go away!" McLean heard the girl pleading. "My mother is deathly sick!" But the cattle-company riders, ravenous with liquor, continued to torment her. "Better start being good to the boys, sister."

dispositions of the latter were languid, but their fiber was tough and their eyes keen. They were sitting on dynamite, and they were ready for it. Lee McLean made few friends. Of these, one was Limpy Lannigan, a peddler from the settlement outside the walls. Limpy had the run of the place; Carver trusted him. Limpy had been a rider until a bad horse ruined his thigh, and now he found a livelihood purveying to the prisoners such odds and ends as would go into a peddler's basket. He was a somewhat lonely bachelor, forty, fat and sardonic.

McLean bought from Limpy's basket, and he listened to Limpy's story. He cultivated Limpy.

About the only other person McLean seemed to consider worthy of any particular attention was Pete Sammis, the wall guard. Pete was heavy-bodied, a little asthmatic, married and fond of his comfort and occasionally overfond of a bottle, but a very devil with a gun.

Lee McLean passed the time of day with Pete Sammis when he had the chance, giving him a rare easy grin that had a beguiling way with it, and such was the informality of Malamosa that Pete grinned back. They were not exactly friends, but Pete could not help feeling sorry for a man whom he considered worse off than dead.

And that was practically all. Lee McLean seemed to want no friends.

A long slow spring passed without event, and then came grin summer and the fierce desert heat. It came even in the night, which is unusual in the desert country, where the dry air does not ordinarily retain the sun's heat. The inmates of Malamosa wilted, basked in the heat. John Carver was easy on them. They were few, safe, secure. The cells were left open now, even through the short sleepless nights, and they stretched out on the floor in the corridors, suffering.

Late one afternoon Lee McLean was waiting at the bars of the cell-block gate overlooking the reception corridor. When Pete Sammis entered the main gate. There was no one else near.

McLean called out, "Working night guard tonight, Pete?"

"Yeah. Just going on."

"How's the wife and kids?"

"Fine, boy. Fine."

"What post do you take, Pete? I'd like to be sure."

Sammis looked at him. "Same as usual. West wall. What's the idea?" "I reckon I'll frag a cigarette in the yard tonight and bask in the balmy air, if nobody has any objections."

Sammis was dubious. "I guess I ain't got the man. But what about the Old Man?"

McLean smiled slowly, dryly. "It



was your objections I had in mind, Pete. I wouldn't exactly crave to wander out into that yard at night without warning and have you poking bullets around trying to find out who was there."

Sammis grinned. "I reckon I'd find you, boy. Come out if you want. It's none of my concern what you do inside the walls, I reckon. But leave your pals behind."

McLean nodded; and there was a quick, flashing glimmer in his veiled eyes.

McLean had already ascertained that it was possible to go out in the yard by night. No particular effort had been made to prevent it; none seemed necessary. It was a fool thing to think of going out into that dangerous yard in the darkness, inviting those Winchesters to go into action. A fool thing—or a very determined thing.

Malamosa had much yet to learn.

Late in the evening when the prison was quiet, McLean took up his blanket and left the cell corridor. He made his way to the mess hall, and thence to the kitchen. The scullery adjoining opened on the yard, and the door was unlocked.

Just outside the scullery door McLean stopped and lighted a cigaret. He smoked for a moment, the cigaret glowing in the darkness. Far off a coyote howled. It was a night brilliant with stars, and faintly the wind stirred, laden with the night aroma



of the desert. The yard was too spacious and the night too dark to make out the tiny guard cubicles atop the walls. But keen eyes watched him, McLean knew.

Languidly he strolled over the yard toward the west wall. The keen eyes might puzzle—unquestionably were puzzled—but the cigaret was utterly disarming. You don't shoot a man calmly smoking a cigaret. You wait and see what happens. And Malamosa was an easy-going place where almost anything might happen.

In the darkness they saw the cigaret stop by the west wall, at the place where Pete Sammis stood guard. It remained there. A match flare and a second glow atop the wall signified Pete's untruffled acceptance of the situation. Faintly, voices drifted through the night. Pete and his visitor were chewing the rag.

The keen eyes relaxed, and were vigilant of other things.

And Lee McLean had taken a step to freedom—one step, with a hundred miles to go. He had achieved his first objective.

Thereafter, patiently, inscrutably, Lee McLean persevered. The nightly excursion into the yard became routine. The irregularity went unreprieved; McLean's status as solitary liver won him a certain tolerance, and he behaved himself. Pete Sammis was glad to have the company; glad, too, to have an extra pair of ears listening for footsteps when a tough captain of the guards made his rounds of inspection—even to accept the tobacco McLean passed up to him on a string. McLean had some money, Sammis knew, and was allowed to draw on it. Not much: the proceeds of sale of a small bunch of cattle. It was more than Pete had.

One night McLean's cool voice floated upward. "Drop the string, Pete, and I'll stand you treat."

"You'll what?" Then, quickly, "What did you say, McLean?"

"I've got a bottle here. Have a drink on the house."

"Where in thunder did you get a bottle?"

McLean laughed softly. "Don't turn me in, Pete. I got it to drink up out here, you and me. Help yourself."

"Now you tell me where you got it, you hear?"

McLean was silent a moment. "I won't do it again if you say, Pete. But in your shoes, I wouldn't go out of my way to make trouble for a good lad like old Limpy Lannigan."

"Limpy? Why, the two-faced old —!"

"I told him it was for you, Pete. He's a square-shooter. He saw no harm."

Pete secured the bottle before judging any further, and when he sampled it his mood mellowed. Presently he chuckled.

"All right, boy. I'll forgive him. He's honest enough to bring us a right good brand." Then, reflectively, "I reckon he knows better than to bring in anything that would be counted actually dangerous."

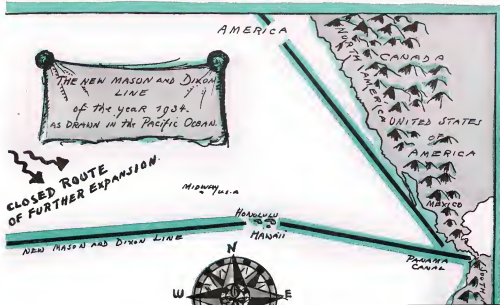
McLean said with a vague emphasis, "He does!"

A curious incident occurred just about this time, involving McLean in his first breach of discipline. It came about when McLean discovered a prisoner named Keecher snooping in his cell. The man was little liked; an unpleasant, furtive creature sent up for forgery. He was in McLean's cell, lifting blankets and mattress from the cot, pawing among a (Continued on page 110)

Mr. Van Loon at Robert Louis Stevenson's home in Samoa on his recent round-the-world journey.



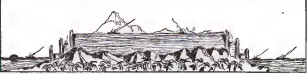
A world fortified.



Pacific Ocean

Mason-Dixon Line: the long chain of points from Panama to Singapore.

Mr. Van Loon's sketch shows how ships going through the Panama Canal are lifted to the above-sea-level lake. If one of the locks were destroyed, the whole canal would be useless.



Diamond Head, the Gibraltar of Hawaii.

# KIPLING was Right!

"Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,

Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat."

by HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

As all the world is increasingly aware, the next great drama in *The Story of Mankind* will doubtless be enacted in the realm of the Pacific. What are the factors—geographic, political, and spiritual—that may enable us to forecast the trend of events? Will East and West ever compromise their racial differences—or is world history due to become the history of two worlds on a single planet?



Hindu Temple in Madurai, India.

DEAR READER (as the scribes of the Middle Ages used to address their public in the hope of gaining their good will by an excess of politeness), somewhere in your library you must have an atlas of your own. Some pleasant evening, when you don't care to play bridge or listen to the radio, remove that atlas from its customary hiding place and look at the map of the Pacific Ocean. Maps are marvelous inventions and one map, if intelligently used, will reveal more secrets than a whole library of facts that are not presented in a logical fashion.

The map of the Pacific Ocean is apt to be somewhere at the end of your atlas, because when atlases were first printed, the Pacific was merely a gigantic stretch of unknown water, very indifferently explored and apparently without the slightest possible value to anybody except the occasional headhunting natives who lived on the few islands of which anybody had any knowledge. All that has seriously changed since then, but publishers and printers (like the rest of humanity) are likely to be a bit conservative in their manner of procedure. Today the Pacific is rapidly replacing the

Atlantic as the center of political and economic interest of the entire planet. Yet the "Quiet Sea" of Fernando Magellan is still at the end of the book, somewhere between the maps of the Dutch East Indies and New Zealand. Having provided yourself with the necessary charts, will you do me another favor and take a ruler and a pencil? Then will you sit down somewhere, and will you listen to me while I talk geography for just a few minutes? I know it is a nuisance. But if you will give me five minutes of your time right now, it may save you a few dozen billion dollars ten years hence, and it may allow you to spend your old age actually surrounded by your children and grandchildren instead of contemplating their cheerful faces from a silent row of photographs that hang over the mantelpiece and that bear testimony to their "supreme sacrifice" made to the country of their birth and allegiance. First of all, draw a straight line from Panama to the Hawaiian Islands. These islands have many curious features. They are the most isolated important land mass of our entire planet. San Francisco is 2,000 miles away, and Panama 4,800 miles. The distance to Yokohama is 3,400 miles; to Manila, 4,800. The nearest

southern neighbors of Hawaii are Samoa and Tahiti, and both are almost 2,800 miles distant. Geographically speaking, the Hawaiian Islands form a unit, for originally they seem to have belonged to the same submerged mountain chain. That mountain chain, running from east-southeast to west-northwest, was 1,578 miles long. I shall not plague you with many other statistics. But these immense distances, which are commonplace enough to anyone familiar with the Pacific Ocean, will show you that in that part of the world nothing is done by halves. Within the realm of the Pacific and the Indian oceans nature is distinctly in the wholesale business. Populations are there counted by the hundreds of millions. Mountains rise higher and the bottom of the sea dips lower than anywhere else on the map. Volcanoes and rivers do infinitely more damage than anywhere else. Epidemics murder their victims on a scale unheard of in Europe and America, but thereupon the soil raises a new crop of human beings in such incredible abundance and within such a short space of time that even cholera or the plague is unable to make any lasting impression upon the sum total of those inhabitants, who (another record) can do more (Continued on page 154)



*A masterfully witty story of manners and morals in Paris, where "appearances" always mean so much more than the facts themselves*



"This young man of yours—has he my distinction, my intelligence?" reproached Monsieur Le Sueur. "Oh, no," smiled the fickle Lisette. "I love him because he's young."

**I** DO NOT VOUCH for the truth of this story, but it was told me by a professor of French literature at a celebrated university, and he was a man of too high a character, I think, to have told it to me unless it were true. His practice was to draw the attention of his pupils to three French writers who in his opinion combined the qualities which are the mainsprings of the French character.

By reading them, he said, you could learn so much about the French people that, if he had the power, he would not trust such of our rulers as have to deal with the French nation to enter upon their offices till they had passed a pretty stiff examination on their works. They are Rabelais, with his *gargousserie*, which may be

described as the ribaldry that likes to call a spade something more than a bloody shovel; La Fontaine, with his bon sens, which is just horse sense; and finally Corneille with his *panache*. This is translated in the dictionaries as "the plume," the plume the knight at arms wore on his helmet, but metaphorically it seems to signify dignity and bravado, display and heraldism, vainglory and pride.

It was the *panache* that made the French gentlemen at Fontenoy say to the officers of King George II, "Fire first, gentlemen". It was the *panache* that wrung from Cambronne's bawdy lips at Waterloo the phrase: "The guard dies but never surrenders"; and it is the *panache* that urges an indignant French poet, awarded the Nobel



prize, with a splendid gesture to give it all away. My professor was not a frivolous man, and to his mind this story brought out so distinctly these three master qualities of the French that it had a high educational value.

I have called it "Appearance and Reality." This is the title of what I suppose may be looked upon as the most important philosophical work that my country (right or wrong) produced in the nineteenth century. It is stiff but stimulating reading. It is written in excellent English, with considerable humor, and even though the lay reader is unlikely to follow with understanding some of its subtle arguments, he has nevertheless the thrilling sensation of walking a spiritual tight-rope over a metaphysical abyss.

# Appearance and Reality



by  
**W. SOMERSET  
MAUGHAM**

*Illustrations by C. E. Chambers*

There is no excuse for my making use of the title of so celebrated a book except that it so admirably suits my story. Though Lisette was a philosopher only in the sense in which we are all philosophers, in that she exercised thought in dealing with the problems of existence, her feeling for reality was so strong and her sympathy for appearance so genuine that she might almost claim to have established that reconciliation of irreconcilables at which the philosophers have for so many centuries been aiming.

Lisette was French and she passed several hours of every working day dressing and undressing herself at one of the most expensive and fashionable establishments in Paris. A pleasant occupation for a young woman who was well aware that she had a lovely figure. She was, in short, a mannequin. She was tall enough to wear a train with elegance, and her hips were so slim that in sports clothes she could bring the scent of heather to your nostrils. Her long legs enabled her to wear palamans with incredible distinction, and her slim waist, her little breasts, made the simplest bathing dress a ravishment.

She could wear anything. She had a way of huddling herself in a chinchilla coat that made the most sensible persons admit that chinchilla was worth all it cost. Fat women, gross women,

old women, plain women, sat in the comfortable armchairs and because Lisette looked so sweet bought the clothes that so admirably suited her. She had large brown eyes, a large red mouth and a very clear but slightly freckled skin. It was difficult for her to preserve that haughty, sullen and coldly indifferent demeanor that appeared essential to the mannequin as she sailed in with deliberate steps, turns round slowly and, with a contempt for the universe equalled only by the camels, sails out. There was the suspicion of a twinkle in Lisette's large brown eyes, and her red lips seemed to tremble as though on the smallest provocation they would break into a smile. It was the twinkle that attracted Monsieur Raymond Le Sueur.





Monsieur Raymond Le Sueur was instantly attracted to Lisette, the lovely mannequin. He had a funny little feeling in his heart which he recognized at once.

He was sitting in a spurious Louis XVI chair by the side of his wife (in another), who had induced him to come with her to see the private view of the spring fashions. This was a proof of Monsieur Le Sueur's amiable disposition, for he was an extremely busy man who, one would have thought, had many more important things to do than to sit for an hour and watch a dozen beautiful young women parading themselves in a bewildering variety of dresses.

He could not have thought that any of them could possibly make his wife other than she was, and she was a tall, angular woman of fifty, with features considerably larger than life-size. He had not indeed married her for her looks and she had never, even in the first delicious days of their honeymoon, imagined that he had. He had married her in order to combine the flourishing steelworks of which she was the heiress with his equally flourishing manufactory of locomotives. The marriage had been a success. She had provided him with a son who could play tennis nearly as well as a professional, dance as well as a gigolo and hold his own at bridge with any of the experts; and a daughter whom he had been able to dower sufficiently to marry to a very nearly authentic prince. He had reason to be proud of his children.

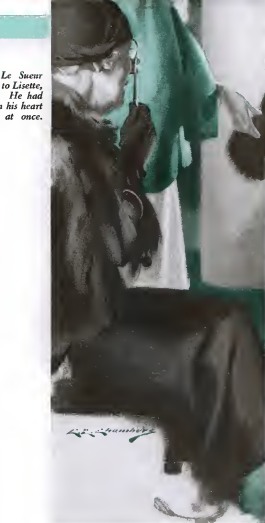
By perseverance and a reasonable integrity he had prospered sufficiently to gain the controlling interest in a sugar refinery, a manufactory of motor cars and a newspaper; and finally, he had been able to spend enough money to persuade the free and independent electorate of a certain district to send him to the Senate.

He was a man of a dignified presence, a pleasing countenance and a sanguine complexion, with a gray-black beard cut square, a bald head and a roll of fat at the back of his neck. You had no need to look at the red button that adorned his black coat to surmise that he was a person of consequence. He was a man who made up his mind quickly, and when his wife left the dressmaker's to play bridge he parted from her saying that for the sake of exercise he would walk to the Senate, where his duty to his country called him.

He did not, however, go as far as he had, but contented himself with taking his exercise up and down a back street in which he rightly surmised the young ladies of the dressmaker's establishment would emerge at the close of business hours. He had waited for barely twenty minutes when the appearance of a number of women in groups, some young and pretty, some not so young and far from pretty, attracted him to that moment for which he had been waiting was come, and in two or three minutes Lisette tripped into the street. The Senator was well aware that the appearance of a girl of his age made it unlikely that young women would find him attractive at first sight, but he had found that his wealth and his position counterbalanced these disadvantages. Lisette had a companion with her, which would possibly have embarrassed a man of less importance, but did not cause the Senator to hesitate for an instant. He went up to her, raising his hat politely but not so much as to show how bald he was, and bade her good evening.

"Bon soir, mademoiselle," he said with an ingratiating smile.

She gave him the shortest possible look and, her red lips just trembling with a smile, stiffened, she turned her head away and, breaking into conversation with her friend, walked on with a very good assumption of supreme indifference. Far from concerned, the Senator turned round and followed the two girls at a distance of a few yards. They walked along the little back street,



turned into the boulevard and at the Place de la Madeleine took a bus.

The Senator was well satisfied. He had drawn a number of correct conclusions. The fact that she was obviously going home with a girl friend proved that she had no accredited admirer. The fact that she had turned away when he had accosted her showed that she was discreet and modest and well-behaved, which he liked young women to be when they were pretty; and her coat and skirt, the plain black hat and the stockings of artificial silk, proclaimed that she was poor and therefore virtuous.

In those clothes she looked just as attractive as in the splendid garments he had seen her wearing before. He had a funny little feeling in his heart. He had not had that peculiar sensation—pleasurable, and yet oddly painful—for several years, but he recognized it at once.

"It's love, by blimey," he muttered. He had never expected to feel it again, and squaring his shoulders, he walked on with a confident step. He walked to the offices of a private agency and there left instructions that inquiries should be made about a young person called Lisette, who worked as a mannequin at such and such an address; and then, remembering that at the Senate they were discussing the American Debt, he took a cab to the impressive building, entered the library where there was an armchair he very much liked and had an extremely pleasant nap.

The information he had asked for reached him three



days later. It was cheap at the price. Mademoiselle Lisette Larion lived with a widowed aunt in a two-room apartment in the district of Paris known as the Batignolles. Her father, a wounded hero of the Great War, had a bureau de tabac in a small country town in the southwest of France. The rent of the flat was two thousand francs. She led a regular life, but was fond of going to the cinema, was not known to have a lover and was nineteen years old.

She was well spoken of by the concierge of the apartments and well liked by her companions at the shop. Obviously, she was a respectable young woman, and the Senator could not but think that she was eminently suited to solace the leisure moments of a man who wanted relaxation from the cares of state and the exacting pressure of Big Business.

It is unnecessary to relate the steps that Monsieur Le Sueur took to achieve the end he had in view. He was too important and too busy to occupy himself with the matter

As Lisette emerged from the shop the Senator raised his hat and bade her good evening.



personally but he had a confidential secretary who was clever at dealing with electors who had not made up their minds how to vote, and who certainly knew how to put before a young woman who was honest but poor the advantages that might ensue if she were lucky enough to secure the friendship of such a man as his employer.

The confidential secretary paid the widowed aunt, Madame Subelin by name, a visit and told her that Monsieur Le Sueur, always abreast of the times, had lately begun to take an interest in the cinema and was indeed about to engage in the production of a picture. (This shows how much a clever brain can make use of a fact which an ordinary person would have passed over as insignificant.) Monsieur Le Sueur had been struck by the appearance of Mademoiselle Lisette at the dressmaker's and the brilliant way she wore her clothes, and it had occurred to him that she might very well suit a part he had it in mind for her to play. (Like all *Cont.* on page 90)

# Woman



*Alec had sailed without seeing her! Lissa went back to her table, watched the chorus do the rumba and tried desperately to keep from weeping.*

JAKE DRUMMOND knocked a man down in the Yacht Club bar and waited for him to get up. He didn't get up.

Jake looked around the circle of faces and said quietly, "Any more cracks?"

The man nearest the prone figure knelt beside him, said, "Don't go looking for trouble, Jake. We all like Lissa. Go on, now; don't stick around until he comes to."

"I wanted to clear up only one point," Jake said. "Lissa Grant's no poacher."

"How about letting Alec fight his own battles?"

Jake said, "That guy is lucky it was I who hit him and not Alec. He'd be in the hospital listening to supper-club music over ear-phones."

"Go on, kid. This chap's going to come up fighting." Outside, Jake paused in the sumptuously furnished

# Overboard

*Something had to happen when Alec found aboard his yacht both the woman who couldn't give him up and the woman who wouldn't*

lounge. He was a tall, rangy young man of twenty-seven. Commonly known as "Jake," the Blue Book listed him as Everett Drake Drummond Third. The mild blue eyes and golden hair were belied by a massive and determined jaw. He had ponderous but well-formed hands. Now he nursed, with the left hand, an abrasion on the knuckle of the right. Carter Delano followed him from the bar. Jake said tersely, "Don't publish this, Delano." Delano grinned. "Am I a leper?"

"It's no fun seeing our names in that filthy society column you run."

"A man has to make a living," Delano said good-naturedly. "I was born with my name on invitation lists but a scarcity of what it takes to send out invitations." He padded alongside as Jake started for the staircase. "What's the low-down on Lissa and Alec and Caroline?" The gay mad clamorous set is all abuzz. With Alec living at the club and being seen around with Lissa, it looks like dynamite.

"Lissa and Alec Blount have been friends since he was twelve and she was five," Jake said. "Why shouldn't they be seen around?"

"No reason," Delano said. "I just wanted to get it straight."

"Be sure you do," Jake said. "Lissa Grant's one girl in a million."

"Sure," Delano said. "But they do say she was pretty upset about Alec's marriage. Buzzed off to Europe the minute the announcements came out, didn't she?"

"There's nothing odd about one of the Oraniks going to Europe," Jake stopped at the foot of the staircase. "Now look," he said. "It's your business to print items about our personal affairs, get into our houses and listen at keyholes. Read our mail, but don't expect us to furnish you with scurrilous items about our friends. Some day we'll gang up on you," he added, "and there, my boy, will be a real news story."

"I'm worried," Delano said. "I see the Lochinvar's being made ready for a cruise. Are you going?"

"Yes," Jake said.

"Who else?"

"I didn't make out the invitation list."

"Is Caroline going?"

Jake shook his head. "Caroline gets seasick," he said.



*Havana night life had not yet given way to riot.*

by HAGAR WILDE

Illustrations by W. E. Heitland

*A Cosmopolitan Short Novel*

*— Complete in this Issue!*

"She always was delicate," Delano said.

"Quite," Jake said, staring at him.

"Lissa invited?"

"If she is," Jake said, "her father will be going, too."

"Know where I could get the invitation list?"

"Why don't you ask the host?"

"Is Blount here now?"

"I don't know," Jake turned and terminated the interview by running up the staircase two steps at a time. On the second floor, he peered into the billiard room, then went directly to the second-floor lounge, where he stopped in front of two long legs.

"Alec," he said.

"What?"

"There's talk," Jake said.

"There's always talk."

Alec Blount gazed tranquilly at his friend. Like Jake, he was a massive young man, but there the resemblance stopped. He had a dark, rugged head which set well on a pair of shoulders that filled, with equal effectiveness, a polo shirt, a dinner jacket, or trousers. His dark, closed features were pleasantly placed in the bronze frame of his face.

Now, looking at Jake, Alec's expression was one of affection.

"Specifically," Jake said, "there's talk about you and Lissa."

"What sort of talk?" Alec rose.

Jake shoved him gently back into his chair. "I settled that," he said. "The cruise comes in. Carter Delano's asking questions. Better give him an invitation list. Put her father's name right under Lissa's."

"Right ho," Alec said. "I'll scribble it and thrust it under his snooting nose at the first opportunity."

"He's downstairs now," Jake said.

"I suppose Caro's started a whispering campaign," Alec said. "She's out for blood, Caro is."

"You shouldn't have let Lissa come to the polo," Jake said.

"Everybody knows I left Caro two weeks before Lissa came back from Europe."

"Caro saw you grab Lissa's hands as you came off the deck. Mad, she did. She wrenched out of the box with Ronnie Crane trailing at her heels."

"That's nothing new," said Alec. "He's always underfoot." He cocked a speculative eye in Jake's direction.

"I think my fine Italian friend, that we'll be paddling around in a mess of drama soon."

"What now?"

"Lissa called up a few minutes ago to say that Caro was on her way over here. I wanted to crawl up and do my part but she wouldn't hear of it."

"That's a sweet prospect," Jake said.

"Caro's tried everything else," said Alec. "Now she's going to beat down on Lissa."

Jake's mouth curled into a derisive grin. "A cards-on-the-table scene, with Caro desiring from the bottom."

"You bank on Lissa," Alec said. "Stacked cards don't get by at a straight table."

28



Jake nodded. "I have to buzz off now. See you at the Staretts' tonight?"

Alec said "Yes" absently, and took out a notebook and pencil. He jotted down:

Invitation list for West Indian cruise on the Lochinvar:  
 Sweet Drummond  
 Dr. and Mrs. Alvin Peters  
 Nancy Staretts  
 Richard Staretts  
 Lissa Grant  
 James Stuyvesant Grant  
 Mrs. Thekla Verity

Folding the list, he put it in his side pocket and went in search of Carter Delano.

The Grant house on a Murray Hill side street, flanked by two similar brownstone houses, was the central pillar of the three private houses on that street. Lissa Grant, now twenty years old, had been brought up in that house under the careful guidance of her father. James Stuyvesant Grant was a retired ship-builder. He had, besides ten million dollars, an enormous pride in family, a rigid honesty, a tendency to sluggishness of the liver and an overwhelming love for his daughter, whose mother had died when Lissa was three. From that time on, James Stuyvesant had lived for Lissa.

He watched the five-year-old Lissa fall in love with twelve-year-old Alec Blount and remain stubbornly devoted to him for twelve years. When Lissa was eighteen, away at school, and the announcements of Alec's approaching marriage to Caroline Tarrant had come out, James Stuyvesant's one thought had been for Lissa.

He had not been surprised a week later, when she walked into the library at eleven o'clock at night,

kissed him and said, "I'm going to Paris to Aunt Emily."

"Now, now," James Stuyvesant had said.

"Please!" Lissa's face, white and starkly miserable, had killed further protest on James Stuyvesant's part.

"I'll cable Emily," he had said. It ended by his taking Lissa over there himself.

Lissa returned at the end of two years to find everything at sixes and sevens. Alec had moved to his club. Caroline was snugly waiting in the twenty-room Park Avenue duplex for him to return and be forgiven for something she had done.

The first time Alec and Lissa met after her return, the two miserable years that both had spent smoothed out like magic and disappeared.

Following an insane moment when Alec kissed her, they held a sane discussion. Then they consulted James Stuyvesant, who said, "The last thing I've wanted for Lissa was a marriage to a divorced man. But she loves you. She always has. Get your house in order, Alec, and then start your life where it should have been started in the first place."

"You'll come on the cruise, sir?" Alec said.

"Of course we'll come on the cruise," said Stuyvesant.

And now, with the cruise set for the following day, Caroline Tarrant Blount was waiting snugly in Lissa's drawing-room preparatory to laying down a slice of the law. Characteristically, she had not made the mistake of grooming herself for a tragic scene. Her gray-and-white ensemble was perfect in every detail.

In contrast, pausing in the doorway, Lissa looked young and unfinished. Her straight silk frock pulled

Arms were outstretched to take Caroline. "Carry her to my cabin," Alec ordered. Lissa said faintly, "Are you all right, Alec?" "I had a dreadful job finding her in that black water," he answered.

all the youthful angularity of her body into being.

"My dear," Caroline said, taking her hand, "you're quite grown up, haven't you?"

"It's inevitable," Lissa said. "May I give you tea?"

"Thank you," said Caroline. She regarded Lissa with a gently speculative air, as though she wondered what Alec saw in this pretty but rather crude piece of human material. Lissa rang for tea, feeling like a bug under a microscope.

"You've come to talk about Alec," she said, taking the bit between her even white teeth.

"Of course," Caroline said.

Lissa sat down, folded her hands in her lap and waited.

"How far has this little attachment of yours for Alec gone, Lissa?" Caroline said.

"It's not a little attachment," Lissa told her. "Alec and I love each

(Cont. on page 171)





# Royal Safari

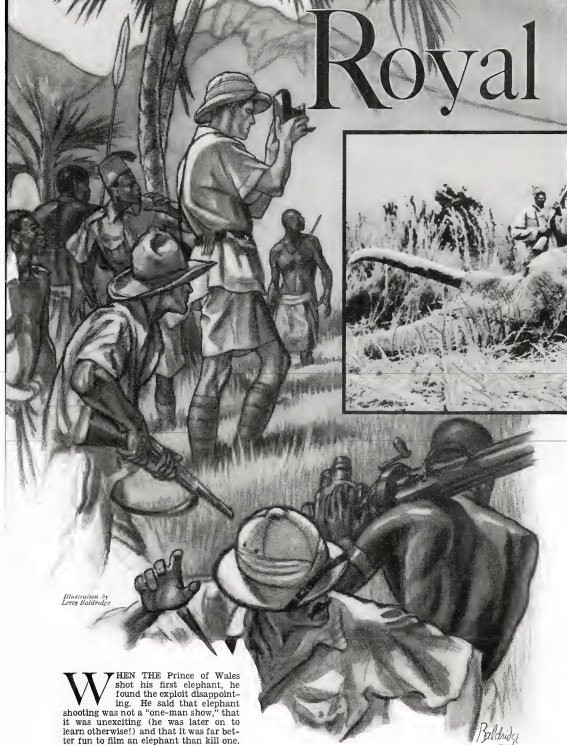


Illustration by  
Larry Rudebeck

**W**HEN THE Prince of Wales shot his first elephant, he found the exploit disappointing. He said that elephant shooting was not a "one-man show," that it was unexciting (he was later on to learn otherwise!) and that it was far better fun to film an elephant than kill one.

To be sure, His Royal Highness had not come to East Africa to collect heads. His main object was to observe and film big game, which is infinitely more difficult than to shoot a wild beast at rifle range. It was in October of 1926, and H. R. H. and party were

aboard the Lugard, steaming slowly along the Victoria Nile, after a series of receptions by officials and native chiefs. His brother, the Duke of Gloucester, had landed



Photograph by Sir H. H. H. H. H.

The one-tusker that almost changed the fate of the British Empire: H. R. H. and companions after his narrow escape from death.

G. O. E.

*There is no royal road to big-game hunting, as the Prince of Wales discovers when charged by elephant and rhinoceros!*

## From the Private Diaries of H. R. H. The PRINCE of WALES

to hunt and had already bagged an oryx, an unusually fine antelope. The Prince of Wales had just paid a visit to the magnificent Murchison Falls, where he landed to shoot a crocodile, scoring a bull—that is, killing it stone-dead with rather a good shot.

All the way upriver wild life of all kinds had been plentiful, for the Falls are in the center of Uganda's Northern Game Reserve. There were herds of peaceful elephants and herds of grazing or wallowing buffalo. There were a dozen species of antelope and gazelle. Hippo were everywhere, yawning pink-cavernously and sinking back into the depths as smoothly as oil. At every bend of the stream basking crocodiles upon the bank had slid down into the water; prodigious brutes, some of them twenty feet long.

The crocodile is a deceptive beast and seems clumsy and slow. In reality it is as quick as a snake when it judges its intended victim within its orbit.

As the Lugard steamed along, Captain Salmon, Game Ranger of Uganda, said the elephant. There is a little patch of forest at Malisa that grows to the riverbank. On the outside of the trees stood three bulls, and we guessed that the ivory of one of them

weighed two hundred pounds. The Prince, despite the intense heat of a tropical noon, decided to land at once.

It proved to be a very long chase—fifteen miles, most of it through thorn and elephant grass, the latter head-high and hotter than Tophet. Yet the fifteen miles were covered in five hours. When the hunters came in sight of the elephants, the big three had vanished, and the small herd in view seemed composed of cows and unshootable stuff. But even as the party complained sotto voce of its ill fortune, a very tolerable tusker pushed into the picture. Salmon said he would do, though he was not to be compared with the big bull of Malisa, and H. R. H. stalked the newcomer among the thorn bushes.

The elephant presently saved further trouble by walking toward the rifle. When he was within a range of thirty yards, Salmon suggested that the shot be taken. It was! Possibly H. R. H. was tired; he was certainly anxious not to make a mess of matters. But possibly just because he was so anxious to make a clean job of it, the shot failed to drop the bull, who, lurching tipsily, swung round and was out of sight at once among the



Byala Wildlife

**Simba—lion!** A trio of veld prowlers with a zebra on which they are dining.

(At right, above) East African royal honors a British royal visitor: the Prince inspecting native chiefs.



AP Wire

high bush. Salmon, and Pearson, an experienced elephant hunter, immediately followed, expecting at every step to find him lying dead. But finally, as it was almost dark, the search had to be postponed until daylight.

Sure enough, next morning the elephant was found dead within a few yards of where the searchers had given him up the previous day. When his tusks were cut out and brought home to camp, they scaled sixty-five pounds each.

But that night H.R.H. had shot at and lost, as far as he then knew, his first elephant. As he said, with a camera one cannot wound and lose. An elephant, and next to a wounded monkey, a wounded elephant is the saddest thing in all big-game hunting.

And to make matters worse, the party had to get to Kigoya in the dark. In Africa, the trees beat you with rods; they claw the clothes off a tired man's back. All around, the bush was alive. Dozens of animals, great and small, came down to drink. They were harmless enough, probably; but in the dark they were as coward-making as so many conchoses.

So the tired party, keeping as far as might be from the crocodile-haunted banks, yet near enough to stumble in touch with the guiding river, stumbled on for hour after dark hour. At last they struck a road and on it they gladly they saw them! were some natives with lamps and push-bikes, sent out on the chance of being useful. An hour later H.R.H. pedaled into camp, where it was generally agreed that the elephant hunters had earned a drink.

The sixty-five-pounder had been the Prince's first elephant, and the safari took a day off in camp following the killing. "Safari" is a Swahili word and, like many others in Swahili, comes from the Arabic. It means literally "a journey," but its use as liberal. It may mean a hunting trip;



**H. R. H. bags a black buffalo—most dangerous game in Africa, if you shot fairs.**

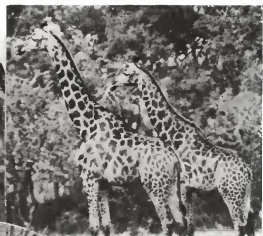
It may, coupled with the verb "make," be applied to African sport generally. It may mean a string of porters.

The next day a start was made before dawn. The hour of sunup in Africa is the jewel hour, and the party walked in complete content. But they were inclined to be sorry for Pearson and Salmon, stalking elephants accompanied by an army with banners. For there were, besides them, three guns—H.R.H., Gowers and Lascelles. Also there was a camp-following of orderlies and gunbearers. And the elephant is an uneasy beast, as elusive as a dream. He does not seem to move fast, but move fast he does and as silently as a cloud that shifts on a hillside.

It was after four miles of trek that the sport was found—one of the big thrills in sport. It pointed to a group of four elephants, and it was followed upwind without difficulty for a mile. Salmon whispered something to Pearson, who raised a finger and halted the procession.

It took the guns ten seconds to see this particular elephant, even after he was pointed out to them, standing statue-still in bush and thorn trees. He was not a big elephant, and he had but one tusk, due to accident perhaps. He was the only one in sight and, the ground being easy, the shooters walked within fifty yards of him.

He seemed so haystack-easy that the Prince and Lascelles began to argue as to who was to have the doubtful honor. The Prince said, almost out loud, that he had already shot an elephant, and that it had been agreed that Lascelles should have the next chance. Lascelles, vehemently denying any such arrangement, said that it was clearly up to H.R.H. to shoot first. He said that



AP Wire

**Groaffes in the Masai Game Reserve, where the Prince witnessed a native lion hunt.**

it was a very fine animal—a regular Jumbo, which it was not. The Prince pointed out that it had only one tusk.

At this moment the subject of the conversation became suspicious and melted into the scenery as only an elephant can.

Now, to follow announced game, whatever it may be, is, as a rule, about as dangerous as walking up a partridge. The procession moved slowly on into the bush, Pearson, Salmon and H.R.H. in front, then Gowers and then Lascelles. It was very quiet and breathlessly hot.

What happened was over almost before it began. There was a thumping, scuffling crash of thorns on the right, not ten yards away, and a terrific scream, something like a steam siren. Then the elephant, up and doing, was on top of them.

H.R.H. said afterwards that his chief impression of the subsequent proceedings was of the single tusk he had so pooh-poohed. There was also, he said, the up-lifted trunk which looked as long as the boom of a yacht. And it is a fact that one of the most disconcerting sights in a disconcerting world is the sight of an elephant's trunk where one has expected to see his tail. Then—but there, as far as H.R.H. was concerned, the matter ended. For Pearson pushed him backwards into the heart of a thorn bush—out of danger. As H.R.H. took the timber he heard the rifles—three shots that sounded as one—and when he stood up again the excitement was over!

This is what had happened in the two seconds during which the Prince had sprawled in the bush: The elephant lowered his trunk for business. Pearson and Salmon, snap-shooting at point-blank range, got three bullets into the great head. None of the three brought off the head shot that leads to (Continued on page 146)



(Above) On the trail of an elusive bull elephant, the Prince and companions pause for tea in the bush.

(Below) The crocodile of African rivers is a deceptive beast. Seemingly clumsy, it is as quick as a snake.

Central



# Thin AIR

**A**L KANARCKI looked like a wooden Indian. Only his eyes were alive. Al Kanarcki's eyes ran all over any situation. He never missed a trick.

No use making a map of his complex. He was born wanting to be a celebrity, but he didn't know the way up! He tried the stage, the ring, the air, pictures, and even crime, in a small way.

Sleek, well-dressed, silent and tight-lipped, he walked as if he were doing a tango. His shoulders were too high, and too square. And his head had a curious alertness. People looked at him and demanded: "Who's that?"

No one ever seemed to know exactly who he was. "Oh, that? That's Al—Al—I can't remember his name! Isn't he a prize fighter or a dancer, or something?"

The trouble with Al Kanarcki was that he looked like a celebrity, but he wasn't one.

He was nearly thirty before he got wise to himself.

He woke up one day to the stark fact that he was a ludicrous pretender. And that the only way to go was down, into a grubby obscurity.

He was living in a third-rate hotel off Broadway. The closet was packed tight with the motley of his failure: suits pressed to a turn, nipped in at the waist, geometrically exact as to hem and seam and lapel. Al Kanarcki flung the door open and stared at himself in empty replica. There he was, deflated, on hangers!

The thought of his failure struck him in the pit of his stomach. He sat on the edge of the bed and for one awful minute sobbed aloud. He heard himself making unfamiliar, hysterical sounds. He dragged both hands across his tear-streaked face and called the office.

"I'm checking out," he said. "Right away. Send up ice water."

"Yes, sir."

He intended to do away with himself. He had a bottle of pills in the bathroom. An overdose would fix the pain in his heart. Send him, pronto, out of a world he couldn't lick.

The boy who brought the ice water emptied the ice bucket into the pitcher on the table. While he did it,



he sang. Al was on the edge of the bed. His eyes darted at the bell hop. He licked his dry lips and listened.

"Say," he cut in suddenly, "you can sing, all right."

"Sure I can. I've been singing all my life!"

The boy grinned. Al had never seen a grin like it. It broke like a burst of electric lights.

"Look here," Al said. "See those clothes in there? I'm giving them away."

The boy stared. He went a few steps closer to the open closet door, his eyes popping.

And Al Kanarcki saw that his face was a knock-out.

"You a Swede?"

"Nope."

"German?"

The kid swung around. "Who wants to know?" he asked.

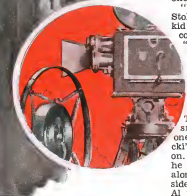
"I do."

"And who the hell are you?"

"Greek. Born in



Wherever Jan King went, it was the crooner who attracted the attention. "Please,



Al Kanarcki went too, but million-dollar smile who at Mr. King, your autograph!"

To win  
the tinsel fame of Broadway,  
some men will sacrifice  
art, pride, honor  
—even the one woman  
in the world!

by **MILDRED CRAM**

Illustrations by Marshall Frantz

Brooklyn. What does that make me?"

The kid laughed. "You ain't got a thing on me. I'm Polish, born in Italy."

"How long you been over here?"

"Since I was ten."

"Regular pair of Yankees!"

"I'll say. But listen—"

"I'm giving those clothes away to anyone they'll fit."

"What's wrong? Stolen goods?"

The kid stripped off his coat.

"I don't need 'em any more," Al explained. And even as he spoke the words, he thought, "I'll buy new ones; better ones."

The bell hop snatched down one of Al Kanarcki's coats and put it on. It fitted. And as he ran both hands along the nipped-in sides, he changed.

Al was right. Here was a face the women of the world wouldn't forget. All they needed was a

chance to look at it! The kid would do the rest.

He had what Al Kanarcki didn't have—a sort of light. He was broad-cheeked and fair-haired, and his nose was straight, and when he laughed it was like a white flash. And besides all that, he had a ringing, blazing tenor that lifted the roof off.

"You mean I can have all these clothes?" the kid asked.

"That's the only beginning of what you can have. If you'll listen to me, I've been in the show racket all my life. I know a voice when I hear one. I'll take you to the best teacher in the city. I'll give you a start. Only, you've got to work; you've got to stick. And when you're set, we split fifty-fifty. You'll put your name to that before you leave this room."

While Al Kanarcki waited for the boy's answer, he recalled the bottle in the bathroom, and the familiar pain of frustration gripped him. It was either this, or out.

The boy stared at him. "Where's the money for all this coming from?"

"I'll find it!" Al said.

"Okay. Where do I sign?"

That's how it began. Al borrowed a suit of clothes, after the papers were fixed. Then he went out and found a teacher—old Minotti, a friend of Caruso's. Al talked him into listening to Jan Kiskewski. Jan Kiskewski was his name! Al couldn't pronounce it, so he called him Jan King. When old Minotti heard that shattering tenor, he banged on the piano with both clenched fists and said: "I will teach him for nothing! He has the voice of an angel!"

"Nuts," Jan Kiskewski said. "I've got a lungful of wind, that's all."

This Polish bell hop had no idea he was good. He liked to sing. Song was easy for him. He just opened his mouth and music poured out. He spoke three languages. He was a born actor. And without trying, he majored in the old sex appeal. It never occurred to him that these talents had any cash value. This Kanarcki





"She's marvelous, isn't she, Al?" said Jan. "I don't know," Al said. But he knew that he had stumbled upon another treasure in Nora Wynne. And that there was the only woman for him.

Al knew Luigi, proprietor of the dump. He knew something about Luigi's activities. This was the place where you were sure to run into a flock of celebrities.

Luigi promised Al Kanarcki that his crooner could have a chance. One appearance. If he made good, okay. Time enough, then, to talk business.

Jan didn't want to sing for Luigi's clientele. Old Minotti had just introduced him to Brahms! But there was a little matter of fifteen suits, two overcoats, and three dollars a day for twenty-six months.

Al had found a song for Jan to sing. Everyone's heard that song. It put the composer on easy street and shot Jan Kikowski into public attention the way that fellow in the circus gets shot from the mouth of a cannon. One minute he was young Jan Kikowski, a bell hop with a voice, standing there in the smoky clatter of Luigi's speak—the next, he was Jan King, favorite of the mob.

Al Kanarcki stood behind the mirror screens that flanked the performers' stand. His face was white, but his eyes glittered. Al could see the accompanist's back and Jan's ten-million-dollar profile and, beyond, the serried ranks of Luigi's sophisticated clients. Women's spines; men's shoulders.

Jan began to sing. The cowboy song. The two with the Mexican rhythm; the sad one that turned into a rumba and wound up with a shout.

Al Kanarcki saw everything that happened. First one of them another turned and stayed turned. People stopped talking. They listened. They heard that voice; they saw that rocket-burst smile.

Jan got his ovation even before he finished!

Al Kanarcki didn't let him stay for the rush to the platform. Not Al. He had him out of there and into a taxi before the glasses and the bottles stopped rattling. And right then Jan King did something that penetrated Al Kanarcki's ambushed heart. He grabbed Al's arm. "Hey, listen," he panted, "we can't afford taxis. Let's get out and walk."

"Keep your shirt on," Al said. "We're going uptown to an all-night showroom, to buy us a town car!"

The town car, a black, shiny affair, was Al's idea of transportation on the way up. He had always wanted to "under-part"—and he stepped out of a limousine with a careless word to a chauffeur in whipcord and puttees. Now he was doing it.



In three months Jan King jumped from one thousand. There weren't any interludes; no hard knocks on the road; no sleepless weeks or night jumps. He was a phenomenon of the show business. He went right on up, and Al went with him. First Luigi's, and the acclaim of the inner circle. Then his own orchestra. Then the movie houses. Records, of course, spinning on every phonograph from Nome to Tinian, Hollywood next. Jan King in "Ride, Cowboy!" With that million-dollar smile in close shots and long shots and medium long shots.

Fifty million women took a look at Jan King on the screen and by some sort of mental arithmetic arrived at the conclusion that he was in love with them.

At first Jan hated it. Shamefaced, he would creep back to old Minotti and beg for an hour with good music. The two of them, locked in, would sneak through some of the great old songs.

But Jan had a genius for putting across the jazz. The thing ate into his soul like slow poison. And at last his resistance was performed, and he went less and less often to the source.

When Al Kanarcki decided that Jan King's radiant philosophy had been stamped irrevocably upon the public retina, he sold him down the river—to radio. And the same loveless multitudines did the dishes, evenings, with a certain look in their eyes. It was a great season for

husbands. But Jan King's earnings jumped to eight thousand a week, plus royalties, plus personal appearances.

Al moved into an apartment on the topmost pinnacle of one of the best hotels. He was the busiest man in New York. He had an office and two offices, a secretary and three telephones and a whole chorus of lawyers and pressmen and scouts and sycophants. Now he was where he had always wanted to be. He was a great season for proxy, the centrifugal position in the spotlight.

Sure enough, it wasn't Al Kanarcki who attracted the attention; it was young Jan King. But wherever Jan King went Al Kanarcki went, too. A feminine rustle, like foam at a ship's prow, broke before them when they advanced along hotel corridors or crossed theater lobbies. Another feminine rustle spread out in their wake. It took police reserves to get Jan King in and out of stage doors.

It was something to see, in those days: Al Kanarcki riding on the crest of the wave. Pearls and tails, and his hair like wet seal fur and those athletic eyes of his running over the assembled crowd like a limousine rosey as a summer dawn. Profits were divided fifty-fifty—and as the wave of popularity (Cont. on page 104)

guy was a nut. So was old Minotti. But if they wanted him to sing, he'd sing.

Then, for two years, Al Kanarcki lived in brownstone rooming houses in the Forties. He earned a precarious living in an actors' agency run by Mr. Bert Cohen, Artists' Representative. Sometimes Mr. Cohen paid Al his salary, and then again he didn't. But Al stuck. Jan Kikowski kept his job at the cheap hotel. During the day he juggled ice water. Every night, without fail, he reported to old Minotti. And every night, without fail, Al Kanarcki was there, listening, planning. Every night, fed or hungry, he placed three dollars in cash on the piano before the maestro and got his receipt. Every night Jan the bell hop was three more dollars in debt to his discoverer and patron and manager, Al Kanarcki.

Old Minotti struck a match and lighted the clear, steady flame of resolve in his pupil. He made him understand, at last, that he couldn't just sing; he'd have to think, too. And young Kikowski began to sneak off Saturday afternoons and hang his chin on the rail at the Metropolitan and let the cold chills run over him from head to foot. He got the bug.

But it wasn't the same bug that bothered Al Kanarcki. Al Kanarcki wanted quick results. He was sick and

tired of the stale sheets of his boarding-house bed. The dark blue suit, salvaged from his burst of generosity, had worn shiny. His patent-leather shoes were cracked. He hadn't had a hot-lead facial in two years. And the pan that looked back at him from plate-glass windows and casual mirrors wore the feeble mask of a defeated matador, prostrate in the ruddy dust of the arena.

"In five years," Minotti said, "Jan Kikowski will sing at the Metropolitan."

"In five weeks," Al said, "he'll be on the air."

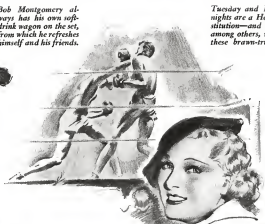
"You mean you will sacrifice the greatest voice of the age?"

"I mean I'm his manager, and what I say goes! He'll sing at the Metropolitan, all right. But first he croons!"

It began like this. No one—least of all, Al Kanarcki—dreamed of what did happen. Jan King's first public appearance was made in a speakeasy—these were prehistoric days—one of those brownstone places with a grilled door and a narrow tiled entrance hall. The bar was long and higher than necessary, with a chromium footrail. The crowd talked all the time. Over in one corner on a platform there was a little white piano, and space enough for a couple of performers.



Bob Montgomery always has his own soda-drink wagon on the set, from which he refreshes himself and his friends.



Tuesday and Friday fight nights are a Hollywood institution—and Mae West, among others, never misses these brown-trust sessions.

Scenes from this Cosmopolitan World

# FILM

Sketches by

MCCLELLAND BARCLAY

Comments by

H. N. Swanson



Before doing an unusually emotional scene, Joan Crawford plays her little portable phonograph in her dressing room to capture a mood.



Off-screen, Clark Gable is no casual Casanova. When not working, he may often be found up in them thar mountains, hunting V's.

Between "takes," Norma Shearer uses this slanting resting board to avoid wrinkling her gown. (Often stars' clothes are fitted so tightly it is impossible to sit down.)



Director von Sternberg soars aloft on a camera crane to get unusual pictorial angles on an important scene.

# LAND



Off the set and in a recreation room it's Marion Davies, the net result of which will probably be an upset for an overconfident adversary.



MCCLELLAND BARCLAY

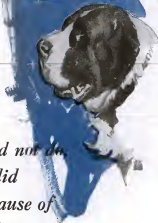
On rooftop or at desert resort, the bright pagans of a California day always include a Vitamin "D" bath (away from the public gaze) before that evenin' sun goes down.





The schooner fetched up

# BIDOU



*What man could not do  
this dog did  
—and all because of  
love in his heart*

A RATTLE of cartwheels on the stony road apprised Mrs. Burke of her husband's arrival, so she put aside her mending and went out into the kitchen. She refilled the stove, moved the chowder pot and the teakettle forward, then opened the oven door and peered inside.

Jim's supper would be spoiled but at least she had kept it hot. It served him right for being so late. While he was unharnessing she set the kitchen table, for never except when the minister came to Sunday chicken dinner did the Burkes eat in the front room.

The back door opened and Jim entered; his cap and pea-jacket sparkled with jewels of moisture, for Newfoundland fogs are thick



jarringly against the reef, slid off. It was then that Nancy's father did a desperate thing . . .

by REX BEACH

Illustrations by Dean Cornwell

and during the past several hours he had driven through a mist that hid his horse's head.

"Guess you thought the old cart had foundered," he said cheerfully. "Lord, it's thick!"

"What kept you?"

"The services were late and old Tige had to feel his way home . . . The children abed?"

"Of course! What time d'you think it is? Why, it's after nine!"

"Um-m! Something smells good."

"It's not much, but it's hot. I can fry you some eggs."

"Pshaw! Anything'll do."

"Then wash up and— What ails you, standing there? Why don't you take off your jacket?"

Burke was a ruddy, weather-beaten fellow of about thirty-five. He hesitated before confessing with a boyish grin, "I—I've got a surprise—for Nancy—and I don't know as you'll exactly like it."

"Jim Burke! Have you been spending more money on that child? And us in debt!"

"Now, Mother! How would I spend any money in

Bennett's Bay, even if I had it? It never cost a cent."

As he spoke he unbuckled his coat, thrust a huge brown hand inside his shirt and groped for something he carried next to his body. When he removed it, his thumb and forefinger held by the loose skin of its neck a fat, square-faced, stub-nosed black-and-white puppy which he deposited upon the table.

It squatted for an instant, then its tail wagged, on uncertain legs it waddled toward the cream pitcher, which the indignant housewife promptly retrieved.

"Him! On my table! We can't afford a dog."

"Aw, Mother! Nancy will love—"

"He'll be a big dog!" the wife said in growing consternation. "He'll eat more than her and Luther."

"You bet he'll be big. He's from that dog Cap'n Buckingham brought down from Cape Freels. Good Newfoundlanders are getting scarce. The breed's most run out. I'll go without milk in my tea till he grows up."

"Of course Miz Buckingham can't afford to keep him now."

"Sure! That's why she gave him to me."

"No more can we. He's bound to be an expense and a care: any puppy is a care. But he is pretty."

Ellen stroked the rotund bundle of fur; she picked it up and cuddled it against her cheek. This pleased the little fellow, and he licked her with relish.

"I want him to be Nancy's dog," the father declared. "She's got to raise him herself."

Mrs. Burke nodded and said, "They're great hands with children, of course, and if he learns to take care of that spoiled daughter of ours, it'll be a relief to me."

"Pshaw! What's the use of having anything as pretty as Nancy if you can't spoil it a little?" Burke blew noisily upon his first spoonful of chowder, and his wife seated herself across the table from him with the puppy in her lap. She poured a saucer of milk and he plunged his black-satin nose into it.

"Well? Aren't you going to tell me about the services? Hows Miz Buckingham bearing up?"

"All right. A lot better than she would if it had been a regular funeral."

ELLEN NODDED, compressing her lips. "If they had to go, I suppose it's a mercy they were never found. But it must be dreadful not to know what happened. I've been thinking all day how I'd feel if it was you and Luther. How a ship can disappear completely, with all hands, beats me. It wasn't a bad storm, and Joel Buckingham was as good a skipper as ever went to the ice."

"Don't take much of a gale, with a cargo of wet seal-skins. Those pelts are slippery. The Mary Pittman was heavy-loaded. She got to rolling and they shifted."

"But—Cap'n Joel must have known the danger."

"Certainly. What of it? We all take our chances."

Ellen Burke closed her eyes and a spasm contracted her face. "Yes, I know. It's awful, Jim. I mean, the ocean. I'm afraid of it. It's so cruel; so—sneaky and deceitful. It seems to take only the best men we've got."

Jim nodded. "It feeds us and it robs us. Old Robber Ocean!"

"Every time you leave for the banks I—die. It won't be long now till Luther will be sailing away. It's mighty hard on us women. I wish you'd give it up."

"How can I?" Burke inquired gravely. "There's salt in the blood of us islanders, and it's our job to fish and to hunt seals. We're bred to it. But I've news for you. I saw Mr. Campeau today."

"Yes?" There was a sudden light of interest in Ellen's eyes.

"He says maybe he'll give me the Queen."

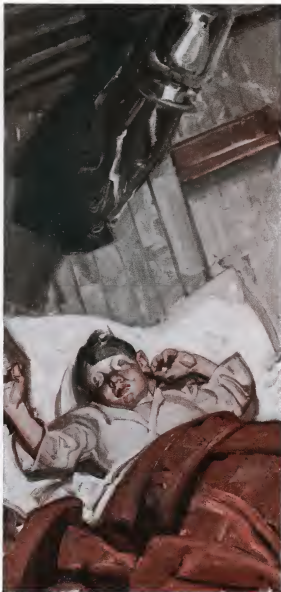
"Oh, God bless him!" the wife exclaimed.

"To be glad to quit the Banks, although it's not easy work running this coast, winter and summer."

"I know, Jim. But you've had steady work at steady pay. You'd be hauling lumber. And lumber won't sink. Soon as ever I finish the dishes we're going to read a chapter from the Bible; then we're going to get down on our knees and—"

"Good Lord!" she exclaimed, then snatched the puppy from her lap and ran to the door with him. Her husband laughed.

Of course little Nancy was delighted with her first pet, and in the weeks that followed she played with him tirelessly. The puppy grew prodigiously, progressing from one interesting stage of development to another.



In and around Bulls Cove there were a number of French families, most of whom owned dogs. Two-thirds of their pets carried the name of Bidou—doubtless the French Canadian equivalent of Fido—and that is what Nancy called the Newfoundland. She liked the word because it exploded so pleasingly from her lips—Edoo! Bidou was his reward for good behavior; when he was bad, oddly enough, he was "Buddy." There was a reason for this.

Nancy was an imperious little person and she tyrannized over her father as completely as she ruled her dog. In fact, she exercised the same method of control over both, and it was one peculiar to herself. For instance, when big Jim Burke undertook to chide her, she raised her head, she straightened her back, she assumed an air of wounded dignity and interrupted the scolding with a sharp, admonitory "Daddy!"

On her lips the exclamation became a reproach, a warning. It was a sort of verbal glare and it bespoke



indignation, incredulity, resentment. It was a quietly command for silence. If he persisted in the scolding, she repeated his name with greater emphasis, she frowned, she shook a plump little forefinger at him. Inwardly the father grinned.

WHILE STILL a puppy, the dog learned to obey Nancy's sharp, imperious "Buddy! Buddy!" He would stop his mischief, his tail would droop; he would approach and dab at Nancy's face with his lolling tongue. This apology was usually effective. It was much as if he wiped a wet sponge over a slate, thereby destroying all his marks of discredit.

Not until Bidou was more than a year old did he begin to demonstrate by acts rather than by general demeanor that passionate protective instinct, that sacred obligation of guardianship which is the heritage of his breed. The Newfoundland dog is the result of a cross between

Captain Jim Burke was frightened. His boy—dying for all he knew! "You'll have to shelter him the best you can," he told his wife as the water rose higher in the cabin of the foundering ship.

the tough, curly-coated English black retriever and the deep-chested, cream-white, patriarchal sheep dog of the Pyrenees, a strain unfortunately now extinct. From the one he inherited indifference to cold water and an amazing ability to swim; from the other, a deep-seated instinct to shepherd and to save.

Bulls Cove lay at the head of a ragged gash in the frowning coast line. Its shores were steep and its waters were cold, but where the village stood there was a nice beach for bathing. That is to say, it was covered with pebbles and cobblestones instead of broken boulders, and it was here that the children went to swim.

Luther Burke came home one day nursing a bruised arm which bore the marks of teeth; from his mouth issued bellows of anger and of pain. Behind him in triumph marched Bidou.

"Mal! You got to tie up this darn' dog," the boy roared. "Look! what he done to me!"

"Whatever is the matter, son?"

"He won't let us have any fun. I was divin' an' he pulled me out. He pulled out ever' boy that dove in."

"Serves you right," Mrs. Burke declared un sympathetically. "The water's too cold for swimming."

"Aw, Ma, it is not!" he protested. "Anyhow, it's warm enough for you."

right out. But you can't whip Bidou off; his hide's too thick."

"Lutey!" The voice belonged to Luther's sister. "Did you whip Bidou?"

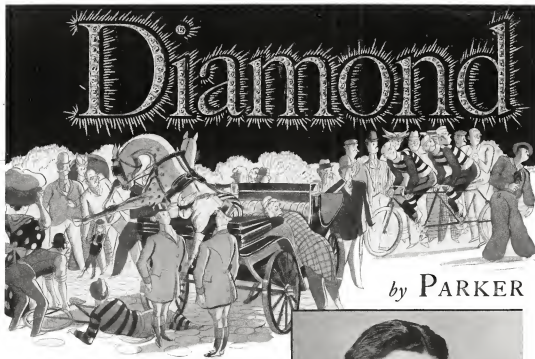
"We ad' whipped him. I'm gonna whip him again. I'll learn that ole dog!" Luther stooped for a stone.

"Lutey!" the girl cried in a shocked, indignant tone. She shook her finger. "Lutey!" This time she stamped her bare foot.

Bidou trotted forward and wiped her cheek lightly with his wet tongue; he rooted her affectionately and his majestic black plume waved.

"Don't you ever stone that dog!" Mrs. Burke admonished sternly. "Especially when he does you a service. You've no business in that water, anyway, and he thought you were drowning and he saved you."

All that summer Bidou acted as the self-appointed guardian of the Bulls Cove swimming hole; he lugged dozens of protesting youngsters (Continued on page 43)



by PARKER

Most fabulous figure of the Gay '90's, "Diamond Jim" flashed across the heavens of New York night life like a glittering comet trailing an incredible shower of gold . . . Here his gaudy career is set forth in a distinguished American biography



Diamond-d short stud-actual size.

longer experienced any great concern about the matter of personal finances. Whatever he wanted to do, he did. Whatever he wanted to buy, he bought. And whenever he wanted to give a party, he charged it up to one of the expense accounts.

Partly because he felt that a certain amount of dignity was incumbent upon his three positions and partly because his love for finery was as deep-seated and instinctive as his love for food, he dressed in a way that indicated an income at least ten times greater than the one which was actually his. His diamonds, which in other years had been the means of his gaining the entrée to strange offices, were now serving still another purpose. People seeing him could not help but wonder who he was. And Jim resolved to keep on buying diamonds and wearing them until all the world knew him at the first glance. It was not nearly so much of an



When Diamond Jim Brady Dined  
by Jacob Bardusch

Formerly proprietor of Castle Cave, one of New York's most famous restaurants in the days of Diamond Jim

WHENEVER Diamond Jim Brady was in New York he frequently dined at my restaurant, Castle Cave, on lower Seventh Avenue. Usually he had women guests. Three or four times, I remember, he entertained Anna Held there, and at other times, Lillian Russell. He never dined alone, but though he was the host he never spoke to his guests during dinner. Eating was one of the important things in his life, and he gave food his undivided attention.

If he came early, he always wore a Prince Albert coat and



MORELL



Glorious Lillian Russell  
and her good friend, Diamond Jim Brady—gentleman sportsman, first nighter, man about town.

Amid cries of "Get a horse!" bolting teams, fainting dowagers and open-mouthed amazement, Diamond Jim in 1895 tore down Fifth Avenue in the first horseless carriage New York had ever seen.

The great city reflected the spirit of the times. Always the mecca of pleasure seekers, it now frankly pandered to the hordes of newly rich who came storming through its gates. Despite the four bleak years of depression that ate at its middle, it was still an age of flash—a time when ostentatious show and lavish spending carried far more weight than did culture and refinement. Naturally, a Diamond Jim Brady would flourish in such an atmosphere.

When the Guellet's opened the Imperial Hotel on the southeast corner of Broadway and Thirty-second Street, in 1890, New York got its first intimation of the splendor that was soon to come. The Imperial started the ball rolling, and other great hotels soon followed. During nearly every year of the decade a more elaborate establishment was opened. Hotels crept up Broadway to Forty-second Street, where they spread out to the east and west.

The coming of these great hotels had a strange effect upon Jim's business. As the decade advanced, he discovered that he could spend more and more of his time in New York, because many of his customers came to the city to do their spring and fall shopping for railroad supplies. And Mr. Brady made the discovery that these gentlemen would frequently buy more of his wares at three in the morning than in broad daylight. In consequence, he set about making himself the city's best host.

Winning and dining in those days was an art which the hotels, with their elaborate cuisines, did much to enhance. Even to contemplate the average evening meal consumed at that time (Continued on page 198)

the English, almost square, type of derby. If he dined late, he was the last word in formal dress and blazing with his famous jewels. In winter, when the weather was fine, he wore a magnificent sable-lined overcoat, which I often heard it said was insured for \$30,000. When the weather was stormy he wore a mink-lined coat with collar and cuffs of Persian lamb. The coat and whichever one of his several diamond-studded canes he brought to Castle Cave were never entrusted to anyone but me, to be looked up in a special closet.

He was positively vulgar in his display of jewelry. If he carried a cane with a ruby top, then his studs, cuff links, watch chain and the buttons on his waistcoat would be set with rubies and diamonds—but always diamonds. When he wore an ascot tie he wore in it an (Continued on page 202)



# Chanel COPY

by BARBARA

ALDRICH

**I**T WAS the spring when every woman in New York wore a fox and rows of curls and Schiaparelli sleeves, except Geneviève. Sometimes she thought she would die right on Fifty-seventh Street if she couldn't have some curls and wear a rakish hat.

It was the spring when they said things were really going to be better that Geneviève had come straight from Paris.

Her room was on the wrong side of a cheap hotel. It looked out on a dirty wall. She couldn't see an inch of sky. There had been rooms that faced on terraces—rooms from Cannes to St. Moritz; St. Jean de Deauville.

She'd been homesick ever since she came, not for any home she knew, but for a new one in this city which had looked so beautiful the night she landed. It was dark, and she got mixed up between the lights and the stars. The sky was so lovely it made her gasp. "Star-Spangled Banner," said Geneviève. "Why shouldn't I be sentimental for once in my life?" A wave of exaltation caught her up. She was home where she belonged.

Home after seven glittering years of Europe. Seven years of endless blue water, hot sun, yellow beaches. It had run true to form, just like the stories. Even the names. Lady Asher with her bracelets. Honorable Rosie Montague with the best tan on the Côte d'Azur. Troubetzky, so perfect, yet crumbling. Lovely Lily, disaster wherever she went. And Nicky.

But Nicky was different. He played better than the rest. Loved it. It was honest play with him. Baron Nicholas Strasny, who could arrange the

right moon in the sky when you dined, without a penny to his famous formidable name.

She could see him with a flower in his button-hole, at the Ritz, knowing everyone—at the races, at Biarritz; Jenny, have a cocktail . . . Jenny, I'm showing you the Old World . . .

You're a funny girl, the only American I'll ever love . . . When I grow up, I'm going to marry you . . . I like your Chanel, Jenny.

They had all run together like sheep from one season to the next, a never-ending carnival. Then Jenny's New England father died and left her alone, except for an income which she believed would last forever and a background buried in the New Hampshire snows.

After that her money began to go. With the dollar falling every day, her income dropped to bits. Jenny watched it dribble away, for a wave, a manicure, a silly sweater. Jenny watched it, frightened in the yellow sunshine and through the long moonlight nights. Jenny watched it, visiting here and there and everywhere, with the same silly smile on her face till she wanted to run away and hide.

People she didn't remember, who told her they were her real friends, said, "You ought to get away; you're drinking too much—everything too much. You'll be like . . ." She knew. Alike with her divorcees; with that soft-hard look in her eyes; with her passion for titles and her moldy apartment. And a dozen like her.

There'd been such a long list of cocktails, drinking with Nicky to this, drinking to that—to things that never happened. With Nicky whom she was sure she loved—as sure as she could be, rushing up (Continued on page 127)

Illustration by  
R. F. Schabelitz

"Geneviève, my dearest dear,  
what are you doing in New York  
and why did you run away  
from me?" asked Baron Strasny.

An American girl learns that  
love makes up the difference  
between a Paris original  
and an American copy



# I'm a Neurotic

## —and glad of it!

**W**HEN I TOLD my wife I intended writing this article she looked at me in amazement. "Surely you're not serious?" she said.

"And why not?" I replied. "Why shouldn't I admit I'm neurotic with as little hesitation as I would exhibit in confessing my weakness for tobacco, Angora cats, bronzes, or dancing?"

"Because you're a doctor, that's why," she retorted with no little emphasis. "Your patients might think—well, being neurotic and then attempting to cure neurotics—Isn't it something like the blind trying to lead the blind?"

I saw her point. Frankly, I had anticipated it, and to her probable objections I had resolved to say something like: "Don't you see, being a neurotic I can understand my patients better and therefore help them more?" I had even thought of backing this up with an old joke of mine, credited to the eminent Kneppell, that one cannot be a good alienist without being somewhat alienated oneself.

None of which, of course, I did.

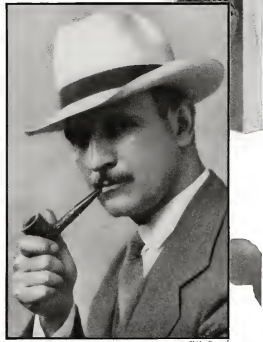
My wife's attitude was helpful, however. It brought out so clearly what everybody thinks: that being neurotic is something to hide if not deliberately to be ashamed of.

This is exactly what I want to write about. Indeed, I want to go a step further. I want to reassure all the neurotics who may read these pages. I want to allay their fears and help them to overcome their convictions of inferiority. For all neurotics feel like that—at least all those I've ever known.

Particularly do I want to prove that the neurotic, instead of being handicapped, as is generally supposed, is actually in possession of an asset. That's why I say I'm glad I'm neurotic myself.

Out of the hundreds of neurotic cases which I have treated in the past twenty years of special practice, there have been mighty few which I considered hopeless. Always I have been able to say to my patient that the sufferings which were blighting his life, making his future seem like a blind alley ending in blank despair, would turn out eventually to be blessings in disguise. Nor have I said this merely to be cheerful. Always I have meant it sincerely. And always after a few months such patients have admitted the correctness of my contention.

So famous a psychologist as Jung has said that all neurotics possess the elements of genius, and Jung is right. Of course, not every neurotic man, woman and child will some day become an Edison, a Bernard Shaw or a Mussolini. It is not in the nature of neurosis that in so many neurotics, under treatment, there have come to light abilities hitherto unsuspected, ambitions but vaguely formulated—sources of happiness never dreamed of—not to mention the tremendous dynamic force and purpose which all persons invariably discover in themselves once they realize what a neurosis is.

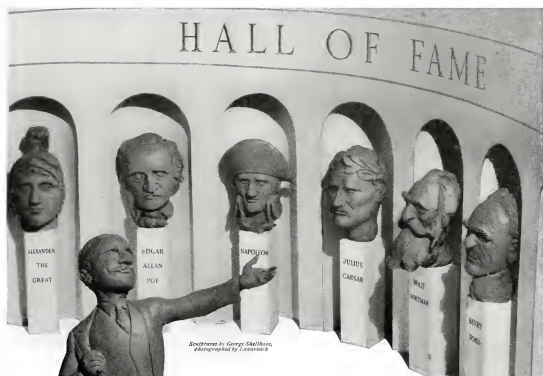


by **LOUIS E. BISCHOFF**  
M.D., Ph.D.  
*Formerly Professor of Neuropsychiatry, New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital*

There are so many hundreds of thousands of neurotics in the world that there are not enough specialists in existence to treat them all. Nor need all be treated by intensive psychological methods. The majority of neurotic states are very mild, sometimes scarcely perceptible, though some cases are so severe that hospital care is required.

Indeed, the line of demarcation between what is normal, average mentality and what is neurotic cannot definitely be laid down. We are all more or less neurotic; it is really a question only of degree, and the problem is not whether we are or are not neurotic but rather how neurotic we are and what we are permitting neuroses to do to us.

In the olden days the treatment prescribed for severe cases included giving up one's job and taking a trip abroad. Nowadays, however, the one thing one never does is run away. One always fights in the saddle. Attention to the glandular system—the so-called



*Do they say you have "nerves"?  
That you "worry too much"? That  
you're "moody"? Well, see what  
good company you're in! The world  
has been remolded by men and  
women with such temperaments*

*A neurotic is a potential genius,  
the difference between him and  
the immortals being mainly  
a difference in accomplishment.*

"endocrine glands" or "glands of internal secretion"—is usually indicated on the organic side, and some thought probing, such as psychoanalysis, on the mental.

I am not, however, interested here in pronounced neurotic states where compulsions and obsessions are the rule; fear of closed places, open spaces, or heights; suicidal impulses; dread of contagion and hosts of other ideas that make the lives of some neurotics almost unbearable at times. Although such disorders are likewise curable, I am writing this article to help those who are grappling with the less severe forms of neurosis. I want to advise them on how to cure themselves.

Were these mild neurotic states not so annoying and handicapping, they really wouldn't matter. But whatever their exact nature, they worry a person just enough to make him doubtful of himself; they bother him just

enough to make him unhappy and inefficient at his work; they make him self-accusatory and timid; they nag him with feelings of guilt; they make him self-conscious and over-sensitive; they interfere seriously with the natural expression of his love life. Yes, the mild neurotic states can do that and a whole lot more. And they do it to persons of both sexes, at all ages, even to children.

There is hope, however, and plenty of it. What one needs and all that one needs in the

mild cases is *understanding*. Understand what it means to be neurotic and at once the malady disappears.

A lot of the misery of life, if not most of it, is due to ignorance. I once heard or read a story about a group of professors who, in passing through a science laboratory on their way to an adjoining conference room, observed a large metal bowl standing on a table near a window. One of them remarked how warm the part of the bowl turned to the sun was in comparison with the opposite or darker side. The others likewise noted this striking difference.

After the conference, the professors again walked through the laboratory and past the same bowl. But lo and behold, the part of the bowl away from the sun was now hot while the part toward the sun was cold!

Heated controversy ensued. How could something away from the sun's rays be (Continued on page 94)

# Out of the Frying Pan

A ringside view of  
modern love with a  
punch in every line



by

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Illustrations by McClelland Barclay

REMY'S eyes were dangerous under the black brows that almost met above her short straight nose. When her eyes were dangerous, she looked very like her famous brother in the photographs magazines delighted to print of him in his favorite roles, staring from behind a machine gun or over a black automobile.

All the Shanleys had that dangerous look when they were angry. It had made James Joseph Shanley a great section boss; in this new era it made his son Rex Shanley a motion-picture star.

Meeting Remy's look, Rex said, "If it isn't too much trouble, of course." His voice had a silky note. When she did not answer, he smiled at her. A brilliant smile that somehow did not soften the hardness of his face.

"We have ten servants in this mansion," said Remy Shanley. "I don't suppose it's too much trouble to get a dinner for ten, even on four hours' notice. If you'll give me the guest list, I'll arrange the table. You don't expect me to be here, do you? I've got a date."

Her brother looked surprised. Remy couldn't tell whether the surprise was genuine or not. He was an actor, and a much better actor than people gave him credit for being, as Remy knew.

"I thought you'd like it, darling," he said. "Harvey—he's always amusing—and Hans von Weiland and the Journeys. They got in by plane from New York today."

"Sure; I know," said Remy. She got up and went restlessly to the end of the long room. On her feet, she was rather splendid, with curved hips and breasts, with long slim legs, with a dash about her. But it was Remy's hair that had given her a reputation in Hollywood. Against the green drapes that fell full length at the windows, it was an amazing red that broke away from her face in waves, that winged back from her ears as though a wind blew about her. Only one other place could you ever see that color—in the coat of a sorrel thoroughbred going to the post in full sunlight.

Her hand, holding the jade curtains, was white at the



Round Seven—and  
But Remy Shanley's

knuckles. A desperate little hand, clutching the satin.

"Look, Red," said her brother, "don't be like that. Is it because Mina's coming?"

Remy said, "I don't give a damn about Mina. If you're fool enough to be stuck on her, that's your business. She's a vulgar wench and her heart's as false as her face, but that's the kind of women you fall for—and I suppose it's good publicity. Not that I believe all that junk about her being a society favorite—ho!"



Dannenberg's supreme bid for a knock-out! Terry was off, sick, battered. eyes had met his—and spoken. He was fighting as he had never fought before.

On that derisive note suddenly her head went down on her arm, as though she could no longer hold its bright flame aloft.

"If there's something on your mind, I wish you'd tell me," Rex said, sympathetically. No one could have read that speech more perfectly. Remy thought—and hated herself for thinking it.

She came back toward him, restless, shaken. Her eyes narrowed until only a glint of gray showed between the

black lashes, but they took in the room swiftly, with contempt. That much-photographed room: the shining bare walls; the copper-colored divans, banded in cold metal; the glass-topped tables and metal lamps; the geometric desk.

"I am a completely useless female," said Remy Shanley, very low, "living a completely useless life in an interior decorator's house among a lot of synthetic people whose very names aren't their own. The only person



I have to love is a brother who has forgotten where he leaves off and his acting begins. I live in a land where even the damn sunshine isn't any use, because sun arcs are brighter than the sun. I never hear anything except voices that are still talking into microphones, and they never talk about anything except make-believe. I can never believe a word they say because they're all writing dialogue; nor anything they do because it's their business to dramatize everything, nor even the way they look, because there's just cameras and photographs. I live in a town which every living inhabitant pretends to hate but from which no one ever escapes!"

"You certainly aren't useless," said Rex Shanley. "You do a woman's job, running his house."

"A woman's job?" said Remy wearily. "My job's as artificial as Mina's eyelashes. A woman's job—is where her man is."

"Then why don't you get married?" said her brother. "You've had a dozen chances."

"Who is there for me to marry in this hell-hole?" she said. "All the men that are any good are married already. I'm not crazy about going through one of those front-page divorce menses to get a secondhand husband. The men who look like anything are actors who put paint on their faces. Her face makes me sick. The rest of 'em are ego-maniacs with spindly legs or fat tummies. Oh, yes, I could get married, if I didn't happen to want a man."

Rex watched her, speculating. In spite of all the talk about Remy and Howard Haynes, two years ago just after he made his big hit, he doubted that it had come to anything. Certainly Preston Curtis, who wrote scenarios at twenty thousand a crack, had been close to about her. All Remy ever said about that was that he ought to see a good dentist.

"**WHY** DON'T you marry Lenny?" he asked. "He's not bad-looking, and he makes plenty of dough. He'll be one of the big directors. You could help him a lot."

"If he tells me the story of one more picture he has made or is going to make," said Remy Shanley with a smile that was sheer insolence, "I'll make the front pages for you. I gave him six months to mention something besides himself and motion pictures, and then I gave him the air."

"Hans wants to make tests of you," said Rex, and he was angry now. "I don't understand you at all. For three years, ever since the terrible day, everybody in Hollywood has been trying to make tests of you. You're a handsome kid, Red, and with my name—"

"I wouldn't be a movie actor," said Remy Shanley. "If I had to take in washing, as our grandmother did, I know it sounds crazy. A million girls would like to be in my shoes. But they don't know what it's really like. It just isn't good enough. I don't want to make-believe. I want to live—to live something on my own. If it's only for an hour, I want to get hold of life. I'm so sick of imitations."

"We haven't done so badly," said Rex Shanley coldly. "You're not particularly grateful, are you?"

Her eyes met his and she said, "Not particularly. For what? I've been worth my keep in publicity value alone. Rex Shanley's devotion to his motherless kid, how Rex Shanley's devotion to his worshipers her big brother. Smashed all over everything—until it's so cheap and common— I've been a pretty good front for you, too. One of these chiseling dolls would have hooked you before now if I hadn't been around, and you'd be paying more alimony than it costs to feed and clothe me."

"Just what is it you want?" said Rex, and he looked out over the city that was beginning to around his jaws that was beginning to worry his cameraman was plain.

For a moment the veil dropped from the girl's face. She looked like a young child, like a child seeking comfort.

She said, "I don't know. I don't know."

Something real—someone real who needs me." She got up and went to the door. "I won't be here for dinner," she said.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the fight with Mac Farley."

"I don't know that I'm keen about you going to the fight with him. Sports writers aren't supposed to be exactly the proper escorts for young girls, are they?"

Remy's eyebrows flew up. "Darling!" she said, and shrieked with laughter. "I suppose I should stay home—and dine with Minal! Hell, I wish you were right. I'd like to get my hands on something real, even if it was a live cobra."

Her voice shook on the last words. Her face was haggard with desperate yearning. She went out swiftly—a young girl seeking something for which she knew no name.

It was a July night and hot with the California winds from the desert.

In his dressing room, under the ring that stood in the center of the Olympic Auditorium, Terry Cahill sat on a small stool, his black head with its rough crest of curls back against the wall.

Doc, hovering over him, pretending not to hover, said, "You feel all right?"

Terry winked at him. His eyes, which were young and very blue, twinkled. "You just heard the doctors, didn't you? Think they're crazy?" he asked.

"Be right back," said Doc, and went out of the room. Terry relaxed, and the twinkle went out of his eyes. He wanted to get up and walk, but he knew he shouldn't. The terrible minutes before a big fight always get him that way. He could hear the feet of the preliminary boys in the ring above him; the shuffle of the crowd still coming in.

In spite of his nakedness, he was sweating. The sweat gleamed on his body, which was tanned a deep bronze from hours on the beach. His nerves were twitching and he was very uncomfortable. Deliberately he made himself relax every muscle of his finely conditioned body until the torture grew less. Still the thoughts that went through his head were like dreams.

Dannenberg's, his Cahill.

The slugger didn't know boxer. The oldest story in sport.

"Mustn't think about the fight," he told himself. "You think too much and you're out of your mind."

Go! He'd broken nifty just before he started to train. Punny game. He'd always been pretty good at games. When he was a kid, he'd meant to be a big-league ball player—right field, like the Babe. That was before they'd found out he could box, and Doc had taken charge of him.

He certainly hadn't meant to be a fighter. But the money was awfully young he'd just drifted into it. In no other way could he make that much dough, at seventeen.

Well, the money he'd fought to get had taken an awful load off Mom's mind, all right, with all those kids.



Terry Cahill was

sobbing his heart out. "There, there!" Remy said, stroking the bowed head with an age-old gesture.

Good kids, too. Especially Joey. Joey was a hell of a good kid. He'd see that Joey got to college, too. Mom kind of liked Terry being a fighter. She'd got a great kick out of coming down from San Francisco to cook his lard for him, so he could put on a few more pounds. She'd be listening on the radio to-night. He hoped she wouldn't hear anything to upset her.

Mustn't think about the fight.

Everything depended on his ability to keep going at top speed for ten rounds. He was, as always, too light. He'd managed to make 185—185 was the most he'd ever weighed for a fight, but he'd grown in the past year.

He was twenty-two now. But a heavyweight ought to weigh more than that. He was still twenty-four pounds lighter than Dannenberg.

That gorilla wasn't worrying about weight, with his superb natural 210 pounds, or about lasting ten rounds, or pacing his fight, or keeping away from punches. All he had to do was to go in there and sling rights and lefts and see if he could connect with Terry's incredibly swift, graceful body.

He'd got a face like King Kong," said Terry Cahill, and he chuckled and found himself on his feet, moving back and forth with light, nervous steps. A woman writer had once called him the Mordkin of the ring. Little Joey had been awful sore about that. "Well, kid, I can't sock her," Terry had told him.

Hot rage flooded him suddenly. For a flash he glared in his famous left job; he wanted to put in Dannenberg's right eye a lot of times. But the rage didn't last. It wasn't the primitive, sustained rage of the real fighter.

Terry Cahill wasn't a fighter. He hated fighting. From his first amateur bout in high school, when the baseball coach had discovered the boy's amazing speed,

he had hated it. There was none of the killer in him. His seconds came in, and Terry sat down while they taped his hands. They were nice hands still, long and well cut and carefully tended.

"Mae West's out there," the Italian told him.

"Sure," said Terry, grinning; "and will she be rooting for me? Maybe I got a date with her—how do you know? Is Lupe there? She's the one I'm strong for."

He was kidding. The truth was, Terry was shy with girls. But he didn't want the Italian and Jimmy to know that. A fighter was supposed to have dames.

**T**HE ITALIAN said, "I didn't see Lupe. But there's a redhead with Mac Farley wouldn't make me mad if she give me the eye."

They weren't paying any attention to him. But Terry couldn't keep still. He was nervous; he was Irish; he had to talk, whether it made sense or not.

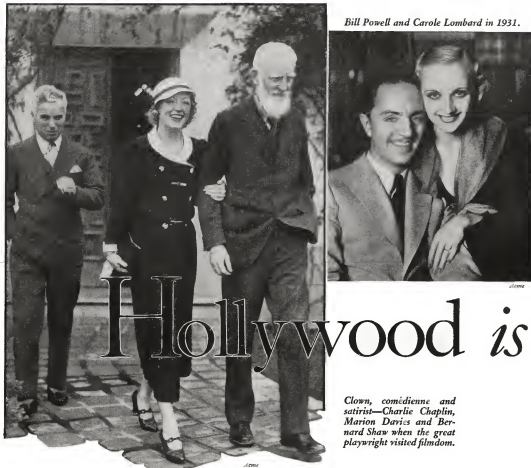
"You see," he said confidentially, "nobody cares anything about boxers any more. Even the sports writers don't like boxers—they don't know a thing about boxing. Me, you see, I love boxing."

They weren't paying any attention to him. The boy always did a lot of running off at the mouth before a fight. They finished their job and went.

But he had told the truth. It was boxing he loved. The technique, the timing, the beauty of defense, the exquisite pose and balance of footwork. It was all out of fashion now with the mobs that crowded the fight arenas. Boxers didn't draw any dough into the box office except as targets for the killers.

Terry knew it now, after five years. Five years he had meant to spend in college before that mad-dog gangster had popped Captain Cahill of the San Francisco Police Department. Five (Continued on page 161)

Bill Powell and Carole Lombard in 1931.



Clown, comedienne and satirist—Charlie Chaplin, Marion Davies and Bernard Shaw when the great playwright visited filmdom.

COME WITH ME any pleasant Sunday afternoon to Marion Davies' beach house in Santa Monica. If the gracious hostess of the white-pillared colonial mansion is at home, you may find her entertaining some international celebrity. You may meet George Bernard Shaw or Winston Churchill, the Duke of Manchester or the Sultan of Zulu, Irvin Cobb or Lindbergh. All of these eminent men have dined with Miss Davies when they were visitors in Los Angeles.

You will find that Marion Davies, whose sparkling wit and gay, infectious humor have often been matched with the brains of the world, will not be devoting all of her attention to her famous guests. There will be other callers at the spacious white house by the sea. You will find mingling with these celebrated men and women many old friends of the hostess. Girls who danced with Marion in the Ziegfeld Follies, when her beauty even then was the talk of blasé Broadway; old friends she knew before she became one of the world's greatest screen comedienne will be playing tennis or swimming in the marble, salt-water pool. You will see some schoolgirl chum who knew her when she was carrying home her report cards from her Brooklyn public school. This loyal, devoted coterie has every reason to appreciate Marion, who even with her fame has never forgotten those who knew her in her early days.

Some of the friends date back to the time Marion scrawled in a childish hand on the flyleaf of her prayer book, "Marion Violet Douras." The Douras is correct,

by LOUELLA O. PARSONS

because she is the daughter of Judge Bernard Douras. The Marion, too, is correct, because she was christened with this name. But the Violet she added herself.

The name Davies was taken by the Douras girls after the eldest daughter, Reine, a reigning beauty of the stage some years ago, had adopted this pseudonym as more suitable for an actress. The other three girls in the family, Ethel, Rose and the youngest, Marion, all accepted Reine's choice. But it is through Marion's efforts that the name Davies became famous.

Unanimously recognized as Hollywood's most famous hostess, Marion wears her mantle gracefully but not consciously. I have seen on more than one occasion, sitting quietly and a bit self-consciously in the corner of the beach-house living room, some lonely girl who was terribly unhappy, perhaps over her failure to click in the movies or because of some broken romance. Marion, hearing of the girl's heartache, had invited her to a Sunday-night buffet supper. Perhaps she is even wearing one of the hostess' dresses because the girl felt that she was not properly dressed for the occasion. Marion will take down from the closet a gown that she has perhaps never worn, or that she herself particularly likes, and urge her guest to wear it. Many times these dresses are given to a friend who admires them.

Tea for four—Bobbie Daniels, Louella Parsons, Harriet Parsons and Mary Pickford.



# My Home Town

Do you know who is Hollywood's—

- |                       |                              |
|-----------------------|------------------------------|
| Most Famous Hostess?  | Most Virtuous Bachelor?      |
| Best Dressed Actress? | Greatest Enigma?             |
| Best Bridge Player?   | Best Known Race Horse Owner? |

Louella Parsons answers these and many other questions about her Hollywood neighbors

There is a divine spark in Marion's make-up that gives her a sense of sympathy and a deep, unerring understanding of other people's problems. I happened to be at her beach house in Santa Monica a few months ago when a forlorn, miserable girl of eighteen or twenty came to the door. The butler was just dismissing her when Marion walked into the hall.

"What does she want?" she asked. "She wants to see you, Miss Davies, but I sent her away. I didn't think you wanted to see her."

"Please call her back," requested Marion.

The unkempt, sad-eyed youngster returned. She was in trouble and had heard that no one had ever gone to Marion Davies for help without at least getting a hearing.

Once in the presence of the great star, the girl became tongue-tied. With infinite patience and sympathy, Marion won her (Cont. on page 194)



Norma Shearer with her producer-husband, Irving Thalberg, and Irving Jr. (Right) An impromptu personal appearance—Clark Gable waves to feminine worshippers from his dressing room in a New York theater.





Are you living in a hostile universe or one shaped to the pattern of ultimate good? Every human being must choose between these two views of life. Recently a man named Lloyd Douglas posed a similar important problem in a novel called "Magnificent Obsession." That book made history. So will this new story in which our modern men and women come to grips with the tense life of 1934 and make the great choice



Parker was glad now that Sylvia

operation had been a world-destroying catastrophe.

Not that Doctor Paige had been to blame. The fault had lain with his chief, Doctor Endicott; but Paige had sacrificed himself to save the older man's reputation and resigned from the hospital staff, and very early next morning he had slipped away from the scene of his ruined career, heading southward with his dog Sylvia.

Strangely enough, the thought of Mrs. Dexter had calmed Doctor Paige somewhat. What haunted him was not so much her tragedy as the mysterious serenity of her mind as she had revealed it to him in their brief friendship at the hospital. It had been very stimulating to talk with this unusual woman. She spoke often of the curious yet beautiful philosophy she had derived from Dean Harcourt of Trinity Cathedral.

A unique personality, Dean Harcourt, yet his mind and mood were essentially the product of the Cathedral. When the early morning service was ended, two young curates would assist the Dean—for he was a cripple—to a chair facing the high altar and leave him alone for a half-hour. And thus it was that when broken people came to Dean Harcourt for reconciliation, most of them, it was said, went out of his presence with the feeling that they had been very close to Headquarters.

As, for instance, did Sonia Duquesne, proprietor of a little shop dealing in exclusive gowns. Dean Harcourt



had insisted on following him out of that other life of his. The dog somehow disarmed suspicion about him.

had understood Sonia's trouble before she had really finished.

"Your love has been so urgent that it has led you to defy the social canons. You would like to atone for it, or at least try to justify your possession of a love so reckless. Very well, I say! You can do it!"

Sonia's eyes were contemplative as the Dean talked on, and when he had ended she impulsively clasped his hand. "I think you're wonderful!"

"No, Sonia," he replied slowly. "I'm not wonderful. But this afternoon you have made connection with something that is wonderful—wonderful!"

THE MEMORABLE DINNER at the Dean's residence on which occasion Sonia served in the capacity of special hostess to Miss Norwood, aged eight, was the direct result of one of the most unusual interviews that had ever taken place in Trinity Cathedral.

The Dean's caller had taken the chair offered him and without comment had handed an unsealed letter across the desk, waiting glumly for whatever it might evoke.

"Something tells me, Doctor Norwood, that you came here to please our mutual friend Sinclair rather than in pursuit of a personal wish." Dean Harcourt significantly tapped the typed note.

Andrew Norwood, who with suppressed impatience had been dourly torturing a closely clipped blondish mustache, reluctantly met the Dean's inquiring eyes.

"Sometimes," amplified the Dean, with the barest suggestion of a bantering twinkle, "a letter of introduction is a white elephant."

The interview was not taking off as Norwood had expected. This Dean Harcourt was anything but the

benignly naive old gentleman he had pictured and he felt himself at an absurd disadvantage.

"It is quite true, sir," he confessed stiffly, "that I might not have asked for this conference but for the suggestion of Mr. Sinclair."

Dean Harcourt received this refreshing frankness with a cordial bow. "Robert Sinclair," he remarked casually, "is a trustee of Trinity Cathedral and a personal friend of mine. May I inquire how he is related to you?"

"I had hoped you might not ask me that," said Norwood. "I had occasion yesterday to negotiate a modest loan. As a small depositor with no collateral, I was referred to Mr. Sinclair. In the course of our conversation, which involved an intimate account of my personal affairs from the cradle to the grave, he advised me to talk to you."

"And granted you the loan on that condition?"

"Well, he did not demand it in so many words," admitted Norwood, flushing slightly, "but he made it quite clear that he expected me to comply."

Dean Harcourt adjusted his glasses and dipped a pen. "Now that you have discharged this part of your obligation to Mr. Sinclair," he said dryly, "I shall sign my name to his letter and restore it to you so that you may be able to prove—"

"Oh, I say, sir," growled Norwood, "I haven't meant to

by LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

Illustrations by E. M. Jackson

#### In the First Installment:

IN PARKWAY HOSPITAL a distinguished patient, Mrs. Dexter, died unexpectedly on the operating table—and tragically entered the lives of four people.

First her husband had been unable to stand the loss of his wife and his fortune on the same fatal October day, and had taken his own life. Thus their daughters, Grace and Phyllis—the latter traveling in England at the time with a former teacher, Miss Arlen—were left alone and penniless within the space of eight hours. And to young Doctor Newell Paige, the failure of the

be so impolite. I have been in trouble. But it isn't the sort of thing I want to confide. If I did, I wouldn't go—on my own hook—to a member of your profession. Whatever feeling I have toward the church is antagonistic. My presence here is an impertinence . . . And anyway, I dislike to air my private perplexities.

"I can understand that attitude." The Dean leaned back at ease in his tall chair. "Your disinclination to talk about your troubles puts me on your side, I think. You are fortunate in that you do not want to be pitied. In most cases, pity is ruinous. All one needs to say to many an unhappy person is, 'You poor thing!' and the victim immediately sets about it to demonstrate how poor a thing he is. So—we don't have to discuss your affairs. I observe that you are a professor of modern history. Perhaps you would prefer to talk about that."

"Yes, I am a professor of history," snapped Norwood, suddenly aflame. "My trouble is located at that spot," he went on impetuously. "I came to the university as an associate professor in 1923. Two years later, I was given a full professorship. It was no secret in the faculty that when Professor Denton reached retirement age, I was slated to succeed him as head of the department. It was his wish. As you are undoubtedly aware, Doctor Denton died in September after many months of illness during which I assumed his duties. Our new president, Doctor Markham, has just announced that Ware of Oxford is to take the position."

"THIS HAS been a serious disappointment to me, sir. For one thing, I have need of the increased salary. But—far more important—it has been a blow to my career." He paused, for the first time looking Dean Harcourt squarely in the eyes with a man-to-man bid for sympathetic understanding.

"Since the death of my wife four years ago," Norwood surprised himself by confiding, "there has been little to absorb my time and thought but my profession. I have a small child. I am trying to keep her with me. She is a comfort, of course, but the care of her limits my outside interests. My profession, therefore, constitutes my present life. I have thrown myself into it with complete abandon of everything else. And now it appears that I have gone about as far as I am likely to go. At sixty, I shall be exactly where I am—at thirty-eight."

"Do your students appear to have any opinions on this subject?" interjected Dean Harcourt.

"They do!" declared Norwood promptly. "I am told there was a well-attended indignation meeting, night before last."

"Rather unfortunate," remarked the Dean. "However, you will be able to correct that before it has done any damage."

"What damage? Haven't they the right to express themselves?"

Dean Harcourt searched his visitor's troubled face. Presently his eyes drifted slowly to a beautiful etching on the wall at his left—a superb reproduction of Holman Hunt's "The Light of the World." Norwood's gaze, instinctively following, rested on the picture. He was annoyed. The Dean was staging a rebuke.

"Of course," he muttered, nodding his head toward the etching, "that is the ideal attitude to take: crown of thorns, meek submission; gentle tapping on the door that has been slammed in one's face. Not much of that on display at the university, I can assure you! And it's supposedly a Christian institution. He may have been the light of the world; but so far as I can see, organized Christianity has done more to keep the world in darkness than any other influence in human history! Even the Buddhists never burned a scientist at the stake!"

"They never had any to burn," said Dean Harcourt quietly. "But—be all that as it may, Doctor Norwood," he continued, "it seems to me that this apparent misfortune of yours is an important event in your career. You have been offered—left-handedly, I admit—an unusual opportunity. You have been badly treated, and the university knows it. A position to which you were entitled has been given to a stranger. Your students are loyally incensed. They will be prejudiced against the new man when he arrives. That will make it difficult for the history department to function properly."

"You, I take it, would be the last man to desire that unhappy state of things, for you are sincerely interested in the welfare of your department—so much so, indeed, that you should have taken part in command decisions. Why didn't you call a meeting of your indignant students and request them to accept the situation exactly as it stands?"

*Elise was a pure contralto. One could easily imagine her exchanging her badly made dress for modish chiffon, the stuffy little choir box for a lighted stage. (Circle) Dean Harcourt of Trinity Cathedral.*



The ship is more important than any member of the crew—including the captain and the first mate. When this Oxford professor turns up, he is friend."

Norwood, slightly mollified, was listening attentively. "You will discover," predicted the Dean, "that your faculty friends will be glad that an episode threatening disruption and bad feeling has been handled with diplomacy. And as for your students—nam! what a chance! If you are looking for a brilliant career as a teacher, it is ready and waiting for you. The average college youngster is much more interested in sportsmanship than scholarship. This disappointment of yours, if properly interpreted, is going to add importance to every word you say in your classroom."

"History must be rather difficult to teach, these days," pursued the Dean. "So much of it has been shown to be merely nationalistic propaganda; monumental falsehoods, spread on a large canvas. And that's a pity, for there has been no influence so far-reaching and ennobling as these epics of gallant hazards. To preserve the essential values, they must be interpreted to this new generation by men who themselves are morally equipped to recognize bravery when they see it. The oncoming crop of young men have had it explained to them that war is a racket. And perhaps it is just as well, for the sake of the world's peace, that this sentiment should be developed. But it should also be taught that courage is not a racket! And (Conf. on page 134)

Touched with a divine spark of madness—geniuses for a day—  
sportdom's famous five have done what no mere mortals could do—

# They walked with the Gods

## BASEBALL

Maurice McLoughlin in his historic match with Brookes was a whirling, flaming god of the court, launching thunderbolts that went over the net with incredible speed.

Babe Ruth overcame a hostile crowd, overpowered a great baseball team and clinched a championship by hitting three homers in the 4th World Series game of 1928.

"THERE IS no genius without a tincture of madness."

It was the philosopher Lucius Annaeus Seneca who dropped that pithy nugget into the swirling waters of the literary maelstrom many long years ago. Today we can take it out of its mothballs, dust it off, look at it carefully—and lo, it is as fresh and as true as when he wrote it.

The word "genius" has fallen into disrepute during late years, for if a man builds a better mousetrap than his neighbor, breeds a better heater, sits an hour longer on a stool or paints a more unintelligible picture—we hail him as a "genius."

To be a genius, it is not enough to produce a technically perfect piece of work. It must be something which is above being technically perfect, something to which has been lent for the moment a touch of the supernatural. Mental, physical and spiritual qualities working in harmony can achieve a technically perfect product. If, to these qualities, there is added another element which one can perceive but cannot understand—then we have, in truth, a work of genius.

Even in the world of sports, where sheer physical superiority wins eighty times out of a hundred, we come across performances which make us cry aloud in wonder. We know they are humanly impossible and we can only believe that for the moment the artist has been touched with the tincture of madness. Turn back the pages of your memory book and remember . . .

1928: It was hot with the torrid humidity that only the Midwest can produce. Forty thousand people, men in shirt sleeves, women in light frocks, blistered and burned under the beams of a sizzling sun. Miller Huggins sat nervously on the Yankee bench. His team was in front 8 to 3, and every one of those forty thousand knew that the ball game was over. But Huggins never believed a game was over until the last out. Huggins was realizing an ambition that burns in the breast of every baseball manager. He was winning a World Series

## TENNIS

## FOOTBALL

When Red Grange played that famous game against Pennsylvania in October, 1925, he gained a total of 363 yards and made four touchdowns, on a muddy field.

## SKATING

Sonja Henie won the 1932 Olympic fancy-skating competition by performing one of the most difficult of all acrobatic fancy-skating maneuvers—the Lutz jump.

## GOLF

Bobby Jones defied tradition, mental hazards, climatic conditions and human opposition by winning all four major golf titles in 1930.

in four games. The St. Louis Cardinals had fought valiantly but vainly.

The night before, Ruppert, owner of the Yankees, had told the players, and every one of them was putting forth his best efforts. Twice Babe Ruth had hit home runs. The vast crowd had booed Ruth when he first walked to the plate, but when he had smashed that first titanic home run out of the lot their jeers had turned into an awed silence. He was killing Cardinal hopes, but so Homer was his methods that it seemed as though some ancient god had come to life in his person.

When he hoisted that second home run over the fence the crowd burst into a spontaneous roar. There was no use fearing at a man like this. Yes, he was murdering their beloved Cardinals, but in what magnificent fashion.

And so now when he strode to the plate for the third time the crowd roared to welcome him. This crowd knew that baseball history was being made. Ruth the Magnificent swung his war club in that familiar gesture. Out there on the mound Grover Cleveland Alexander slouched, and the roar of the crowd rolling down the sharply inclined stands seemed to break in his face in a screaming crescendo.

He smiled a little and looked down at the white ball he held in his right hand. Alex was in a tough spot, and he knew it. No greater, no more cunning pitcher ever lived than old Alex, but he knew that when Ruth was in a hitting streak, no pitcher could burn a fast ball by him and no curve was deceptive enough to fool

the greatest pair of batting eyes ever to look over a hurler's delivery. What should he serve Ruth?

Now Ruth was at the bat, peering at Alex with a quizzical look in his eye. The night before, the Cardinals had held a meeting to discuss ways and means of stopping the Yankees—and Ruth. One of the younger pitchers had asked, "What's the best way to pitch to Ruth?"

"Throw the ball in back of him," Frankie Frisch had said grimly. "That's the only way to keep the big tramp from hitting."

Perhaps Alex was thinking of that now as he leaned forward to glimpse the signal from his catcher. He straightened up, pulled down the peak of his cap. Then his right arm dropped almost to the ground. His left foot swung up rhythmically. For a moment the world stood still. Then the ball hurtled from his hand toward Ruth. It went right where Alex had wanted it to go—high and inside. It was a perfect strike which began to curve in sharply as it reached the plate. It was a pitcher's masterpiece delivered by a man who had long ago earned his *summa cum laude* in baseball's school.

Yes, it was a perfect strike—but Ruth swung. Ruth swung easily and nonchalantly, but by some strange necromantic feat his whole body seemed to accumulate energy as he swung that magic wand. As the bat hit the ball this energy seemed to explode. They call it "perfect timing" in baseball language. Now forty thousand silled for a fraction (Continued on page 131)

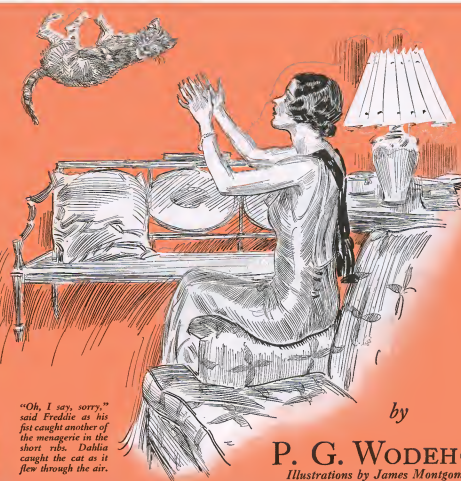


We read that Uncle Sam says Mr. Wodehouse owes \$123,826 in income taxes. If he were taxed for all the laughs he has given us, he'd owe—oh! there isn't that much money in the world! Read this story and agree!

# Good-bye to all Cats



"Oh, I say, sorry," said Freddie as his fist caught another of the menagerie in the short ribs. Dahlia caught the cat as it flew through the air.



by

**P. G. WODEHOUSE**  
Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

AS THE club kitten sauntered into the smoking room of the Drones and greeted the Eggs, Beans and Crumpets there with a friendly miaow, Freddie Widgeon, who had been sitting in a corner with his head between his hands, rose stily.

"I had supposed," he said, in a cold, level voice, "that this was a quiet retreat for gentlemen. As I perceive that it is a blasted Zoo, I will withdraw." And he left the room in a marked manner.

There was a good deal of surprise, not unmixed with consternation.

"What's the trouble?" asked an Egg, concerned. Such exhibitions of the naked emotions are rare at the Drones.

"Have they had a row?"  
A Crumpet, always well-informed, shook his head. "Freddie has had no personal breach with this particular kitten," he said. "It is simply that since that weekend at Matcham Scratchings he can't stand the sight of a cat."

"Matcham what?"  
"Scratchings. The ancestral home of Dahlia Prenderby in Oxfordshire."

"I met Dahlia Prenderby once," said the Eggs. "I thought she seemed a nice girl."

"Freddie thought so, too. He loved her madly."

"And lost her, of course?"  
"Absolutely."

"Do you know," said a thoughtful Bean, "I'll bet that

if all the girls Freddie Widgeon has loved and lost were placed end to end—not that I suppose one could do it—they would reach halfway down Piccadilly."

"Further than that," said the Egg. "Some of them were pretty tall. What beats me is why he ever bothers to love them. They always turn him down in the end. He might just as well never begin. Better, in fact, because in the time saved he could be reading some good book."

"I think the trouble with Freddie," said the Crumpet, "is that he always gets off to a flying start. He's a good-looking sort of chap who dances well and can wiggle his ears, and the girl is dazzled for the moment, and this encourages him."

"From what he tells me, he appears to have gone very big with this Prenderby girl at the outset. So much so, indeed, that when she invited him down to Matcham Scratchings he had already bought his copy of What Every Young Bridgeman Ought to Know."

"Rummy, these old country-house names," mused the Bean. "Why Scratchings, I wonder."

Freddie wondered, too (continued the Crumpet), till he got to the place. Then he tells me he felt it was absolutely the most *juke*. This girl Dahlia's family, you see, was one of those animal-loving families, and the house was just a frothing maelstrom of dumb chums.

As far as the eye could reach, there were dogs scratching themselves and cats scratching the furniture.

I believe, though he never met it socially, there was even a tame chimpanzee somewhere on the premises, no doubt scratching away as assiduously as the rest of them. You get these conditions here and there in the depths of the country, and this Matcham place was well away from the center of things, being about six miles from the nearest station.

It was at this station that Dahlia Prenderby met

Freddie in her two-seater, and on the way to the house there occurred a conversation which I consider significant—showing, as it does, the cordial relations existing between the young couple at that point in the proceedings. I mean, it was only later that the litter awakening and all that sort of thing popped up.

"I do want you to be a success, Freddie," said the girl, after talking awhile of this and that. "Some of the men I've asked down here have been such awful flops. The great thing is to make a good impression on Father."

"I will," said Freddie. "He can be a little difficult at times."

"Lead me to him," said Freddie. "That's all I ask."

"The trouble is, he doesn't much like young men."

"He'll like me."

"He will, will he? What makes you think that?"

"I'm a dashed fascinating chap."

"Oh, you are?"

"Yes, I am."

"You are, are you?"

"Rather!"  
Upon which, she gave

Freddie let the  
Poke lick his face  
two hundred and  
thirty three times.



Illustration by James Montgomery Flagg



*Freddie saw a large tortoise-shell cat kneading his shirt with its paws. Well, you know how a fellow feels about his shirt-front...*

him a sort of push and he gave her a sort of push, and she giggled and he laughed like a paper bag bursting, and she gave him a kind of shove and he gave her a kind of shove, and she said, "You are a silly ass!" and he said, "What ho!" All of which shows the stage they had got to. Nothing definitely settled, of course, but Love obviously beginning to burgeon in the girl's heart.

Well, naturally, Freddie gave a good deal of thought during the drive to this father of whom the girl had spoken so feelingly, and he resolved that he would not fail her. The way he would suck up to the old dad would be nobody's business. He proposed to exert upon him the full force of his magnetic personality, and looked forward to registering a very substantial hit.

Which being so, I need scarcely tell you, knowing Freddie as you do, that his first act on entering Sir Mortimer Prenderby's orbit was to make the scaliest kind of floater, beaming him with a tortoise-shell cat not ten minutes after his arrival.

His train having been a bit late, there was no time on reaching the house for any stately receptions or any of that "Welcome to Meadowsweet Hall" stuff. The girl simply shot him up to his room and told him to dress like a streak, because dinner was in a quarter of an

hour, and then buzzed off to don the soup and fish herself. And Freddie was just going well when, looking round for his shirt, which he had left on the bed, he saw a large tortoise-shell cat standing on it, kneading it with his paws.

Well, you know how a fellow feels about his shirt-front. For an instant, Freddie stood spell-bound. Then with a hoarse cry he scooped up the animal, and carrying it out to the balcony, dropped it into the void. And an elderly gentleman, coming round the corner at this moment, received a direct hit on the back of his neck.

"Hell!" cried the elderly gentleman.

A head popped out of a window. "What ever is the matter, Mortimer?"

"It's raining cats."

"Nonsense. It's a lovely evening," said the head, and disappeared.

Freddie thought an apology would be in order. "I say," he said.

The old gentleman looked in every direction of the compass, and finally located Freddie on his balcony.

"I say," said Freddie, "I'm awfully sorry you got that nasty buffet. It was me."

"It was not you. It was a cat."

"I know. I dropped the cat."

"Why?"

"Well..."

"Damn fool!"

"I'm sorry," said Freddie.

"Go to blazes," said the old gentleman.

Freddie backed into the room, and the incident closed.

Freddie is a pretty sloppy dresser, as a rule, but this episode had shaken him, and he not only lost a collar stud but made a mess of the first two ties. The result was that the gong went while he was still in his shirt



Tottering to a chair, Freddie sank heavily on to a third cat. He was up and about in a jiffy, but it was too late.

sleeves: and on emerging from his boudoir, he was informed by a footman that the gang were already nuzzling their bouillon in the dining room. He pushed on, accordingly, and sank into a chair beside his hostess just in time to dead-heat with the final spoonful.

Awkward, of course, but he was feeling in pretty good form, owing to the pleasantness of the thought that he was shoving his knees under the same board as the girl Dahlia. So, having nodded to his host, who was glaring at him from the head of the table, as much as to say that all would be explained in God's good time, he shot his cuffs and started to make sparkling conversation to Lady Prenderby.

"Charming place you have here, what?"

Lady Prenderby said that the local scenery was generally admired. She was one of those tall, rangy, Queen Elizabeth sort of women, with tight lips and cold, blanchmange-y eyes. Freddie didn't like her looks much, but he was feeling, as I say, fairly fizzy, so he carried on with a bright zip.

"Pretty good hunting country, I should think?"

"I believe there is a good deal of hunting near here." "I thought as much," said Freddie. "Ah, that's the stuff, is it not? A cracking gallop across good country with a jolly fine kill at the end of it, what, what? Hark forrad, yocks, tallyho, I mean to say, and all that sort of thing."

Lady Prenderby shivered austerely. "I fear I cannot share your enthusiasm. I have the strongest possible objection to hunting. I have always set my face against it, as against all similar brutalizing blood sports."

This was a nasty jar for poor old Freddie, who had been relying on the topic to carry him nicely through at least a couple of courses. It silenced him for the nonce. And as he paused to collect his faculties, his host, who had now been glowering for six and a half minutes practically without cessation, put a hand in front of his

mouth and addressed the girl Dahlia across the table. Freddie thinks he was under the impression that he was speaking in a guarded whisper, but as a matter of fact the words boomed through the air as if he were a costermonger calling attention to his Brussels sprouts.

"Dahlia!"

"Yes, Father?"

"Who's that ugly feller?"

"Hush!"

"What do you mean, hush? Who is he?"

"Mr. Widgeon."

"Mr. who?"

"Widgeon."

"I wish you would articulate clearly and not mumble," said Sir Mortimer fretfully. "It sounds to me just like 'Widgeon.' Who asked him here?"

"I did."

"Why?"

"He's a friend of mine."

"Well, he looks a pretty frightful young slab of damnation to me. What I'd call a criminal face."

"Hush!"

"Why do you keep saying 'Hush'? Must be a lunatic, too. Drops cats on people."

"Please, Father!"

"Don't say 'Please, Father!' No sense in it. I tell you he does drop cats on people. He dropped one on me. Half-witted. I'd call him—if that. Besides being the most offensive-looking young toad I've ever seen on the premises. How long's he staying?"

"Till Monday."

"My God! And today's only Friday!" bellowed Sir Mortimer Prenderby.

It was an unpleasant situation for Freddie, of course, and I'm bound to admit he didn't carry it off particularly well. What he ought to have done, obviously, was to have plunged (Continued on page 123)

# AUTUMN IDYL

*The story of a college  
boy who could take it*



*The mob had made a circle around the blaze,  
and David's father stood inside that circle!*

THE LEISURELY September sun crept around the corner of Thurston Hall and drove a dazzling shaft across the dusty, crowded auditorium. The light seemed to glorify what the little gray-haired man on the rostrum was saying and David Merrick unconsciously leaned forward that he might not miss a word.

President Campbell was welcoming the freshmen this morning. He was talking importantly of the necessity for the young men and women to bring with them clean, eager minds, strong, healthy bodies, that they might best receive the bounteous gifts his school was prepared to give.

It was a good speech. He was sure of that, so he made it each year. The upper-classmen knew what to expect and stayed away, while the newly made sophomores were experiencing their first dangerous attack of superciliousness and whispered loud and important nothings with an elaborate indifference.

But to David it was all beautiful and solemn. A great peace, a peace of dreams fulfilled, at once exciting and exhilarating, filled him as the organ thundered out the first stanza of the university hymn. Everyone stood with a great clatter of chairs. David opened the song-book to page one.

The organist, after the introduction, returned to the opening chord of "Hail Our Alma Mater." Two thousand young, vibrant voices caught up the words and shouted them out in a rushing avalanche of tone.

David opened his mouth to sing, but the page blurred before his eyes and the words died in his throat. God!

and for the first time realized that someone else was holding it. Her features appeared to him in a mist and he tried to hide his eyes from the intensity in hers. And so he stood there in a humiliating, miserable ecstasy while the voices soared and joined the shattering volume of the organ.

Edith Manners made her lips move and pretended to sing, but out of the corners of her eyes she watched the strange young man who shared her book. He was a good-looking, well-set-up boy, a little green and clumsy, maybe, but most boys at that age were. And tears were streaming down his cheeks!

There was little wonder that Edith was puzzled. David was a puzzling young man. Possessed of a great capacity for emotion, his overwhelming sensitiveness often left him blushing and unable to say a word.

At twenty, David was unlike the others of his own age. Going to school in a little town in Texas, hurrying home two miles in the country at four o'clock every afternoon to help his mother with the chores, he had not enjoyed the companionship of young men and women. He could not, therefore, defend himself as they did from the sudden prying of others by the pat phrase, the slang in which they communicated almost exclusively.

His mother had died a few months before he had come to California. Her body had been laid beside his father's in a bleak, wind-swept cemetery in western Texas. Somehow he could not feel sorry that she was gone. She had wanted so to go. She had been a lost soul, starving for her husband who had "been taken," as she phrased it, sixteen years before.

It was too much! He was here, here in the university, where he had dreamed of being but never really expected to be. The sudden realization of it all was a suffocation, and he felt that he would have to break for the door before he made a complete fool of himself.

He turned to lay the book in the seat behind him, and for the first time realized that someone else was holding it. Her features appeared to him in a mist and he tried to hide his eyes from the intensity in hers. And so he stood there in a humiliating, miserable ecstasy while the voices soared and joined the shattering volume of the organ.



*"Don't fight those young idiots that make you scrub walks," Edith advised David. "Can't you see? They're trying to get your goat." He was silent, and she wondered what he was thinking.*

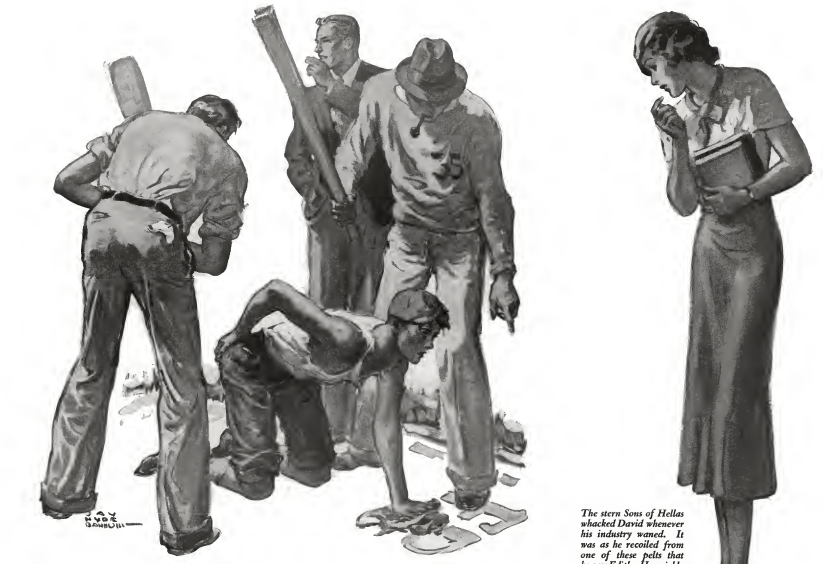
He had indeed "been taken." David remembered it only vaguely in his waking hours, but sometimes in his nightmares the whole horrible affair came back to him.

His father, it seemed, had not wanted to go to war. David was only four then and did not understand what that meant. Later, he learned that his father had been a "conscientious objector," but in 1918 he had been only a "sinner," a man who would not defend his wife and child and all the other women and children of the United States from the Kaiser and the Huns who cut off children's arms and women's breasts.

by DALE EUNSON

Illustrations by Jay Hyde Barnum





They, the men of Blaine, came for David's father one blue-white Texas night in the summer of 1918. David had been put to bed as usual at eight-thirty. It must have been ten o'clock when he was awakened by a rock striking the house. Dead silence followed, but he jumped from his bed and ran to the window. Below him was the largest crowd of men he had ever seen. In the moonlight their faces looked eerie and strained. He could not understand why they should all come visiting so late at night.

From another room inside the house he heard his father's husky voice: "What do you want?" A voice came from the mob: "We want you, Ted Merrick. And if you know what's good for you, you'll come without making a fuss."

"What do you want me for?" his father asked. And then David heard something that he could never forget, that still sent a wave of nausea through him whenever he thought of it. In answer to his father's question an insane mob-laugh arose, searing but half-frightened of its capabilities, a laugh that was the very soul of that mob of men bound together by some crazed

demon. Then the laugh died as it had begun, leaving a tense, vibrant silence. Surely, David thought, that could not be old John Emery speaking now.

"That's good, that is. 'What do you want me for?' That's damn good. Come on out of that house and we'll show you."

"If you'll wait just a minute I'll get some clothes on," he heard his father say, still calm.

"No need for that," came the same voice from the mob. "Where you're going you won't need no clothes."

David did not know why, but he began to tremble, and his small heart jerked against his ribs. His father, barefooted and clad only in his night-shirt, came into his room, clutched David to him a moment and went out without a word. David resumed his vigil at the window and saw his father come out of the front door below. He thought his father looked funny out there in his night-shirt with all those men.

"Take hold of him!" that voice said.

David's mother, crying, her teeth chattering in icy

*The stern Sons of Hellas whacked David whenever his industry waned. It was as he recoiled from one of these pelted that he saw Edith. He quickly dropped his head and began to work furiously.*

terror, came running to his room and swooped he him into her arms. Whimpering incoherently, she raced downstairs with him and out of the house. The night air was chill against his bare legs, and he clung close to her panting body.

In the distance he could hear the threatening murmur and the thrashing of the hundreds of feet through the stubble in the field. They trudged through the dust stirred up by their strange visitors, a dust that made a halo around the bright moon. His mother began to run, but he heard her say, "No. We mustn't get too close," and she stopped to get her breath. But she could not rest long, and must hurry on.

A mile from the house was a steep ravine, dotted by a few straggling pine trees. The crowd ahead, fowed

into the gully, and when David and his mother reached the brink they stopped short. Below them was a fire with a bucket hanging over it. The mob had made a circle around the blaze, and his father, ridiculous in his night-shirt, stood inside that circle. On the ground beside him lay what looked like a large pillow.

A number of the men again stepped up to his father, grasped him by the arms and ripped off his night-shirt. Two others lifted the bucket from the fire. One of them produced a brush from his pocket, dipped it into the pail and began to paint his father black. For the first time, David saw him cringe.

His mother whispered, "Oh, God!" The half-dozens who were holding his father tightened their grip and pinioned him until he was covered with the molten tar. Meanwhile others had ripped open the pillowcase, scattering the feathers over the ground. His father was thrown to the earth and rolled over and over in them until he looked like some absurdly flopping white bird.

Now they picked up a jagged pole about fifteen feet long. Some men seized it at both ends and others took hold of his father and set him astride it. He fell off, but they cursed him and struck at him until he clung to it. They began to move again up the hill with their burden, and David hid with his mother behind a sheltering boulder until they had passed.

Fainting with terror and fatigue, the two barefooted figures followed the mob through the little town of Blaine. The street was dark but the windows of the houses framed the heads of the womenfolk of the men who surrounded Ted Merrick and were now holding him on the rail. The moon showed their faces, a little ashamed and weary of their own passion, but determined to finish what they had begun. And a block behind plodded those two figures in white, crying, stumbling, afraid to get too close, afraid to stay too far away lest Ted Merrick die in such frenzied desolation.

The crowd left David's father to die a half mile beyond the town. He was already half dead, but David's mother found a wheelbarrow, a near-by ranch, lifted him into it and bore him home.

He was dead when she got him there.

Mrs. Merrick, when she was sane enough to reason, blamed the ignorance of the townspeople for what had happened. It was inconceivable to her that intelligent, educated men could have done such a thing. And while she never mentioned that horrible night to David afterward, that night which made of her an eccentric old woman, the dream of a college education for him filled her waking and sleeping hours.

And David could not help but assimilate a part of that mania which manifested itself in his avid thirst for knowledge, a thirst which drove him, after his mother's death that spring when he had finished high school, to California and enrollment for study in the rapidly growing university a few miles outside of Los Angeles.

He had managed to save enough for his tuition, and he hitch-hiked his way to California. He found work in a small, collegiate sporting-goods store across the avenue from the campus. He was to receive fifteen dollars a week if his work proved satisfactory.

With the beginning of classes the seriousness of David's purpose and his lack of free time combined to set him aside from the youths being rushed for fraternities.

He filled what little leisure he had with substitutes for companionship, and gained the approval and approbation of his professors by studying diligently. Each afternoon, too, as soon as his last lecture was finished, he hurried to the sporting-goods store across the street from the campus and, until six o'clock, sold track shoes, football paraphernalia, rifles, parlor games, gimcracks.

There was only one person who thought of him as anything but a serious, hard-working student: Edith Manners, Lab., or "that awkward freshman who actually takes notes in Econ." And it would have been difficult for her to say what she thought of him by way of a student.

Edith Manners, though a junior, sat beside David in assembly because of the alphabetical similarity of their surnames. She was not (Continued on page 149)



# Nasty without a Past

by PHILIP WYLIE

Author of "Finley Wren"

Illustrations by John La Gatta

THE SUN of a September afternoon, warm and analgesic, fell indolently upon Narragansett Bay. Jonathan Oate Junior ambled along a pier. Behind him came his mother's chauffeur, carrying two cowlhide bags.

At the gangplank of an enormous yacht, Jonathan stopped. "Fine little gondola Lenore has got herself," he commented.

"Rented it, sir," the chauffeur said, unasked. "It belongs to the Earl of Sunderland. Been in dry-dock."

The young man grinned. "It's impressive, White—even rented." He stepped aboard.

An officer at the head of the gangplank murmured, "Mr. Oate?" and led him to a suite. Jonathan whistled—and slowly unpacked. He felt the ship get under way as he removed his tweed suit. He noticed the slow sway of the sea as he twisted brass buttons through the buttonholes of a double-breasted blue coat.

He picked up a yachting cap and fitted it on his head. "Ho for Lenore and her merry guests," he said.

But before going above, he observed a decanter on a table. Beside it was a glass. The stuff was brandy, very old. "Some of the people," he observed, "may be dull."

When he came out on deck the headlands astern were deep in September air, lifted by it, remote and unreal. No passengers were to be seen. He strolled aft and sat down. A Filipino appeared and asked what he would like to drink. He said "Brandy." The man went away.

Jonathan sighed and relaxed. Sooner or later a lot of people would crowd down to the stern, clattering and whooping. Lenore would be among them. He was glad she would be among people. A gal, he thought to himself, shouldn't lock herself up in her house for weeks—even if the house is as big as Buckingham Palace with a skating-rink annex. And after Jock's little newspaper scandal Lenore had shut herself in her home and seen no one.

Jonathan watched the bubbles in his highball. He felt sorry for her. He was fond of her.

In fact, he continued to himself, if it weren't poison, death, disaster and the soul of inconstancy, I should marry her. Jock's certainly popped a spanner into his chances. Little to see her alone—maybe I could talk her into a saner mood.

His mind trailed Jock for a moment: How the devil did he get into that scrape? Not like him. Maybe if I ran down to town and hauled him out of his remorse

we could cook up some explanation I could give Lenore to patch up the thing. Be a cinch, if only she didn't have that particular kind of eye and that special shade of hair. Like smoke; like obsidian; like . . .

Lenore appeared. She was dressed for dinner, although it was early. She wore a gown that melted itself upon her body, clung there.

An alluring dress. Slinky, Jonathan said to himself. He stood. "Hello, there! Where's everybody?"

"Sit down," she said, and took a chair beside him. "Elegant day to begin a cruise." Some indefinable alarm made him commence to babble. "Weather propitious. Sea calm. Swallows, porpoises, gulls and so forth as ordered."

"There isn't anybody else," Lenore said. He didn't answer.

"Nobody else would have come, anyway," Lenore added after a long pause. She poured some brandy in a glass, and Jonathan leaned forward to manipulate the siphon. His hand shook.

The girl stared unhappily at the water. For days without number she had remained on her island. Days in which she had cried alone and wished passionately that Jock would come to offer any explanation whatever or none at all—but that he would come. Jock whom she loved. Jock who had asked another girl to marry him the day after declaring his undying love for her.

On some of those bitter days, another emotion had held her—an emotion of rebellion and rage. Perhaps she had been taught incorrectly. Perhaps there was no true love, no fidelity, no tenderness, no enduring thing. Perhaps Jeanette was right. Not—whether thou goest I will go, but—we'll go our own ways together.

And if that were true, then the sooner she acquired the truth for herself, the sooner she would lose the pain of her present misery. In the alternating moods of those black days she had been perplexed by the method of learning the code she thought of as modern.

You couldn't just say to yourself, "I am abandoned,"

and thereafter be a known wanton. You would fail to be as self-assured and invulnerable as Jeanette, no doubt, until you had loved a dozen men and cast them all aside—until, so to speak, experience had built a tougher membrane around your heart.

And Lenore, being unusually innocent in such departments of misbehavior, was at a loss how to begin. But when a long time passed, and Jock did not return or even write, she decided willfully that the only way to save herself from her consuming wretchedness was by giving herself away in return for being liked. She considered Boris. She discarded him because she was secretly a little afraid of him.

She settled upon Jonathan. She liked him. He was obviously fond of her. He was attractive. She felt,

however, that in the first surrender of her person and purity there should be a certain amount of romance if only in the surroundings. And she was not sure that Jonathan would be amenable unless she had an ample opportunity to make clear the sincerity of her intention. Eventually she decided to hire a yacht and invite him on a cruise as if he were to be one of many guests.

Her mind reviewed those facts and leaped back to the present when he said, "So you've kidnaped me?" She looked at him. He was startlingly tangible. "Exactly."

"Why?"

In the presence of his elongated person, her nerves became milk. Nevertheless, she clung to her purpose.



Lenore Hackett—*young, beautiful, worth millions and famous in gossip as the girl who had won a feud with the queen of dowagers—the arbiter of Newport.*

"Do you know why I invited you on this cruise?" asked Lenore. "No," Jonathan said truthfully. "To make love to me," she confessed. "It was all a plot."



She goaded herself with the last feminine resource she could muster. Perhaps when Jock heard about this, he would be sorry—and hurt. She stretched toward Jonathan languidly, seductively.

He did not whisper, "Lenore!" Not at all. Rather, he stared at her quizzically and blushed a little.

Then she understood.

The seduction was a flimsy. The sea was pretty and her rented yacht churned majestically along its surface, but her own deliberate sighs appeared not to affect the tall young man in the yachting cap.

She perceived that it was funny. Jonathan was frightened. Her laughter was damned back momentarily by the thought that this was another failure. But this, at least, was of her own doing. She giggled.

Jonathan shivered. He had already suspected her of being mildly dotty, but the giggle convinced him she was seriously off balance. "Stop it!" he exclaimed.

Lenore continued to laugh. "Oh, my!" she said. "I feel silly. Do you know why I invited you here?"

"No," he said untruthfully.

"To make love to me."

"That's very flattering."

"It was all a scheme. A plot. I think I must have been out of my head. I told Jeanette that I was going to embark on the primrose path—and this was to be my embarkation." She laughed again. "The storybook technique," she said. "Oh, dear, it frightened you, didn't it?"

"What in hell are you talking about?" he asked.

"Me. Us. You can't go to the devil by yourself."

"Oh. No. Presumably not."

"Suddenly I saw how ridiculous it was. Look, Jonny. I'll have them put back. But for heaven's sake don't tell anyone that as a Cleopatra I turned out to be the rankest amateur."

He took her hand casually. "Listen, sister. Don't have them put back—yet. If you're bent on this course, you need instruction. I am no person to interfere with your morals—whatever you intend them to be. I prefer girls with spirit and without spirituality." He paused to commit that lucky phrase to memory. "But the male is a timid creature. When he finds himself kidnaped by a willful woman—"

Lenore stopped laughing and turned away her head. He thought that she was shedding a tear. He ignored it.

"Your fell purpose," he said, "will be substantially accomplished, in any case. Our friends will assume that I lured you out on the Sound. They can be counted on to believe the worst on all occasions. In fact, I think we ought to damage your reputation effectively by continuing this cruise for some hours."

"I don't know what to do," she replied helplessly.

"Well, I'll take over. Manage my own seduction, by your leave. Now that you were an ordinary run-of-the-mill hussy, worldly, wealthy and witless, these sinister trappings would be unnecessary. I mean, the sunset and the wicked evening gown. You would sin for sin's sake. I take it you're sinning for revenge."

"Maybe. And maybe because people like Jeanette manage to be happy, no matter what. They do it by being modern." She sat up and stared at him. "After all, I'm adult. I have feelings. I want to be loved—"

and if not by a particular person, at least by somebody."

"You're in a difficult frame of mind."

"Difficult."

"All right." Jonathan felt the need of another drink and served himself.

Lenore held out her glass. He poured a few drops of whisky in it. "More, please."

He poured more. "Have you read any articles about the perils of a shameless life?"

"Certainly. I'm—sophisticated."

Jonathan turned away his face. "Jeanette, again?" He was suddenly startled. "This—this yacht trip wasn't her idea, by any chance?"

"I thought it up myself," Lenore answered.

He was relieved. He sat down. "All right." He put his arm around her. She drew away a little. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he continued. "I'll give you grounds for scandal—it's inevitable, anyway. And I'll think over your proposal. If you haven't changed your mind in a

month—" He chuckled. "I suppose I ought to go to Patagonia or some place while you're considering."

"You're swell!"

"Sure. But about this vampire business. People don't go in for sunsets any more. A flock of cocktails and a roadster are the ingredients. No shining; no fancy posturing. It's the same with the rich and the poor. When I showed up a moment ago, you should have said, 'Take a stout drink, pal, because I've kidnaped you.'"

"I see. 'Take a stout drink, pal, because I've kidnaped you.'"

"That's the idea. Then you should have said, 'Mind?' If I'd taken the drink, you'd have been on the road to ruin. If I acted in a frosty manner—"

"As you did."

"—you should have said, 'Take the drink—anyway,' and I'd probably have remained at your mercy. No fuss; no self-conscious whoop-de-do. Why hire a yacht?"

"I see. 'Take a drink—anyway.'"

"Thanks," Jonathan replied. "I believe I will."

When the yacht steamed back that night, Jonathan and Lenore were sitting in a cabin calmly playing chess. They had played steadily during the voyage, except for an interval in which they had dined.

The tender put them ashore at the club pier and they showed themselves to several persons, ostensibly holding hands. Those persons observed that no one else came ashore from the yacht.

That was that.

Lenore was escorted to her castle, and she lay awake until dawn suffering from embarrassment. Afterward, she found she had gained her object. She was "discussed." She hoped Jock would hear that discussion.

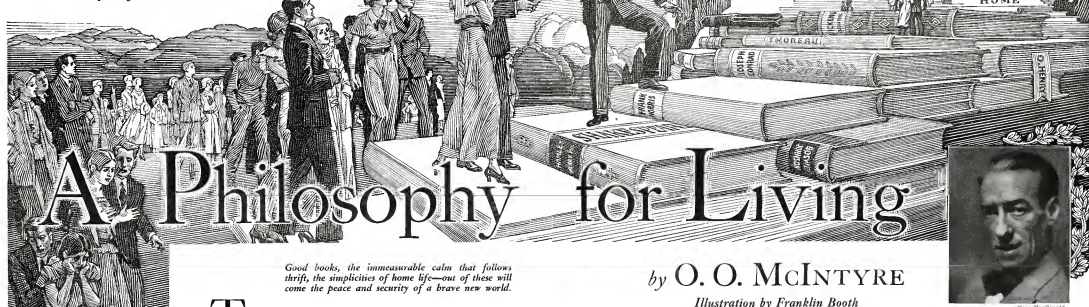
Summer ended. The leaves turned. Jonathan took her to her first football game at New Haven. At the Bowl she met several people who were not awayed by the social power of Mrs. Van Clyden. They were curious about her: young, beautiful, allegedly wild, worth millions, and famous in gossip at the girl who had bucked the queen of dowagers, the arbiter of Newport.

She saw Jock at the game, and when she knew that he was going to look at her, she borrowed a flask and was tipped it up. She flirted with Jonathan, and he was surprised until he, too, saw Jock's hunched back. At home, after the game, she felt cold, lonely and irresolute again.

The migration from Newport took place abruptly—so abruptly that an onlooker (Continued on page 166)

"Things are not going on as they were," says the sage of Manhattan. "Life is going to be vastly different—happier, and to the youngsters has been assigned the job of building order out of disintegration—they must get back to 'the simple life' if they are to survive"

Franklin Booth



# A Philosophy for Living

by O. O. McINTYRE

Illustration by Franklin Booth

Good books, the immeasurable calm that follows thrift, the simplicities of home life—out of these will come the peace and security of a brave new world.

THE LAST QUARTET of years has brought a jitter to life that has given the younger generation especially the distinct impression that they are teetering on the crumbly edge of things.

Maybe they are! Even to us grown-ups, civilization seems pretty thin here and there. Ugly things are beginning to peep through. To those who have lived in a charmed, rationalist world so long, the upset is not so important. We have had our best years. Really we do not matter. But for the young folk just starting out, it is something else again. I have no truck with those professional economists whose forebodings suggest the bulging contours of a cushion stuffed tight with credulity. I expect no innu to rise from the bottle. Things are not going to be as they were. Perhaps never again.

It is my conviction that the next twenty years are going to be vastly different. Life is going to have a different tempo, a different meaning and of course, a different ending. Goodspeed to the youngsters in the dark!

Dignity of years gives the antiquarian the right in such crises to set down the invisible tankard, draw a sleeve across his lips and make a speech. So here goes!

For ten years most of us have been spinning around with the intoxicating love of what we thought was Life with a hey-nony-nay and a hot-cha-cha! And we found it pretty much boloney. We have seen the deterioration of both the Idealist and his ideals. Ours was the passion of an unrequited love.

With the quickness of a lightning bolt, we exchanged a career of action for one of contemplation. What to do! What to do! Everything had gone sour at the Tory Halls. The old squires sat thumb-twiddling in their libraries and masty libraries, wondering what the tarnation had happened to the golden now.

A spinning globe had suddenly poised and turned over, leaving humanity in the frozen horror of a Gargantuan gulp! Civilization seemed consumed.

The world wandered from conference to conference. Austere statesmen indulged in flabby oratory that sounded like high-nosed old fuddy-duddies at a second-rate boarding-house table boasting of their highly honorable lineage. All was at sixes and sevens!

But life goes on. And I honestly think it is going to be far happier. We have learned that swollen stock-market fortunes have a way of bursting with a bang—and that they mean nothing save a headache.

To the young has been assigned the job of building order out of disintegration. And there is no finer job than that. They are indeed to fashion a brand-new world. What a rainbow of endeavor!

The happiest era of a rather fortunate life was when as an automaton with a green eye-shade on the outer rim of a newspaper copy desk I collected forty dollars a week for deleting extraneous words and placing commas in reporters' handiwork.

It wasn't that my job was at all important. It was that I thought it important. And reflective years convince me that any man who thinks his job is important is going to be happy and, incidentally, is going to get on.

I have never known a person who loved his job who did not get on. He may slip on the way up now and then, but eventually he will arrive. I have observed this too long not to know whereof I speak.

And despite our disillusionments, we must begin to save again. Saving is an integral of life's plan often stressed but little heeded. It is such a buck-up in the halfway grooves of life that I cannot understand why it is not more frequently seized.

Those who have not enjoyed the immeasurable calm that follows thrift have missed one of the most wholesome pleasures of existence. Cutting corners can become an exciting game—far more exciting than going to the theater or to a café. I know because I have tried it. Even if you lose most of it, as all savers have, you have been building character.

I was married on a twenty-five-dollar weekly salary. Out of that we saved four dollars a week. When the pay went to thirty dollars, we saved eight. It could

be done then and it can be done now, for I know young married couples who are doing it even in New York.

I am revealing these rather confidential simplicities because the young have to get back to those earlier standards if they are to survive.

I am of Scottish descent, but my thrift was acquired and not a racial inheritance. Until, by enormous frugality, I had saved a hundred and eighty dollars to buy an engagement ring I was a hopeless spendthrift.

I not only spent all I made but all I could borrow from whoever would lend, not excluding good old Uncle Isaac of the Sign of the Three Balls. Saving that hundred and eighty dollars gave me a confidence and a content I had never known before.

It was my the virtue of saving that I accumulated enough to tell an overbearing managing editor to take a broad running jump into the Ohio River, after which I pulled up stakes, for New York. Otherwise, I am firmly convinced that at this particular moment I would be chained to some obscure small Middle West daily—without future, without hope.

Little wonder I mount the soap box to hot-gospel thrift. Anyone can practice it in the lowliest kind of job and be assured of a leg up. And have more fun than a box of monkeys getting the bang of it.

Each job I lost was lost largely through losing my temper plus, of course, a certain incompetence. Every man's work suffers through anger. While one is flailing about, bubbling with rage, the other fellow is coming up from behind. I lost two jobs that way, and it is a great provocation that excites me to rage these days. Things that used to churn me to unreasonable passion now roll off like water off a duck's back, and I'm certain my health, my serenity of (Continued on page 170)



Faith Baldwin here touches the pulse of American life and listens to the beat of forces that are truly ours in this—her greatest—novel of a man's struggle to make a place for himself in this land of his fathers

by  
FAITH BALDWIN

Illustration by C. E. Chambers



# American Family

The Story So Far:

DAVID'S EYES were a cold, blazing blue. There was a white line around his lips as he said, "You will come with me to Natural Bridge and reconcile yourself to being the wife of a country practitioner or—"

"Or what?" Adeline asked sharply.  
"Or I'll go alone," he replied. "I gave up the work for which I had prepared all my life because you couldn't live in China, but I was not cut out for a fashionable New York physician. Mat Brent has offered me his practice and I'm going where I'm needed."

When David Condit spoke that way there was nothing his wife could do but submit. She did not like the small town to which David took her to live. She did not like Amelia, Doctor Brent's housekeeper who remained with the Condits after the old doctor's death. She did not like Mary Dexter, the freckle-faced girl who, with Doctor David's encouragement, was planning to become a

nurse. Sometimes she did not like her own children. Betty, born in China, seemed an alien. Graham and the twins Mathew and Anna, born in America, seemed more her own.

The one person toward whom she felt no resentment was her cousin Anna who had always been more like a sister. Anna spent her vacations with the Condits, who regarded her coming as the bright spot of each year.

There came a summer, however, when Anna was not gay and companionable, but preoccupied, moody and lethargic. Adeline wanted David to give her a tonic, but she sensed that her trouble was not a matter for medicines. Anna was trying to make up her mind to marry John Gregory, a business acquaintance—a widower, older than she. John was very much in love with her, but she confessed to David that there was someone else she loved—someone who hadn't loved her.



ON THE following day David, just finishing his midday meal, became aware of the shrill sounding of the doorbell. Mille, Amelia's grandniece, answered the summons and returned with the information that it was "someone to see the doctor."

"You can't even eat a meal in peace," Adeline sighed. Anna glanced at David. She was very pale this morning; she looked as if she had not slept.

David murmured, "It's all right, Addie. I was almost through," and leaving the table, entered his office.

A girl, a complete stranger, sat bolt upright on the sofa, her face swollen and blotched from weeping.

David said, "Good afternoon, I'm Doctor Condit. What can I do for you?" and, sitting down in his swivel chair, drew a straight chair up to the desk.

She came toward him with reluctance. She was tall, dressed plainly, but not cheaply. She stated abruptly, "You've got to help me out, doctor."

David's heart contracted. There seemed no need for further elucidation. He said gently, "Suppose you tell me about it."

She had not intended to tell anyone about it—that is, not more than was necessary. But now she replied with a rush of words. David listened. The story was familiar to him—uncomplicated, sordid. He said, when she was through: "You've been to other doctors, you say,

"I don't know whether it makes it better or worse to tell you that I love you, Anna," said David. "I don't know either," she whispered. "I wanted to forget you, David—for all our sakes."

and they've refused you. So you know there's nothing I can do."

"You must," she said; "you must!"

"I cannot. This man—you say he won't marry you?"

"He can't," she said sullenly; "he's married. He gave me money." She fumbled in her pocketbook, pulled out a number of bills and pressed them into David's hand.

"Here," she said. "It's a hundred dollars. I'll give it all to you."

He folded the bills and put them in her lap. He said gently, "It's no use. You don't understand. . . ." He went on, trying to explain, to make her see.

The girl got to her feet. She said, "Thanks—for nothing. I'll go somewhere else. To the city, I guess. There must be doctors in the city who'll do what I want and no questions asked. . . . What do I owe you?"

"Nothing," said David. He rose. He added urgently, "Do you realize that you will be risking your life?"

"What's it worth to me now, anyway?" she asked. The door closed behind her. Well, she would find someone—and no questions asked, David thought bitterly. He turned back to the office and stretched out on the sofa; closed his eyes and tried to banish the girl from his mind.

Sleep was impossible. He rose presently, put on his coat and went out of the house. Adeline was nowhere to be seen. Anna was playing croquet with Betty on the lawn. Betty ran up to him and flung her arms about him. He thought, What if it should be Betty some day?—and felt sick to his very soul.

"Going out on your rounds, David?" Anna asked.

He said that he was. "Want to come along?"

Anna hesitated. She said finally, "No, I don't think so—not this afternoon. Betty and I must finish our game."

"I see," said David. He lingered a moment, irresolute. It was all very still and peaceful—the shuttered, sturdy house; Betty, with her curls bright in the sunshine; and Anna . . .

Looking at Anna was an antidote. He would have liked to watch her playing with Betty. But he had to get into the buggy and drive from one house to another, sitting in close rooms, advising, counseling.

He must be back in time for the citizens' meeting he had called. There should be some way to combat epidemics which swept the town at intervals—the last outbreak of measles, for instance, had cost several lives.

A small boy galloped up on a horse. David hurried to the picket fence which surrounded the front yard. "What's wrong, Johnny?" he asked.

"It's Pop, doc," the boy gasped. "He's took awful bad. Ran a rusty nail in his foot, yesterday. It's swollen up something fierce!"

"I'll be right along," promised David, and went off to the barn where Harry waited with the buggy.

When he returned late in the afternoon, there were pleasant sounds from the side veranda, where Anna and Mathew were having cambric tea in a doll's china set. Adeline lay in the hammock reading. David went up to the house. He had to wash and get on to the meeting.

"May be late for supper," he called back, as ten minutes later he left the house again, on foot.

Adeline laid her book aside. "He generally is," she sighed. She looked down at the tiny table set with the miniature china. She said, "Run along to Millie, children. Aunt Anna's played with you long enough."

The twins departed reluctantly. "They're darlings," Anna commented, watching them trot off together.

Adeline was complacent. She said, "They're nice children, I think. I try to have them so. It isn't easy, Anna, to bring them up properly. David's no help. He says as long as they're healthy and reasonably obedient, that's all we can expect of them."

"Well, isn't he right?" Anna laughed.

"**Y**OU ALWAYS take his part," her cousin accused her fretfully. "I assure you he isn't easy to live with. Half the time he doesn't even hear me when I speak. He carries this town on his shoulders. If it ended with a prescription or an operation—but it never does. No wonder we're poor!"

Anna said quietly, "I don't think you're poor, Adeline." Adeline shrugged. "I suppose you wouldn't. I can't understand you, Anna. You care so little for money, position. You and David are a lot alike," she declared. "Neither of you has any real ambition. When I think of the name he might have made for himself as Doctor Fletcher's assistant, and later with a practice ready-made, I could scream. It's maddening!"

"David wouldn't have been happy in New York," reminded Anna.

"You'll never see things my way," Adeline told her without rancor, "so there's no use arguing. I just have to reconcile myself to spending the rest of my life in this place, never going anywhere. David never can get away, and I can't go alone."

"David loves you," said Anna. Sudden color flared in her cheeks. "He's a good husband."

"Of course he's a good husband!" cried Adeline. "We

have a roof over our heads; we don't starve. He doesn't quarrel with me or beat me, if that's what you mean. But what sort of life is this, Anna, anyway? It's simply existing; it isn't living—not really. And we've grown so far apart. I suppose because I wouldn't . . . That is, I suppose all men are alike. They think only of their own pleasure; they don't consider how a woman feels . . ." She stopped, then added hurriedly, "Never mind that. I forgot you aren't married."

Anna said sharply, "I'm not exactly a child, Adeline. I suppose you're trying to tell me that you and David aren't living together any more?"

**A**DELINE SAID uncomfortably, "Yes, if you must put it crudely. I mean, no, we aren't. Ever since the twins were born . . . I'm not at all well, although David insists there's nothing wrong. A lot he knows!"

"It seems to me you're not being very fair to David."

"You're always talking about women's rights. I should think you'd realize that perhaps a woman has some rights—in this matter!"

"Still, it isn't fair," Anna argued. "You aren't really ill, Adeline. You're bored and nervous, that's all. David's a young man, in the prime of life and strength. You made certain vows—"

Adeline broke in, "I've been a good wife, Anna. I went with him to that terrible country and suffered—I can't tell you what I suffered. Then we came home. I promised myself that if he'd come home I'd make it up to him. When he decided to practice here instead of in New York, I came with him. I made a home for him; I gave him children. I've done my duty toward David, Anna, and you can't deny it."

"I do deny it!" Anna contradicted her.

Adeline looked at her sharply. "You shock me very much, Anna. What can you know about these things? You've had no experience. You can't possibly judge."

Anna moved her shoulders impatiently. "I'm not exactly an idiot, Adeline. David was terribly in love when you married. So were you. He hasn't changed, that I can see."

Adeline laughed thinly. "Along with your modern ideas you've stayed very romantic, I must say! You don't understand; you can't possibly. That side of marriage—I've always hated it," admitted Adeline, low. "At first, of course, when one is terribly in love, it's different. But later . . . The family, the home—they're the important things in marriage."

She was superior, a little aloof, and she put Anna properly in her place.

After a while Anna rose and went upstairs to her room. She lay down on her bed, her eyes closed.

She could not understand herself—or, rather, she could but did not wish to do so. Had she not loved Adeline all her life? Why, then, did she suddenly despise her? And why had her heart lifted on a great wave of happiness when Adeline had told her . . .

She knew why. She fought it, lying there. What difference could it make to her? None whatever. She was angry with Adeline and indignant, for David's sake, and she was immeasurably happy.

She heard David come in. His footsteps were unusually heavy. Something has gone wrong, thought Anna.

At the table that evening he was irritable. People were fools, he stated. Blind. He had argued himself hoarse advocating certain health reforms, and he had got nowhere. That stagnant little pond on the town's outskirts was a magnificent place for breeding disease. Do you think he could get it drained? He could not! Yet children bathed in the pond; cattle drank from it; brooks which ran back of the privies of half a dozen farms emptied into it.

Adeline said sharply, "I wish you'd remember you're at the table, David." She indicated her disgust by a gesture, pushing back her plate. She added, rising, "Well, as you've spoiled my dinner anyway—and it's late . . . I must get ready for church."

The children left the table presently, and David and Anna were alone.

David looked at his watch. "I doubt if anyone comes



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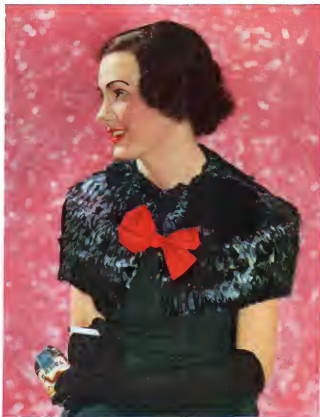


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to the office after eight. We might take the buggy and drive for a little—or walk, if you'd rather."

There were very few office patients that night. Shortly after Adeline and the children left for church and the twins had been put to bed, David and Anna walked down the hall, with Pete at their heels.

David said, after a while, "I've been in a bad humor all day—ever since that girl came to the office."

"What girl?" asked Anna.

"It doesn't matter; Just a girl. I couldn't help her. Then, this afternoon, that stubborn fool Hastings! I may be able to save his leg, but I doubt it. If only he'd called me before! And the meeting—everything went wrong there. They think I'm a crank." He looked at her walking quietly beside him and said, "Forgive me, Anna, for blowing off steam this way."

Anna said, "Do. It will do you good."

He can't hear her. Frowning, he went on, "Thought I'd got a grip on my temper long ago. Haven't, apparently. Crops up every so often. Looks as if, at forty, I ought to have better sense than to shout at people and pound on things with my fist. Never get anywhere that way."

"Forty! I can't believe it. I feel the same—inside; no wiser than at eighteen, no stronger, no less helpless. The only difference is that at eighteen I had moments when I thought I could lick the world. I know I can't, now."

Anna said, "I know." "I believe you do." He whistled to the pup, running ahead of them. "Come back here!" he called.

The pup ran on unheeding, wild with the delight of freedom and the dusty road and the exciting scents he was following. But a runabout turned out of a hidden road and came toward them, the horse galloping. The driver was away and the driver leaned forward, lashing the animal with a long black whip.

"Look out!" shouted David. But it was too late, and Pete had been very quick enough.

The runabout came on at breakneck pace. David shouted again, standing in the middle of the road.

Anna, while, cried, "Don't, David, the horse is running away! You'll—"

The horse was not running away. The driver pulled up suddenly, a thickset man, far gone in drink. "Get out of my way!" he yelled at David.

David was very white. He said, "You get out—now!"

He took the man by the back of the collar and jerked him out of the carriage. Holding him, as he struggled and swore, he picked up the whip. "How'd you like to have a taste of this yourself?" he asked, and lashed him over the shoulders.

Anna had come up, the dog in her arms. She said, "Pete's leg is broken, I think, David."

David let the man go. He said, "Get back in your rig and go on. If I ever see you beating a horse again!"

The man muttered something sullenly. He climbed into the runabout and twitched at the reins.

The runabout moved off in the dust. David said, "Anna, if you'd forgive me? I took it all out on him—the whole day, I guess."

She said, "Let's get back to the house." They went back to the house, Pete lying still in David's arms, and into the office. David put the dog down on the sofa. "Could you hold him?" he asked Anna.

She held him quietly. "I'll have to

hurt you a little, old man," said David, as if he were speaking to a child.

When it was over, David sat back in his chair. He said, "Look here, Anna, I made an exhibition of myself. The fellow was drunk. I hadn't any right—"

"Who was he?" she asked.

"I don't know," said David. "Never saw him before. But I had no business. Anna, why didn't you stop me? You could have, you know."

She said, a little unsteadily, "Yes, I suppose so. But I didn't want to, David. I hate cruelty. I—I wanted you to thrash him."

David rose and stood looking down at the dog. It was quiet in the house. Anna was on her feet, too. She bent to stroke the little dog and touched David's hand. He said suddenly, "Ah, Anna!"

She was in his arms, held tightly and without words, his cheek against her hair. She lifted her mouth to his in a wild, unreasoning rapture. She thought, "This once, just this once, and I won't ask for more—not ever."

They stood there embraced and embracing for a long moment. Somewhere a door slammed, and there were voices.

Anna wrenched herself from David's arms and ran from the office. He could hear her mounting the steps to her room.

David did not see Anna again that evening. Adeline found him standing in his office, looking down at the restless dog on the sofa. She asked, "What's the matter? Where's Anna?"

David did not turn. He replied carefully, "She has gone to her room, I think. We were walking and Pete got hurt." He indicated the dog's leg, stiff in its small spasm.

"Poor Pete," said Adeline. "How did it happen?" David told her. "You didn't really whip the man?" she asked. "Oh, David, that was very wrong of you, very foolish." She started up the stairs. "I'll see how Anna is. You don't have to go out tonight again, do you, David? If not, I'll come down and join you on the porch. The Gateses expect to stop by."

David said heavily, "I want to go down the street and see Ellen Taylor. I'll be back directly."

Mrs. Taylor lived a few houses away. David picked up his bag and went out. He stayed half an hour with the old woman. When he left, he stood irresolutely on the street. Three people went by and hailed him and received no reply.

David went back to his house. He told himself, I've got to think this thing out. But he couldn't. He could not discipline his mind to anything resembling clarity of thought. He tramped up the steps and greeted the Gates family—father, mother, daughter—who were sitting talking with Adeline. Amelia had brought a pitcher of lemonade and some cookies.

Suddenly they heard wagon wheels at the gate, with someone speaking loudly from the darkness, ordering, "You come along with me and do your duty."

"It's Hi Jones," said Mr. Gates a moment later, when the law of the town, in the person of Mr. Jones the constable, appeared in the doorway, followed by a man whom David recognized.

"Evening, Dave," said Mr. Jones. "Evening, Hank. Evening, ladies." He shuffled from one foot to the other. "This is Perkins, Hendrix," he explained to his sullen companion, "and this is Mr. —"

"Perkins—Lemuel T. Perkins, from New York City."

Mr. Perkins, of New York City, who had sobered considerably since David's encounter with him, began to press charges in a loud voice. He wished David arrested and jailed for assault and battery; he demanded damages.

David took Mr. Perkins by one arm and Mr. Jones by the other and led them into his office. "Look here, Perkins," he said, "I admit that I thrashed you. I'm willing to go to jail for it, if you like. But I won't admit that you didn't deserve it. You were driving recklessly; you were intoxicated. You ran over my dog and broke his leg. I think perhaps the shoe's on the other foot, unless you would rather call things square. What about it, Hi?"

Hi Jones liked dogs. He said belligerently to the out-of-town visitor, "Drunk and disorderly, were you, and risking the lives of townsfolk and their property? Time you city folks learned you can't come into a peaceful town and raise ructions. Doctor Condit here is our most respected citizen. If he thrashed you, you probably deserved it, just as he says."

David said, "Look here, Hi—I've a suggestion to make. If Mr. Perkins wants satisfaction, suppose I give it to him. We'll go out behind the barn. You can referee. How about it?"

Mr. Perkins was not interested. He withdrew the charges and himself by the side door, Hi at his heels.

David presently returned to the porch. The Gateses left after a time. Adeline said, rising, "Well, it will be all over town, David. I suppose you know that."

He knew it, he said shortly, and he didn't care. Was she or was she not coming to bed?

Later, lying beside her in the dark, he faced realities.

When had he fallen in love with Anna? He did not know; he would never know. Nor did it greatly matter. He asked himself, the pillow hot beneath his restless head, in what way could I have prevented it?

In no way. He might have stood beside her in the office with his arms at his sides, he might have let her go from him unembraced, yet the damage would have been done. He would still have known that he loved her.

He did not ask himself, Does she love me? He knew. Her mouth had told him, mutely, blossoming into warmth, answering, responding.

She had loved a man, she once told him, and that man had not loved her. It had been long ago.

Myself? he asked himself gravely and without vanity.

THERE was no understanding in this, no reason, no logic. He had been desperately in love with Adeline; he had married her; he had continued to love her. If he had been bitterly disappointed, had not she also been disappointed? She lay in bed—this woman who had had been his young wife; the woman who had borne his children. What did he feel for her? Affection, sometimes exasperated, but also a deep-rooted gratitude, responsibility, loyalty.

Their relationship had not troubled him for some time. He had accepted it; he had accepted his own attitude toward it.

Adeline stirred. She complained drowsily, "Do stop tossing, David. What's the matter? Have you indigestion?"

He caught himself back from laughter. He felt more like weeping. He said, "No, Adeline, I'm all right. Turn over and go to sleep. I'm sorry I disturbed you."

And Adeline slept, without dream or thought. In the morning David came late to the breakfast table. Anna was there before him, busy with the children. She looked at him a moment, and then away. She was pale, and her full sweet mouth was slightly compressed.

When breakfast was over, Adeline started upstairs to dress for a committee

meeting. Anna would go with her, would she not?

Anna, standing in the side hall alone, felt a brief touch on her arm.

David said quietly, "We—have to talk, Anna."

"Not now."

"No, not now. Later."

They were speaking quietly, warily, almost as enemies might speak. Adeline's heels clicked on the stairs.

David said suddenly, wretchedly, "Oh, my dear!" and turned and left her there.

From the front hall her cousin called, "Anna, are you ready?" and Anna answered, "Yes, in a minute, Adeline." She discovered that she was putting as a runner might, and she waited a moment until her composure should return. Walking out to meet Adeline, she thought, I'll go back to the city. I'll make some excuse. I'll say Mama is coming home unexpectedly and needs me.

But she knew that she would stay; she knew that she could not rob herself of one moment, one hour, no matter how the moment tortured or the hour wounded.

The days of her stay ran past fleetly. It was easy to plan and make it appear as if she had not planned; she was sorry, she could not drive with David on his rounds, she had promised Graham. No, today she was taking the children on a picnic to Lake Bonaparte.

Two days before she left she spoke to her, finding her alone on the kitchen porch hanging out towels for Amelia.

"You're coming with me, today."

"No, David."

"Yes," he said stubbornly, "you must come. Unless—unless you can tell me honestly that it means nothing to you. If you can tell me that—"

She tried to shape her mouth to the words which would set her free—and could not. "Very well, David, I'll come."

It was a natural thing for her to drive with him on his rounds. Adeline, who had felt the heat of the past few days, lay reading in the hammock and waved to them as they drove out.

David said, "There are three calls, and then . . ."

He made the calls, and she waited for him in the buggy. When the last was completed he came out to her again, climbed in and took the reins. He turned the horse toward the place where they had sat that day when she had told him about John Gregory.

IT WAS LIKE reliving something one had dreamed. The horse set free; the coat folded beside the tree trunk; the stream running in the distance.

David said, as she sat there waiting, very still, as if he held herself by an effort, "I—I don't know what to say, Anna. I hadn't known until then, I suppose, that I love you." He added, looking at her intently, "I don't know if it makes it better or worse to tell you that I love you, Anna."

She said, in the merest whisper, "I don't know either. I hoped not—for all our sakes."

He pulled her into his arms, holding her across his breast, her face in the hollow of his shoulder. He said, "Let me hold you this way, Anna, once more, and kiss you again—in this."

After a long while he lifted his head. She sat up then, moved from him and put her hand on his sleeve. She said, stiffly, because it hurt to speak, "I have loved you a long time, David. Since that first evening, I think, when you came to call."

"I'm not worth it," he told her with humility. "I have not merited your love."

I think now—I want to think—that even though I was unconscious of it, it has sustained me all this time."

"It should have done so," she said tonelessly. "It reached out to you always across the miles and the years."

"Was that what I felt," he asked softly and in wonder, "sometimes, watching an evening sky or seeing a light away in the wind and the grass tremble? Was that why my heart lifted and I forgot so much, remembering only that I was alive and the world was so sweet to live in?"

His hand went out, groping for hers, closed hard over it and held it fast. He said, "You would have loved China, Anna, if you'd been there with me."

She cried out, between laughter and tears, "But I was, David; truly I was. Your letters—I had them to read and re-read. I read every book I could find about China. I went to hear missionaries speak. And I dreamed—oh, you'll think it so foolish of me—I dreamed of studying medicine; of coming over one day to work with you."

"You would have done this—for me?" he asked slowly.

"Yes, for you. I spoke of it at home, but they laughed at me. It was all a dream, David—the sort of dream a girl dreams now and again."

They looked at each other as if it were the last time; as if they could not look enough. After a while Anna spoke.

"This morning I despised myself," she said. "I don't now, somehow. I keep telling myself that I'm not taking anything from Adeline, yet that isn't so."

"You aren't taking anything from her, Anna. David's lips closed to a straight line, and he was silent."

Anna said, half whispering, "There's John—but I never deluded myself that I could give him what is yours."

"John Gregory?" He looked at her with sudden anger. "You—you're going to marry him, Anna?"

"David, must I go all the rest of my days alone?" she asked gently. "I've told him that I can't give him romantic love or passion, but only deep affection and companionship. He knows; he says he will be content."

"I want to forget you, David. I think I may, after a while, if I marry John." "I haven't any right to lift my hand to stop you, Anna." He rose, lifted her to her feet. "Come, we must go home now," he said gently.

That evening when the last patient had left the office, David sat for a long time at his desk. There was a letter on the blotter. He took it up and read it again. "If you were only here," wrote Helen once, "working with me."

He laid the letter aside and took his head in his hands. Anna was lost to him. She would marry John Gregory and cut herself off from him—a clean surgical operation. That she contemplated marrying John Gregory for his sake as well as her own was apparent.

Such a sacrifice was unthinkable. There must be some other way.

When he went upstairs, Anna's room was dark. Adeline was reading in bed.

David put on his dressing gown, drew up the low slipper chair beside her. He said, "Adeline, I want to talk to you."

She was comfortable, not too drowsy; he had had some wine. The Wrights had written they might come for a short visit in the fall in their new automobile. "I've been considering," David began carefully. "We—we have been here a long time, Adeline. I suspect that you aren't altogether happy; that you miss the city and your friends a good deal. I cannot alter that as things stand, but if I could get someone to take over my

practice here, and I am sure that I could, would you be willing to return to China with me?"

"China?" Adeline forgot the Wrights. She stared at her husband, hazel eyes dilated. "Are you out of your mind?"

"I don't believe so," David answered with a smile. "Look here, Addie, I came home to please you. I left everything that mattered to me—"

She commented bitterly, "I thought you'd forgotten. I see I was mistaken."

"I'm afraid so, Adeline." He rose and tramped restlessly about the room. He said, "This is my second home. I am fond of it, and of the people who rely upon me. But Adeline, in the sense, I stagnate here. It is as if I were working with only a part of me; as if my right arm were buried over there. You must understand! Thirty years of my life were centered on China. Ten years cannot undo thirty. If you would go back with me? It wouldn't be so difficult. The children are older. They'd love it."

SHE SAID, "If you want to get away from here, why don't you consider another city? If you are so set against New York, there are still cities where you would find opportunity. You know how gladly I'd consent to such a move."

"No," said David, as if to himself, "that wouldn't help."

"I can't believe you are serious about going back to China," Adeline told him. He said soberly, "I am quite serious. Don't brush it aside tonight. Think it over. Surely you might be happy there."

Adeline said, "Never! If you make up your mind to this, David, I shall be forced to go with you. What else can I do? I have no other means of support. But I shall die. I know it!"

"Very well," said David. He moved to the bureau, extinguished the lamp. "Very well," he repeated, speaking slowly out of the darkness encompassing him, "we'll not discuss it again."

When he came to bed he was aware that she was crying. He drew her to him. His heart was much heavier than her light weight against him.

Lying there quietly, he told himself, You thought you could straighten things out, didn't you? You thought you could save Anna and yourself. You knew what might save you; it was the easier way for you.

The night bell pealed sharply. David got out of bed and went to the window. "Who's there?" he called.

"Lem. Dave. It's Alice."

David turned back from the window. In the darkness he got into his clothes swiftly. Adeline asked sleepily, "Who is it, David? It must be after midnight."

"Alice Gilbert," David told her. "A good two weeks before her time."

The breakfast hour had long since passed by the time David got back, but Amelia set a pot of fresh coffee on the stove when she heard him drive up. "It's a boy, up at Lem Gilbert's," he told her.

Adeline looked in briefly. She said, "So you're back." David told her the news. She nodded without interest and turned to Amelia. "Miss Anna won't be home for luncheon today, Amelia. She's gone over to Carthage to pay a visit. I don't know what she wanted to go for," she went on, to David. "It's her last day with us. But she said she'd promised the Freemans."

Anna returned in time for the evening meal. She avoided speaking directly to David. At ten, he was called out to go some distance away, to a logging camp where there was shooting.

When he reached the place he saw

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there was not much that he could do. He could ease the wrench of dying; that was all. Few details were to be had. An accident, said the men, tight-lipped.

David rode back to town. There would be an inquiry, of course; there was the business of the death certificate. Deadly tired, he reached his house shortly before one in the morning and went to the office to set down his bag. Pete, proud of his ability to manipulate his splinted leg, slumped out from beneath the desk chair. A voice said, "The quiet, Pete," and Anna rose from the sofa.

"Anna!" exclaimed David, in astonishment. He closed the office door.

Anna said slowly, "I go tomorrow, David. I hadn't meant to do this, but I couldn't sleep. I came down to wait for you—to say good-by, I suppose."

HE HAD NEVER before seen her weep. He had seen tears standing in her clear black eyes on past occasions. But this passion of weeping frightened him, shook him as if each sob wrung his heart physically. He drew her to the sofa and took her in his arms.

She said, very low, "I thought I might have this much. Just hold me, David, for a little while."

David sat without speaking, holding the living, breathing body of the woman he loved in his arms. They did not talk; there were no words. Good-by can be said in so many ways; in none more deeply than in silence.

The eastern sky brightened, and a bird woke to song.

Anna had been asleep for perhaps ten brief minutes. David held her as she slept and looked down into her face: on the curving lips, generous and red with vital blood; on the lashes, dark on her cheeks, the firm jaw line, the small, straight nose, the black hair above a wide forehead, the close-set, small ears. Here on his heart this image, forever and forever. David thought, This much out of my life.

"Anna," he said, very low, "Anna." She opened her eyes without astonishment. Why should she be astonished, who had so often dreamed of waking to meet his gaze? She said, "It's day, is it not?" She took his face in her slender hands and kissed his mouth.

She rose; moved toward the door. David woke from a stupor of pure misery and tried to bar her way. "Anna!"

She shook her head. She smiled at him faintly. The door closed behind her.

There were voices in the kitchen. Amelia must have come downstairs. The day had begun.

Some weeks later, as summer reached her maturity and turned with resignation toward the beauty of autumn, David, returning home at midday, found Adeline crying. She flung herself into his arms. She cried, "David, it's Anna!"

"Anna?" he said slowly. "Anna?" "After all these years—close as we've been—to treat me this way!" Adeline exclaimed.

Anna was alive. The blood flowed back to David's heart. He sat down, drew Adeline down beside him. "What is it? What has happened?"

"You may well ask," she said, her anger flaring. "She's married—that's what's happened! Here—here's the letter." She put it in his hand. "A widower, with two children—and I suppose, added Adeline practically, the first shock over, 'plenty of money. But not to tell me; to marry him quietly,' she says. And look—David, why don't you read it? She says her husband's business will keep him in England at least nine months out of the year."

She began to cry again. David put his arm about her automatically. The letter was crumpled in his hand. He forced himself to consoling speech.

"Hush, Addie," he said. "She didn't mean to wound you, you know that."

On an autumn day Mary Dexter came home from New York. She stepped from train to platform, a little tired from her journey. Her youngest brother Harry met her, grinning widely. He had borrowed Condit runabout. Their greeting was unemotional. He said, "Hello, Mary," in reply to her greeting, and bustled himself with her luggage.

There was certain news, and he gave it without embellishment. Yes, the farm was all right; they'd had a fair crop. No, Ma wasn't so well; seemed like she got tired pretty easy, and complained now and then of a stitch in her side.

Driving toward the farm, Mary wondered what her home-coming would mean. When David Condit had advised her to train for her profession, it had been with the idea that she would remain in the city and earn her living. But her mother was not well; Mary's duty as she herself saw it, was to return home for as long as her mother needed her. She did not doubt that she could obtain work.

In the evening she walked to the Condit house, turning over in her mind the things she must ask David about her mother. She thought how much she owed him. It was he who had persuaded her to continue her schooling.

It hadn't been easy. She had gone to high school in Carthage, doing housework to pay for an uncomfortable bed and her board. David gave her money for clothes, for schoolbooks.

There were voices on the Condit's front porch. She recognized Adeline's. Mrs. Condit had never liked her much, she reflected; perhaps she resented David's helping her.

Mary went up the side steps to the office, knocked at the door.

"Come in," said David.

He was standing beside the desk. The lamp-light fell upon him, and Mary thought that his face was thinner and the dark red hair slightly gray over the temples.

"Hello," David greeted her with delight. "I thought you'd be along pretty soon. Come here and let me have a look at you."

He took her by the shoulders, shook her slightly. Pete stirred from his cave under the chair and ventured out.

David spoke to him. "Be quiet," he said, "and get used to her. We're going to see a lot of her, around these parts."

Pete limped cautiously toward Mary, sniffed at her skirts and ankles, decided that he liked her.

"Sit down," said David. "You're pretty thin, and you haven't any color. I see you still have freckles." Smiling, she sat down by the desk. "Well," commented David, from the revolving chair, "so you're back. How's your mother?"

"Not very well. I wish you'd come out and see her, Doctor David."

"I shall. I'll drop in for a cup of tea or some apples. But she won't have anything to do with me professionally. Still, I've kept an eye on her, Mary. You mustn't fret. With you back, able to help a little, she'll be fine."

Mary tilted her round chin. She said, "You needn't be around the bush with me, Doctor David. I know she'll never be fine again."

"No," agreed David, "perhaps not; yet she'll live her time. I don't believe there's anything seriously wrong with her, but she's worn out, and her heart is beating too fast. But she has years

before her, my dear, if we take due care."

Mary was silent a moment, looking around the office. She said, smiling, "This is so much like coming home as the farm, somehow. I've never thanked you, Doctor David, not properly. I've tried to, in my letters. But I can't."

"Forget it," he said, embarrassed. He asked, "What do you expect to do, now?"

"Nurse, if I can get work," she said. David nodded. "That's the work here. In the village, and outside of it. I'll see that Doc Kimball and Doc Madison, in Carthage, know that you're available. You could work there; it's near enough."

"If you would—that would be fine. I'd like to work with you, though."

"You shall," he promised, well pleased. Then he rose. "I'm going out on a call. Drop you off on my way, Mary."

Mary went down the front steps with him and out to the buggy.

He left her at the Dexter gate. "Tell your mother I'll come around tomorrow and see how you're getting on," he said. He reached home early enough and found Adeline sewing in the parlor. She said, as he came in:

"You spoil that girl, David."

"What girl?" he asked vaguely.

"Mary Dexter. She isn't a child any longer, you know. She's twenty-two."

"Why, so she is!" exclaimed David, astonished. He started toward his office, his voice trailing off. "Beats all," he was saying, "seems like yesterday . . ."

But yesterday becomes today, and today is quickly tomorrow. The years between the autumns of 1904 and 1909 were like streams flowing imperceptibly one into the other.

For these people, as for all people, time was counted by events rather than by hours or weeks or months. David, looking back over the years, would remember certain things. He would remember the day in 1905 when St. Joachim's Hospital burned in Watertown, and when the new hospital was planned. He would remember the birth of Anna's child, a boy, in that same year, in Carthage. He would remember Adeline weeping and laughing over the letter. "But she was so old to have a baby. I worried so about her. Wasn't it sweet of her, David, to name him for you?"

Another milestone was Betty, at fourteen, grown terribly prim yet given to giggles and the throes of first love for one Alex Gates, who had gone away to college and was going to be a lawyer.

BUT MOST of all he would look back and see how by imperceptible degrees the agony of Anna's loss, the frustration, the long nights of wakefulness and useless longing had abated into something like resignation. Not forgetting; never forgetting. But where there had been pain there was, slowly, less pain, and then peace. And where there had been desire, there remained only sweetness.

In the outside world a war between Russia and Japan was conducted, the Cape-to-Chairo bridge was completed; cholera became epidemic in Germany; and the Wright brothers flew twenty-four and one-fiftieth miles in their airplane in thirty-eight minutes.

But David, looking back, could recall few of these things, for few were important to him.

He was more closely in touch with China than with events in his own country. Heng-ong, tolling on his research, having given up the practice of medicine in order to devote himself to it entirely, wrote him of developments there.

Adeline's memories of those five years

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were confused and drab; they ran along to routine lines. Here and there something became fixed and memorable. Her increasing dislike of Mary Dexter, for instance; changes in fashions. Memorable, too, the day she discovered the slight sagging under the delicate line of her jawbone and wept for the passing of youth. There was Amelia's death, and the installation of these in her place.

For Mary Dexter these five years were crowded with incident, with excitement. Her first case, upon which she ventured anxiously, almost timorously, and then with increasing confidence. Other cases: births and deaths.

In the autumn of 1909, her brother Harry rode into the Dexter yard in the doctor's new buggy. It was early morning and Mary, home for four or five days since her last case, was on the lawn. She looked up as Harry drove in. "What's the matter?" she called.

"Doc wants you to come back to the house with me, quick," said Harry. "It's Miss Condit; she's took sick. I'll wait while you get your things."

"Follicular tonsillitis," David told Mary briefly, meeting her at the door. "She's pretty sick." He added, leading the way up the stairs, "I've urged her repeatedly to have her tonsils out. She wouldn't hear of it."

Adeline Condit was acutely ill. It was a difficult case, Mary reflected, a few days later.

Madison came over from Carthage to see Adeline, and later Herbert Woodruff was called from Watertown in consultation. Herbert, reading Mary's nest charts, looked at her with approval. "Nice little girl," he told David. "Seems uncommonly competent."

David agreed absently. "Yes, very. She's devoted to Adeline."

Woodruff made no comment. It had seemed to him that Adeline was not devoted to her nurse.

Adeline was a difficult patient. She wanted a dozen things at once. Nor were complications lacking. First, a severe bout of rheumatic fever, and finally, the dreaded development of endocarditis.

She knew that she had a serious heart ailment. She knew that she would die of it. A small creeping triumph pounded in her breast. She had always told David that she had a weak heart. She reminded him of this that evening.

"But your heart was not weak," David said gently. "This has all come about from the bad throat and the fever."

Almost immediately she drowsed. David went into the spare room to speak with Mary. He gave her his orders, and added, looking at her keenly, "You're in, Mary; you're not getting any sleep. I'll get a night nurse."

"I can manage," Mary told him. She hesitated a moment. She continued finally, on a long breath of resolution, "But I wonder—it isn't that the case is too hard, Doctor David. But Mrs. Condit doesn't like me. I have a feeling she resents me. In her condition, perhaps it would be wiser if you found someone else."

"That's absurd," he said. "You're imagining things. You know how sick people are, and how irritable cardiac cases become. You get a good night's sleep, Mary. I'll sit up with her." Adeline's voice reached their faintly. They hurried to her. She had propped herself against the pillows, her cheeks flushed with fever. She was gasping. She demanded, "What are you whispering about? I heard you—behind my back. Oh, don't look at me like that! You're just waiting for me to die, Mary Dexter, so you can marry him yourself."

I won't! I'll get well. You'll never set foot in this house again."

David, taking her thin wrist in his hand, said, "You're talking nonsense, Adeline." He looked at his watch.

Later, when Adeline slept, Mary spoke to David in the hall. She said, bright color flooding her face, "You see how it is, Doctor David? I'll stay on, of course, until you get someone else."

"She's half delirious," he told her, "and many cases of this kind are abnormally suspicious. Mary, you've been a tower of strength, you wouldn't fail us now?" He put his hand on her shoulder gently; he said, "This is a phase. I realize how unpleasant it is for you. It will pass."

"Very well," said Mary; and returned to her patient.

During the time she sat there or busied herself with her routine duties she was aware of Adeline's dilated eyes watching

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her sharply. But she said nothing. When David came in to take up his vigil she was asleep, and Mary reported, very low, "It's of no use, Doctor David, I upset her. You must try for her sake to get someone else in the morning."

After a moment he nodded. He said, "Go to sleep now. I'll call you if it is necessary."

Mary went back to the spare room. She took off her uniform, put on a cotton kimono and lay down on the bed. She was desperately tired, yet she could not sleep.

She was not given to tears, so she did not weep. But her temper rose steadily. She had been for weeks in the Condit household, fighting silently not alone disease, but her patient's palpable dislike of her. If David had not agreed to release her, she did not see how she could go on.

The unfortunate part of it all was that one short sentence of Adeline's could be like a wedge deftly inserted beneath the entire structure of Mary Dexter's feeling for David Condit, threatening to destroy forever the grateful regard in which she held him.

She tried to think clearly and sanely. She asked herself, Have I been in love with him all these years, not knowing it but betraying it to her by some manner unknown to me? Is that why other men—?

She was twenty-seven years old. There had been "other men" briefly, not seriously. There had been one carefree interlude who had a way with women; and there'd been an older man on the staff to whom she had looked with the adoration of youth.

Since her return to her home, two of the lads she had grown up with had exhibited an interest in her. She liked them both; loved neither.

She thought, If she should be right? If I've always had my heart fixed on

him, tomorrow or not, so that it spoiled other men for me?

That, she assured herself, was absurd. She had no right to attach any deep meaning to a sick woman's utterance; to permit it to disturb her in this fashion. Tomorrow David would find a nurse to relieve her, and she could go back home and pray for a long hard case to occupy her mind.

In the next room David sat watching in a big chair beside the bed. Beyond the windows there was a black sky shot with stars and a heavy frost.

Adeline spoke, on her labored breath. She complained, "I don't want to die, David."

He moved closer to her, took her hand in his. "You're not going to die, my dear," he said.

"I'm frightened."

"You are dreaming. Try to sleep."

She said, "I've been a good wife to you, David, as good as I knew how to be."

"Adeline!"

But she slept again. He stared at her, eyes aching. He saw her as he had first seen her, in the silken gown—blue, was it not? He remembered her singing the night he had told her that he loved her. He remembered her on shipboard on the way to the East. He remembered her tempests and tears in the mission compound, in the house in Ku-cheng. He remembered the day their daughter was born. And all the days after, in a swift marching procession.

He shook himself. Why was he thinking, remembering, as if Adeline were dead? There were many years before her yet. She would get well.

She woke again. He leaned to her, his finger on her pulse. She said, as if wandering, "It's been such a queer sort of life, David—not at all what I planned; not what I wanted."

"Adeline, my dear."

"That girl," she said, not at all as if she wandered—"she'd make you a better wife, I suppose. I dislike her very much, David. Not that it matters. No, it does matter. Promise me you won't marry her, David," she implored. "I couldn't bear it! In my house; using my things; mother to my children."

He said gently, "Of course I promise, Adeline."

She was silent a moment. She smiled, she said, "Anna—Anna would have suited you better, I expect, than I did. Do you know, it's very funny, David, but I used to think, before we were married, that she was in love with you, too. That was silly of me, I suppose. But it pleased me to think it. I'd show her your letters, sometimes, and watch her face."

His head contracted sharply. He said quietly, "Don't talk, dear. Try to sleep."

"I don't want to sleep," she said wildly. "I'll have to sleep such a long time—in the cold and the dark, and alone." A shudder took her, convulsed her. "David, why must I die like this?" she asked, and put her arms up to him. "You've saved so many other people. Can't you save me? Don't you want to?"

He held her closely. There were tears in his eyes.

Toward dawn, Adeline Condit died. . .

On the cheeks of the people huddled together in the churchyard snowflakes fell softly from a leaden sky. The harness-horses, with blankets flung over their haunches, shivered, waiting.

Presently it was over. Flowers and the strewn branches of pine and cedar hid a scar in the earth. The carriages received their freight; the horses, stamping with impatience to be off, were released from waiting.

Neighbors had taken charge of David

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and his house. When he and the children returned home there was warmth and food and the subdued talk of people. Mary Dexter was with them. She put the twins to bed, set Millie to watch over them and went downstairs.

The neighbors had gone, and David was sitting in his office looking blandly at the familiar walls. Mary went into the kitchen alone. After a time she brought him coffee and some thin bread-and-butter sandwiches. She said, setting the tray down on the desk, "You must eat something, Doctor David."

He nodded and put out his hand for the cup. Black, unsugared, strong, the coffee was heartening. He drank it and ate the sandwiches. He was, he discovered suddenly, ravenously hungry.

He was thinking of Adelaide, but more of the children. Anna and Matthew were very young; they would adjust themselves. Betty's grief was deep, but she too would adjust herself. He was more troubled about his older son. Graham had said, when David told him of his mother's death. "But—but I thought you were the best doctor in the world."

"No, Graham, I am not. But if I had been, I could not have saved your mother. Everything possible was done for her."

Graham had muttered, "Then I don't want to be a doctor—if you can't—She never wanted me to be!"

Mary spoke gently, at his elbow. "If you no longer need me—"

"Run along," he said. "Thanks, Mary; you've been a great help to us all."

She went out softly, her eyes stinging, and left him alone. He sat there without moving. The thing which hurt him most was that he could not grieve more, in honesty. He could not. He was compelled to sit there and think of the practical things—of the children's future; of certain conventions.

Millie could not stay alone in the house with him; he must find an older woman.

In the morning Betty was in her mother's place at the table, and Graham looked at her resentfully. The twins ate with good appetites. David wanted them to return to school at once, but Ethel Gates had advised against it.

**A**FTER BREAKFAST David went out to talk to Millie. Millie was resigned; she had expected dismissal. She knew just the woman, she declared, who would come in and take things over. Mrs. Carter, from over near Wilna—a widow of over fifty, respectable, hard-working.

Life went on. The seasons swung; the hills were green and the apple trees bloomed with a rosy snow in the orchards. The children were like colts with the return of life to the earth. Betty was tremulous with excitement. Any day might bring another letter from Alex Gates, and summer vacation was not far off. The twins and Graham under the guidance of the capable Mrs. Carter were thriving.

In the early summer Anna Gregory and her husband returned to America. She had cabled David after Adelaide's death; had written later with grief.

He had not heard from her again until in the spring she wrote that she was coming home and leaving her boy in England as the trip would be brief.

John has decided to retire (she wrote), and we have bought a place out in Surrey. We will be in New York just long enough for John to settle his affairs. I doubt if we come back again, David. I wish you would come to see us while we are there, as it will be impossible for

John to get away long enough to pay you a visit. I want to see you so much; and the children, if it can be arranged.

He would not go, he thought, putting the letter aside. What was the use? He had said good-by to her once.

But he spoke to Betty, and Betty was round-eyed with pleading. "You'll go, won't you," she begged, "and take us?"

He said, "We'll see, Betty."

In the end, he went, with the children.

The great hotel, just at the dinner hour, was to the children a glimpse of fairyland. Women in bright, soft frocks, with light wraps about their shoulders; the sound of music playing; the scent of food and flowers. Matthew said, "It must be just like heaven," as a little frightened, he found himself in an elevator for the first time. Graham, his nose in the air, said sharply, "You're silly, Mat. It's just a hotel," but Graham's own eyes were bright.

David thought only, I shouldn't have come. He knocked at the door of the Gregory suite. Anna said, opening it, "I've ordered dinner up here. Your train was late, David."

As simple as that, yet not so simple. She had not changed, save to grow somewhat heavier. It became her, as did her gray hair. Her husband was standing behind her, smiling. He shook David's hand, was charming with the children.

"We've ordered dinner up here," he said. "We thought the little people would be tired from the trip."

Anna showed them the rooms she had taken for them: a big one for David and Graham; an even bigger one for Betty and the twins. A bath connected them. "Do you think there'll be all right?" she asked David anxiously. "I thought they'd rather be together. I've a young woman coming in the morning to look after them for you and amuse them. That will give you freedom, David, if you want to visit the hospitals, call on people. John is occupied all day, but we thought we could go to a concert or two. The Wrights are coming over on Thursday to be with us."

David said, looking at her across the big room. "That's kind of you, Anna. I hadn't planned to be away so long—I can't really afford the time. I had expected a few days at the most."

She stood quite straight, with her hands at her side. She said, after a moment, "I see. But I had hoped—you see, it's been a long time, David, and I don't think I'll be back again."

He stayed nearly a week. The children were beside themselves with delight. The companion Anna had engaged for them took them driving and sight-seeing—to the Aquarium, the Zoo, the Statue of Liberty—and they loved every minute of it. And she took them shopping also, as Anna bade her. When David protested, Anna said, "But there's so little I can do for them, David, so far away."

The Wrights came over from Philadelphia to see them all. Richard pinched Graham's ear. He asked, "So this is the young man who is going into the banking business with me some day?"

Graham shook his head. "I'm going to be a doctor," he said stubbornly. David looked at the boy keenly. Then he'd forgotten what he said the day of his mother's death! His son's eyes met his with a flash of defiance. "A surgeon," he added—"the best in the world!"

"That's a large order," said Wright, laughing.

The Wrights were in town for two days, and then returned to Philadelphia.

Afterwards David went to see the men he had known at Bellevue; he visited various hospitals to watch operations and go through charity wards.

He was not alone with Anna until the night before he left for home. Returning from a trip to Brooklyn where he had witnessed an especially interesting operation, he found the children at supper, with Anna in attendance. She explained that her husband had been detained in the city with child, and we'll dine here. Shall we have dinner upstairs, David?"

**W**HEN THE children were in bed, they had their dinner. The helpful young woman had gone home for the last time. Anna said, when the waiter had left them, "John thought I'd like to see you alone, David, and talk a little. He's very good; he understands."

"What do you mean?" David asked.

She said, "After all, we've been friends for so long; and Adelaide was—She broke off, and said, pointing to the coffee, "We haven't talked much since Adelaide."

"There is nothing to say," he told her heavily, "other than what I wrote you, Anna. I did what I could."

"I know," she told him.

They were silent a moment. Then he said, leaning forward, "I had not meant to speak of this. I made up my mind not to, but I've reproached myself very bitterly. If—if I caused you to sacrifice yourself, I should never be easy."

She said, the color bright in her cheeks, "All this time you've thought that? My poor David!" She looked at him unsmilingly. "Perhaps," she said, "now. It was—at first—a sacrifice. Perhaps, just thought so. I had wounds; they bled for a time. It wasn't easy. But after a while . . . No, David, I'm happy, contented. It was the better way, after all. If it had been anybody but John it wouldn't have been. But it was John, thank God."

He desisted himself, for the stab of pain which took him, and he hid his eyes from her quickly—not perhaps quickly enough, for she caught her breath in a sigh. He had never wished Adelaide dead; nor had she; but if he thought, Had she waited! and if she thought, Had I waited! they were no more than human. Neither spoke the thought.

Gregory came in. "Finished your dinner?" he asked. "Fresh coffee there, Anna? Good. I'll have a cup with you." He smiled at David and at his wife. The eyes she raised to his were clear. He loves her very much, David thought, watching. I think she loves him.

It was all right, then; or right enough, at any rate. He had seen her, and she was happy. He had seen her, gentle and serene, and still beautiful. He could go back undisturbed by any questioning thoughts of her life with Gregory. She was taken care of; she would be safe.

Saying good-by to her on the following day, surpressing the tears in her dark eyes, she bent to kiss the children, as she reached up to kiss his cheek, he thought, I'll always love her, I suppose—in a way.

When they had gone, John Gregory laid his hand over his wife's. "Is everything all right, Anna?" he asked.

She said, holding his hand tightly in hers. "It's all right, John, of course you must know that. Only I am so sorry for David sometimes. I can't tell you why; I hardly know myself. It's as if he'd never found himself; as if he were always being pulled to pieces. . . . John, how soon can we go home?"

# Seven Years Apart— Yet Both have Skin equally Young

Beautiful Vanderbilts examined  
by Dermatologist for Skin Age  
... both get 20-Year-Old Rating



*Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt*

famed for her brunette beauty, her skin was rated by the dermatologist as being practically the same as it was eight years ago. Mrs. Vanderbilt says: "The thorough cleansing Pond's Cold Cream gives keeps my skin clear—fine-pored—seems to wipe away tired lines."

*Mrs. Frederica Vanderbilt Webb*

is an enchanting young blonde with a skin exquisitely fair. The dermatologist declares it to be "a perfect skin of twenty." She says: "I've never had a coarse pore, blackhead, or blemish. I'm sure this is due to Pond's Cold Cream."

YOUNG skin is firm and fine of texture—its color clear—glowing—radiant.

OLD skin is loose, lined, crêpy—its texture is thick and coarse—its color dull—sallow—dark.

These conditions, dermatologists report, are due to loss of tone—impaired vasomotor circulation—failure of glands to produce youth-sustaining oils.

When the two charming Vanderbilts, pictured above, were examined by a dermatologist, their rating was the same. In

actual age, they are seven years apart.

Both of these two noted society beauties are faithful users of Pond's Cold Cream. Could there be more convincing proof that this cream actually keeps the skin young—the young skin at the height of its loveliness?

Cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream every night. Pat it in briskly. It will sink into the pores—float away impurities that linger there. And every morning freshen your skin with this fragrant luxurious cream.

Then your skin will look alluringly

young—clear—silken. Powder and make-up will smooth on evenly and lastingly.

## New quick-melting cream

Pond's now makes a liquefying cream. It melts instantly on the skin. It contains the same specially processed oils for which Pond's Cold Cream is famous.

Send coupon for a 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream, 3 other Pond's effective beauty aids and powder.

Pond's EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. L-34 Hudson Street, New York City. I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for a 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 3 other Pond's beauty aids. I prefer three different Little shades of powder ☐ I prefer three different Dark shades ☐

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Test your skin for these age signs. Your mirror will tell its true age. *Specially Processed Oils in this cream correct Skin Faults*

## CORRECTS SKIN FAULTS USUAL in the 20's



Roughness Blackheads and large pores Dryness



Laughier lines Little defects

## FIGHTS OFF AGE SIGNS USUAL after 30



Crêpy skin Worry lines Sallowiness



Sagging tissues Discolorations

# Appearance and Reality by W. S. Maugham (Continued from page 25)

intelligent people, the Senator always stuck as close to the truth as he could.)

The confidential secretary then invited Madame Saladin and her niece to dinner where they could make one another's further acquaintance, and the Senator could judge whether Mademoiselle Lisette had the aptitude for the screen that he suspected. Madame Saladin said she would ask her niece, but for her part seemed to think the suggestion quite reasonable.

When Madame Saladin told the proposition before Lisette and explained the rank, dignity and importance of their host, that young person shrugged her pretty shoulders disdainfully.

"Cette vieille carpe," she said, of which the not-quite-literal translation is: "That old trout."

"WHAT DOES IT matter if he's an old trout if he gives you a part?" asked Madame Saladin.

"Et ta sœur," said Lisette. This phrase, which of course means "and your sister," and sounds harmless enough and even polite, is a phrase vulgar and is used by well-brought-up young women, I think, only if they want to shock. It expresses the most forcible unbelief.

"Anyhow, we should get a slap-up dinner," said Madame Saladin. "After all, you're not a child any more."

"Where did he say we should dine?"

"The Château de Madrid. Everyone knows it's the most expensive restaurant in the world."

There is no reason why it should not be. The food is exquisite, the cellar is famous, and its situation makes it an enchanting place in which to eat on a fine evening of early summer. A very pretty dinner appeared on Lisette's cheek and a smile on her large red mouth.

"I can borrow a dress from the shop," she murmured.

A few days later, the Senator's confidential secretary fetched them in a taxi and drove Madame Saladin and her engaging niece to the Bois de Boulogne. Lisette looked ravishing in one of the firm's most successful models, and Madame Saladin extremely respectable in her own black satin and a hat that Lisette had made her for the occasion. The secretary introduced the ladies to Monsieur Le Sueur, who greeted them with the benign dignity of the politician who behaving graciously to the wife and daughter of a valued constituent.

The dinner passed off very agreeably, and, less than a month later, Lisette moved into a charming little flat at a convenient distance both from her place of business and from the Senate. Monsieur Le Sueur wished Lisette to continue to work. It suited him very well that she should have something to do during the hours that he was obliged to devote to affairs, for it would keep her out of mischief, and he very well knew that a woman who has nothing to do all day spends much more money than one who has an occupation. An intelligent man thinks of these things.

But extravagance was a vice to which Lisette was strange. The Senator was fond and generous. It was a source of satisfaction to him that Lisette soon began to save money. She ran her apartment with thrift and bought her clothes at trade price, and every month sent a certain sum home to her heroic father, who purchased like plots of land with it. She continued to lead a quiet and modest life and Monsieur Le Sueur was

pleased to learn from the concierge, who had a son she wanted to place in a government office, that Lisette's only visitors were her aunt and one or two girls from the shop.

The Senator had never been happier in his life. It was very satisfactory to him to think that even in this world a good action had its reward, for was it not from pure kindness that he had accompanied his wife to the dressmaker's shop that afternoon when they were discussing the American Debt at the Senate, and thus had seen for the first time the charming Lisette?

The more he knew her, the more he doted on her. She was a delightful companion. She was gay and debonair. She could listen cleverly when he discussed business matters or affairs of state with her. She rested him when he was weary and cheered him when he was depressed. She was glad to see him when he came, and he came frequently, generally from five till seven, and sorry when he went away. She gave him the impression that he was not only her lover but her friend.

Sometimes they dined together in her apartment, and the well-appointed meal, the genial comfort, gave him a keen appreciation of the charm of domesticity. His friends told the Senator he looked twenty years younger. He felt it. He was conscious of his good fortune. He could not help feeling, however, that after a life of honest toil and public service it was only his due.

It was thus a shock to him, after things had been proceeding so happily for nearly two years, on coming back unexpectedly to Paris early one Sunday morning after a visit to his constituency which was to last over the week-end, when he found himself in the apartment with his lackey, thinking since it was the day of rest to find Lisette in bed, to discover her having breakfast in her bedroom tête-à-tête with a young gentleman he had never seen before—a young man who was wearing his (the Senator's) brand-new pajamas. Lisette was surprised to see him.

"Tenez," she said. "Where have you sprung from? I didn't expect you till tomorrow."

"The ministry has fallen," he answered mechanically. "I have been sent for. I am to be offered the Ministry of the Interior." But that was not what he "Do you say at all. He gave the gentleman wearing his pajamas a furious look. "Who is that young man?" he cried.

LISSETTE'S LARGE RED MOUTH broke into a most alluring smile. "My lover," she answered.

"Do you think I'm a fool?" shouted the Senator. "I know he's your lover."

"Why do you ask, then?"

Monsieur Le Sueur was a man of action. He smacked Lisette hard on her right cheek with his left hand, and then he smacked her hard on the left cheek with his right hand.

"Brute!" screamed Lisette.

He turned to the young man and with a dramatic flourish pointed to the door. "Get out!" he cried. "Get out!"

One would have thought, such was the commanding aspect of a man who was accustomed to sway a crowd of angry taxpayers, that the young man would have made a bolt for the door; but he stood his ground—irresolutely, it is true, but he stood his ground; he gave Lisette an appealing look and she suggested.

"What are you waiting for?" shouted the Senator. "Must I use force?"

"He can't go out in his pajamas," said Lisette.

"They're not his pajamas; they're my pajamas."

"He's waiting for his clothes."

Monsieur Le Sueur looked around. On the chair behind him was a variety of masculine garments. The Senator gave the young man a look of contempt.

"You may take your clothes, Monsieur," he said with cold disdain.

The young man picked them up in his arms and quickly left the room.

Monsieur Le Sueur had a considerable gift of oratory. Never had he made better use of it than now. He told Lisette what he thought of her. He ransacked an extensive vocabulary for opprobrious names to call her. He called all the powers of heaven to witness that never had a woman repaid with such gross deception an honest man's belief in her. In short, he said everything that anger, wounded vanity and disappointment suggested to him.

Lisette did not seek to defend herself. She listened in silence, crumbling the roll which the Senator's appearance had provoked her from finishing. He flung an irritated glance at her plate.

"I was so anxious that you should be the first to hear my great news that I came straight here from the station. I was expecting to have my *petit déjeuner* with you, sitting on your bed."

"My poor dear, haven't you had your breakfast? I'll get some for you."

"I don't want any."

"Nonsense! With the great responsibility you are about to assume, you must keep up your strength."

She rang, and when the maid came, told her to bring in some hot coffee and another roll. The roll was brought, and Lisette poured him out coffee and milk. He would not touch it. She buttered a roll for him. He shrugged his shoulders and began to eat. Meanwhile he uttered a few remarks on the perfidy of women.

"At all events, it is something," he said, "that you have not the effrontery to attempt to excuse yourself. You know that I am not a man who can be ill used with impunity. The soul of generosity when people behave well to me, I am pitiless when they behave badly. The very moment I have drunk my coffee I shall leave this apartment forever."

Lisette shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"I will tell you now that I had prepared a surprise for you. I had made up my mind to celebrate the second anniversary of our union by setting a sum of money on you sufficient to give you a modest independence if anything happened to me."

"How much?" asked Lisette somberly. "A million francs."

She slipped the Senator on the back of the head. "What is that?" he cried. "He's returning your pajamas."

The young man had opened the door softly, flung the pajamas at the Senator's head and quickly closed it again.

The Senator disengaged himself from the silk trousers that clung round his neck. "What a way to return them! It is obvious your friend has no education."

"Of course he hasn't your distinction," murmured Lisette.

"And has he any intelligence?"

"Oh, no!"

"Is he rich?"

"Penniless."

"Then, name of a name, what is it you see in him?"

"He's young," smiled Lisette.

The Senator looked down at his plate;

# Only an American Gin can make an American Cocktail

In the following questions and answers, The  
Fleischmann Distilling Corporation presents some important facts  
about gin which every American should know



## 1. What is gin?

Dry gin is a "potable" spirit, the characteristic flavor of which is derived chiefly from the juniper berry.

It is made in either of two ways—by distilling or mixing.

## 2. What is the difference between Distilled Gin and "Synthetic" Gin?

A distilled gin is one in which the juniper berries and the other flavoring ingredients are *actually distilled into the spirits*—the resulting product being a 100% distilled gin.

At no point in its production is it mixed or compounded. Fleischmann's Dry Gin is a distilled gin.

"Synthetic" Gin, as its name implies, is a homemade mixture commonly known as "bathtub gin."

The alcohol is mixed with juniper extract and other flavors to produce this type of gin. It usually tastes "raw" when taken straight or in a mixed drink.

This "synthetic product" is not really gin—but an unsatisfactory substitute—frequently containing harmful impurities.

## 3. What is "London Gin"?

"London Gin" is a generic name for a certain kind of gin—just as "Sherry" means a certain kind of wine. There are many so-called "London Gins" made in this country... some are imported.

"London Gins" were not originally intended to be used for mixing.

## 4. Is Fleischmann's Dry Gin a "London Gin"?

No! Fleischmann's Gin is an American Gin—distilled from American grains—from an American formula—for American taste and drinking customs, by an American company.

## 5. What do you mean by American taste and drinking customs?

American people as a whole have an entirely different taste in gin than most Europeans. They prefer a mild, smooth-tasting gin to the more pungent "raw-tasting" gin.

The English and the Europeans prefer to drink their London gin or their Holland gin straight—"undiluted."

## 6. What gin should be used in cocktails?

An American gin—like Fleischmann's. The cocktail, the Tom Collins and other mixed gin drinks are strictly American inventions. In fact, the words "American Bar" mean a cocktail bar in every country of the world.

To make an American cocktail—such as a Martini, or a Bronx, or an Orange Blossom—requires a smooth American Gin—such as Fleischmann's, that is distilled especially for blending with other liquors or fruit juices—and not a gin originally intended to be taken straight.

Fleischmann's is so distilled that, when mixed, it releases hidden, subtle flavors—creating a beverage more fragrant, more charming than any single ingredient.

## 7. Does The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation make any other liquor?

No! Only gin. It requires the most intricate distillations—as well as extreme care, skill, experience to produce a pure, satisfying gin like Fleischmann's.

The Fleischmann Plant at Peckskill, N. Y., is the largest distillery in America making gin exclusively.

## 8. Does Fleischmann control every process in the manufacture of its gin?

Yes. Fleischmann controls every step from the purchase and fermentation of the grain to the finished product.

Fleischmann believes that in no other way can a distiller produce a consistently fine gin—free from the impurities that cause a "raw" taste in cocktails.

## Buy a bottle of Fleischmann's Gin

—or a case. Compare its delicate flavor with the kind you are using. Its rich bouquet. Its crystal-white color.

Mix up a Martini—or a Tom Collins. Notice how smoothly it blends.

You will be surprised at the soft, mild, velvet-like body—free from all bite or sting.

You will understand why "it takes an American Gin to make an American Cocktail."





a tear rose in his eye. Lisette gave him a kindly look.

"My poor friend, one can't have everything in this life," she said.

"I knew I was not young. But my situation, my fortune, my vitality. I thought they made up. I am too well brought up to throw your origin in your face, but the fact remains that you are a mannequin and I took you out of an apartment of which the rent is only two thousand francs a year. It was a step up for you."

"The daughter of poor but honest parents, I have no reason to be ashamed of my origin, and it is not because I have earned my living in a humble sphere that you have the right to reproach me."

"Do you love this boy?"

"Yes."

"And not me?"

"You too. I love you both, but I love you differently. I love you because you are so distinguished and your conversation is instructive and interesting. I love you because you are kind and generous. I love him because his eyes are so big and his hair waves and he dances divinely. It's very natural."

"You know that in my position I cannot take you to places where they dance, and I dare say when he's as old as I am he'll have no more hair than I have."

"That may well be true," Lisette agreed, but she did not think it much mattered.

"What will your aunt, the respectable Madame Saladin, say to you when she hears what you have done?"

"It will not be a surprise to her."

"Do you mean to say that worthy woman, countess of your conduct? O tempora! O mores! How long, then, has this been going on?"

"Since I first went to the shop. He travels for a silk firm in Lyons. He came in one day with his samples. We liked each other's look."

"But your aunt was there to defend you from temptation. She should never have allowed you to have anything to do with this young man."

"I did not ask her permission."

"It is enough to bring the gray hairs of your poor father to the grave. Had you no thought of that wounded hero whose services to his country have been rewarded with a license to sell tobacco? Do not forget that as Minister of the Interior the department is under my control. I should be within my rights if I revoked the license on account of your flagrant immorality."

"I know you are too great a gentleman to do a dastardly thing like that."

He sighed. "Don't be afraid. I will never stoop so low as to avenge myself on one who has deserved well of his country for the misdeeds of a creature my dignity forces me to despise."

He went on with his interrupted breakfast. Lisette did not speak, and there was silence between them. But, his appetite satisfied, his mood changed; he began to feel sorry for himself rather than angry with her, and with a strange ignorance of woman's heart he thought to arouse Lisette's remorse by exhibiting himself as an object of pity.

"It is hard to break a habit to which one has grown accustomed. It was a shame to me to come here when I could snatch a moment from my many occupations. Will you regret me a little, Lisette?"

"Of course."

He sighed. "I should never have thought you capable of so much deception."

"It is the deception that rankles," she

murmured thoughtfully. "Men are funny in that way. They cannot forgive being made fools of. It is because they are so vain. They attach importance to things which are of no consequence."

"Do you call it a matter of no consequence that I should find you having breakfast with a young man wearing my pajamas?"

"If he were my husband and you were my lover, you would think it natural."

"Obviously. For then I should be deceiving him, and my honor would be secure."

"In short, I have only to marry him to make the situation perfectly regular."

For a moment he did not understand. Then her meaning flashed across his intelligent brain, and he gave her a quick look. Her lovely eyes had the twinkle he always found so alluring.

"Would he marry you?" he asked.

"He does not. Of course he would marry me. If I told him I had a dot of a million francs he would ask nothing better."

Monsieur Le Sueur gave her another look. When in a moment of anger he told her that it had been his intention to settle a million francs on her, he exaggerated a good deal in the desire to make her hear much her treacherousness was costing her. But he was not the man to draw back when his dignity was concerned.

"It is much more than a young man in his position of life could aspire to. But if he adores you, he would be always at your side."

"Didn't I tell you that he was a commercial traveler? He can come to Paris only for the week-end."

"That, of course, is a horse of another color," said the Senator. "It would naturally be a satisfaction to him to know that during his absence I should be sure to keep an eye on you."

"A considerable satisfaction," she said. To facilitate the conversation, she rose from her seat and made herself comfortable on the Senator's knees. He pressed her hand tenderly.

"I am very fond of you, Lisette," he said. "I should not like you to make a mistake. Are you sure he will make you happy?"

"I think so."

"I'll have proper inquiries made. I should never consent to your marrying anyone not of exemplary character and unimpeachable morality. For all our sakes, we must make quite sure about this young man whom we are preparing to bring into our lives."

Lisette raised no objection. She was aware that the Senator liked to do things with order and method. He now prepared to leave her. He wanted to break his important news to Madame Le Sueur.

"There is only one more thing," he said, as he bade Lisette an affectionate farewell. "If you marry, I must insist on your giving up your work. The place of wife is the home, and it is against all my principles that a married woman should take the bread out of a man's mouth."

Lisette reflected that a strapping young man would look rather funny walking round the room, with his hips swaying, to show off the latest models, but she made no objection. The Senator's proposal shall be as you wish, darling," she said.

The inquiries he made were satisfactory and the marriage took place on a Saturday morning as soon as the legal formalities could be completed. Monsieur Le Sueur, Minister of the Interior, and Madame Saladin were the witnesses. The bridegroom was a slim young man

with a straight nose, fine eyes and black waving hair.

The mayor, impressed by the august presence of the Minister of the Interior, made according to French practice a speech which he sought to render eloquent. He began by telling the married couple what presumably they knew already. He informed the bridegroom that he was the son of worthy parents and was engaged in an honorable profession. He congratulated him on entering matrimony at an age when many young men thought only of their pleasures.

He reminded the bride that her father was a hero of the Great War, whose glorious wounds had been rewarded by a concession to sell tobacco, and he told her that she had earned a decent living since her arrival in Paris in an establishment that was one of the glories of French taste and luxury. The mayor was of a literary turn, and he briefly mentioned various celebrated lovers of fiction: Romeo and Juliet, whose short but legitimate union had been interrupted by a regrettable misunderstanding; Daphnis and Chloe, who had not consummated their marriage till it was sanctioned by the legitimate authority. He was so moving that Lisette shed a few tears.

He paid a compliment to Madame Saladin, whose example and precept had preserved her young and beautiful niece from the dangers that are likely to befall a young girl alone in a great city, and finally he congratulated the happy pair on the honor that the Minister of the Interior had done them in consenting to their union at the ceremony. It was a testimony to their own probity that this captain of industry and eminent statesman should find time to perform a humble office to persons in their modest sphere, and it proved not only the excellence of his heart but his lively sense of duty. His action showed that he appreciated the importance of early marriage, affirmed the security of the family and emphasized the desirability of children who would increase the power and consequence of the fair land of France. A very good speech indeed.

The wedding breakfast was held at the Chateau de Madrid, which had sentimental associations for Monsieur Le Sueur. It has been mentioned already that among his many interests the Minister (as we must now call him) was interested in a firm of motor cars. His wedding present to the bridegroom had been a very nice two-seater of his own manufacture, and in this, when lunch was over, the young couple stood off on their honeymoon. This could only last over the week-end, since Lisette's husband had to get back to work. She kissed her aunt, and she kissed Monsieur Le Sueur.

"I shall expect you at five on Monday," she whispered to him.

"I shall be there," he answered.

They drove away, and for a moment Monsieur Le Sueur and Madame Saladin looked at the smart yellow roadster.

"As long as he makes her happy," sighed Madame Saladin.

"If he does not make her happy, he will have me to count with," said Monsieur Le Sueur impressively.

His car drove up.

"Au revoir, chère madame. You will get back to the Avenue de Neuilly."

He stepped into his car, and as he thought of the affairs of state that awaited his attention he sighed with content. It was evidently much more fitting to his situation that his mistress should be, not just a little mannequin in a dressmaker's shop, but a respectable married woman.



# It's fun...giving yourself this Salon Facial



● Radiantly lovely skin isn't something to envy in others. It's something to get for yourself as quickly as possible! And there are two sure ways to go about it. You can let experts in the Dorothy Gray Salons bring out beauty you never knew you had. Or you can do it at home with your own hands! Dorothy Gray tells you right here exactly what to use, and how to use it. She calls it her "1-2-3 SALON FACIAL." Just do these three things every day...and give yourself that envied "salon-cared-for" look.



## 1. Cleanse

At night, all make-up, all traffic film and drying dust must come off! The first step in every Dorothy Gray treatment is cleansing with a delicate, melting cream that reaches deep into those dirt-choked pores. For dry skins, Dorothy Gray recommends her new *Cream* 683

... straight from the Dorothy Gray Salon (683 Fifth Avenue), where it was developed as a special softening cleanser for dry skins. It contains vegetable oils, and is double-beaten to a froth of atoms, so it is lusciously light and penetrating. Use it in the morning, at night, and during the day to remove make-up and choking dust from your pores. Keeps skin pure and flower-soft. \$1, \$1.75, \$2.75. Normal and oily skins should use the original *Dorothy Gray Cleansing Cream*, marvelously quick to liquefy and cleanse. \$1, \$1.75, \$2.75.



## 2. Soften

After cleansing, use your emollient...or wrinkle-chaser! You can prove that wrinkles are not a necessary evil. Just pat, pat, pat in the emollient. Do it briskly with your fingertips, or the Dorothy Gray Patter. Leave a tiny bit on overnight. It helps smooth out "laugh," "squint," and "worry" lines... makes the skin soft and flexible. For dry skins, use *Dorothy Gray Special Dry Skin Mixture*, \$2.25, \$4.50. For oily and normal skins, use *Dorothy Gray Suppling Cream*... a special lubricating cream that keeps the skin soft and smooth, yet discourages excessive oiliness and blackheads. \$1, \$1.75, \$2.75.



## 3. Stimulate

Next morning, after cleansing, comes the *wake-up* step. Dampen a bit of cotton with the lotion. Remove excess cream, and pat up circulation. Watch your skin come to life. Notice how fresh and glowing it looks and feels. For dry skins, *Dorothy Gray Orange Flower Skin Lotion*, \$85, \$1.75. For coarse pores, oily and normal skins, *Dorothy Gray Texture Lotion*, \$1, \$2.



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# I'm a Neurotic—and Glad of It!

(Continued from page 49)

hotter than something nearer to them?

Nobody suspected the truth which so readily explained this seemingly startling phenomenon. This was simply that while they were in conference a laboratory attendant had turned the bowl around! Ignorance of the facts caused all the fuss. So, where neuroses are concerned, there seems to be more ignorance of facts, more misconception, and consequently more fuss, than about any other single disorder.

A neurotic is not what he is thought to be by most people. He is not, for instance, a "softie"; nor is he a person with a weak will; nor one who likes to baby himself or who gets a kick out of nursing his own ills. And he isn't a degenerate either.

**A**CCUSATIONS such as these one hears leveled against neurotics on every hand. In family life a neurotic creates more trouble than an epidemic of smallpox. Nobody understands him. He is looked upon as a misfit, a nuisance. All the while the neurotic is beside himself wondering what to think and what to do.

I've even got a grievance against certain members of my own profession who, strangely enough, don't seem to grasp the true significance of what it means to be neurotic. For what does such a physician tell the average neurotic who goes to him for scientific help? "Forget it, my boy," says the doctor. "All you need is a little will power and a little upper lip. Here, have this prescription filled; take a teaspoonful every four hours. Come back and see me in a month."

Which reminds me of a typical letter I received the other day from a colleague who usually sends me his neurotic patients. "I am referring Miss So-and-So," he begins, "who will probably telephone for an appointment. There is nothing the matter with this patient so far as I can make out except her imagination." Then, after recounting her symptoms—her tortures, really—he concludes: "See what you can do with her."

Well, my good friend, if it is only the imagination, isn't that enough?

And why cast aspersions upon the imagination, anyway? Are any of our other faculties more valuable? What delights, what sheer joy, what ambitious zeal, imagination can engender! What marvelous discoveries have been brought about because of it! What novels, poems, dramas, paintings, sculptures have been fashioned out of the fabric of imagination! Indeed, when you consider civilization be today if it were not for the imagination? Particularly what would it do without the neurotic imagination? Don't we owe most of the marvels of life to neurotics?

I know what my medical colleague means, of course. He is intimating that the patient in question is not using her imagination in the right way. I suppose he would say that she is employing it in a destructive sense instead of a constructive one; a case of misdirected energy.

To be sure, a neurotic state is primarily a mental state, and that explains why I have never made the diagnosis of a neurosis without my patient feeling either frightened, disoriented or depressed. For most persons have heard something dreadful about this condition, and fully half of those who develop it suspect that by using the term "neurosis" I am trying to inform them in a polite way that they are insane.

Yet I cannot emphasize too strongly that a neurosis—no matter how severe it

may be—is not insanity. The types of mind in which the two conditions develop are entirely unlike.

We might say, to be sure, that as children the neurotic and the insane start with similar points of view. But so does the genius.

In other words, children having one of these three types of minds do not respond to parental training and school education as do average individuals. They don't accept everything that is told them. They question things; they become doubtful; they argue with others and with themselves. In short, these types see the world differently from average individuals.

That is as far, however, as the similarity between neurotics, the insane and geniuses goes. And often as early as the teens the characteristics of the kind of mind the later adult will possess make themselves manifest.

As a type, of course, because, pronouncedly different as the years pass, but the important and essential change lies in the fact that such an individual becomes convinced that he is right, that his view of life is correct, while the world as a whole is all wrong. Insanity is actually the most complete adjustment that can be. It is absolute renunciation of the world, of reality. It is a self-sufficient state, and not necessarily an unhappy one.

The neurotic also sees the world differently while young. Instead of feeling self-sufficient, however, he worries about this difference. If the neurotic would recognize this difference and not worry about it, he would be all right. But not. The more neurotic he becomes the more he worries. In the last analysis, he is ashamed of himself and wants nothing more than to be like other people.

And what about the genius? Well, he knows he is different too, but he doesn't worry about it. He projects this difference into a book or a painting or the building of big business. He makes it work for him; turns it to profit.

I have claimed that to be neurotic is advantageous. Perhaps I ought to add, "provided one realizes it and understands it." This worry over his own individual difference—that's the neurotic's trouble! If only he could make himself proud of it. Once he understands that, although he thinks, feels and often acts at variance with the commonly accepted standards, he is not therefore an inferior, then immediately he translates this difference into effective accomplishment.

Is this not exactly what has happened in the cases of all great thinkers who eventually became great doers? What about Alexander the Great, Caesar and Napoleon? What about Michelangelo, Pascal, Pope, our own Poe, Walt Whitman and Henry Ford? What of Molière, Heine, Stevenson, Lafcadio Hearn, Goldsmith, Flaubert?—the list could be lengthened almost indefinitely.

Yes, each of these of hallowed memory was neurotic. Their own contemporaries considered them peculiar, eccentric. In fact, one might almost say that the greater they were the more different they were!

Neurotics may be divided into two classes, the successful and the unsuccessful. When they "make good" the world acclaims them and even points to their peculiar reactions as worthy of emulation. When they do not make good their eccentricities are usually singled out as the direct cause of their failures.

When we psychiatrists treat a neurotic, we try to get him to respect himself. First

of all, the patient is made to realize that there are thousands of others like himself and that there is no reason for being ashamed. Second, the guilty feelings so often met with—self-depreciation, self-accusation—are removed by finding the causes—usually nothing but the foolish childhood fancies. Third, after the patient becomes convinced that he is as good as the next person, advice of a directing and purposeful sort is given by which the neurotic can utilize his individual differences for some definite aim.

Now, I consider myself neurotic although I am not suffering from a pronounced neurosis. Even as a boy I was rather peculiar. I took everything too seriously. I over-idealized girls absurdly.

To this day I am high-strung and sensitive. Little things annoy me. Often I am assailed with doubt. I tend to worry easily if I do not check myself. Sometimes a sense of anxiety, even of impending danger, handicaps me. I enjoy building air castles. I believe I see life from a viewpoint distinctly different from that of the average man.

Had I not specialized in medical psychology I am certain I should eventually have developed a full-fledged and severe neurosis. But I was saved, not by a stranger who took an interest in me, nor by luck. My parents had always wanted me to be a physician, and at ten I already pictured myself a doctor and nothing else. The neurotic tendencies which manifested themselves in me directed my attention to mental ills. In those days a neurotic was hopelessly misunderstood.

After working with neuroses and with all other forms of nervous disorders for over twenty years, I find myself no longer tormented with doubts concerning love or sex or smoking as when I was a youngster. My specialized training directed toward helping others has also helped me. And whatever overplus of energy is left after I have done my regular medical work is shunted into another constructive channel—that is, writing.

**W**HERE I'm not neurotic I would not possess the ambition or the energy or the desire to write. Medicine would be quite enough, and I'd be satisfied. But seeing life differently from others, I am impelled to try to make them see it as I do. And, whereas writing at one time was an escape for surplus energy, it has of late years become a hobby which I cherish and enjoy beyond measure.

So you may well understand why I am glad I'm neurotic. Being neurotic has enriched my life and given a zest to what otherwise might have been routine existence.

The neurotic who succeeds is undoubtedly far happier than are non-neurotics. Let me scale the heights where the view is broad and clear and the air rare, pure and pliant. He may stumble and fall and scrape his shins as he strives to climb. But for all that, he breathes more quickly, his blood races faster, and the vitality and flow and sparkle of sheer living are in him.

When we're neurotic there is unrest inside us. Yet this unrest is merely the sign that we are galled for better things; that we have not as yet found ourselves. The neurotic must learn to respect his condition; to understand it. He must cease being ashamed and afraid. Knowledge of what is ailing him is all that is necessary. For knowledge begets power, and power, courage. The rest is easy.



UNE **G**RANDE **B**EAUTÉ **P**ARISIENNE  
QUI ADORE LE PARFUM **EN AVION**  
DE **CARON**

A PARISIAN BEAUTY WHO ADORES  
CARON'S EN AVION PERFUME



## Bidou by Rex Beach (Continued from page 43)

out of the water, frequently leaving bruises upon their tender flesh. So long as they were satisfied to splash in the shallows the dog would eye them contentedly, but the moment one ventured out beyond what he considered a safe depth he would launch himself in pursuit. There was no escaping him, for he swam and dived with the ease of a seal.

Immaturity in animals and human beings alike aroused his watchfulness and his toleration; toddlers, for instance, could tug at his ears or pound him with sticks or stones and he would appear to accept it with an understanding wink. Quarrelsome dogs of respectable size he would fight upon challenge, but the smaller ones could snap and snarl at him without arousing offense. Mature cats learned to avoid him, and yet he never molested a kitten.

THAT WINTER his bushy tail served as a handhold for the youthful skaters in the village, and he would tow them as long as they chose to drive him.

There is a pastime among the larger boys of the Great Island which is peculiarly their own. When spring comes and the bays are choked with broken ice, the more venturesome youngsters experiment in running across the scattered cakes. It is called "copping." They become expert at leaping from pan to pan, and soon learn to tread the broken ice beneath their feet much as river drivers slide from one log to another. It is a sport which brings gray hairs to mothers. Safety, of course, depends upon swift decision, good judgment, a sense of balance and the ability to keep moving.

When the ice in Bulls Cove was right, it was possible to copy from one shore to the other. This drove Bidou nearly frantic at first, but he soon learned to know which boys were capable of performing the feat. More than one of the others he towed to safety through the slush ice.

The time came when Bidou was accepted as a regular member of the Burke household and received the respect and affection to which he was entitled.

He was no care whatever and there was a delightful doggy odor to him which little Nancy loved: she would bury her bright face in his silky coat and murmur to him in a language of her own. Then his deep-set hazel eyes would glow with a melting fire; his paws would softly thump the floor, and he would lean his head against her. He would be with his game fixed upon her in mute adoration, averting it only when it was discovered. Then he would sheepishly drop his eyes for a moment. It became a game with them, and usually it ended by the little girl pouncing upon him and hugging his head close.

The problem of Christmas shopping in a village like Bulls Cove was vexatious, for the stores carried small stocks. The residents solved it by giving their money and lists to some schooner captain bound for St. John's. These funds, the fruit of patient saving and self-denial, made a pitiful total at best, for Newfoundland villages are poor. This year Jim Burke had volunteered to act as Santa Claus.

Beating eastward against heavy winds, he brought his schooner into the cove one chilly December evening to find that his son Luther had been ill for several days. There was no doctor in the village, and that afternoon the Newfoundlanders named from Bennett's Bay had advised that the boy be taken to a hospital without delay.

Instantly Jim decided to push on and apprise his crew of the emergency. There were six in the number, all fellows from Bulls Cove or near by, and although they were desperately tired, they did not demur.

Accommodations aboard the Queen were poor at best; moreover, the weather was dirty and it promised to be a wet run inasmuch as her hold was full and her decks were piled high with lumber. Nevertheless, Ellen prepared to accompany her boy, and the husband made no objection.

He assumed that little Nancy could be left with some neighbor but at the suggestion the child objected.

"Daddy!" she exclaimed in her admonitory tone. "Daddy!"

"Let her go alone," Ellen said duly.

"But you'll have your hands full."

"Daddy!"

"She'll be in the way."

"Daddy!"

"You promised her she could see the city. I'd rather have her with me than to worry."

"All right," Burke was too deeply concerned about the sick boy to argue. When Luther was dressed, he lifted the little fellow in his arms and bore him down to the dock, leaving Ellen to follow with the younger child.

Jim pressed the boy's hot cheek to his own and his eyes blurred, his throat ached. For the first time in his life he was frightened. The emotion rendered him sick. "My boy! His little boy! Dying, for all he knew!"

In a panic he began to pray.

His family was aboard and he was about to cast off when the postmaster came hurrying with the Christmas fund.

"Sorry to trouble you, Jim, at a time like this, but it's surely your chance to get the profits back in time."

"All right, Angus!"

"We've raised ninety-four dollars and forty cents," the postmaster proudly announced. "Pretty good, considering, eh?"

"Pretty good! It was more than that, thought Burke. Not many able-bodied fishermen on this coast saw the amount of real money in a year. Hastily he buttoned the treasure inside his coat. Then he ordered the lines cast off.

It was not until the Queen was well under way that he felt a moist muzzle thrust against his hand which lay upon the schooner's wheel and looked down to discover Bidou. Of course the animal had followed Nancy. Very well, Doubtless he could look out for himself.

There is no coast line in the two Americas more forbidding than that of Newfoundland. It is incredibly bold; it is guarded by wicked reefs and harried by gales; currents and tide rips beset it in places; summer fogs and winter storms make navigation hazardous. Naked granite headlands tower above the sea; a tireless surf booms against precipitous cliffs, and the entire island is bitten deep by enormous bays and indentations.

It is a trying coast for mariners, and only men like Skipper Burke who are familiar with it can engage with profit in the coastwise trade. It calls for self-reliance, skill and fortitude; much, too, depends upon judgment, intuition, luck.

Once offshore, the Queen began to beat eastward across the fifty-mile entrance to Placentia Bay; historic waters, these, inasmuch as thousands of hardy fishermen from Brittany, England, Ireland and Scotland have made their homes here, handy to the stormy Banks. They came long before the Mayflower sailed, and it was they who established

the first definite commerce between the old and the new worlds—that was in the days of Baltimore and good Queen Bess. Today, their descendants fight a battle as brave as their forefathers fought under Drake. Simple, hard-bitten, God-fearing men who live solely by the sea, Jim Burke was one of them.

A quarter gale was blowing and the schooner wallowed abominably. It was nearly daylight before her skipper sighted Cape St. Mary light and laid his course to clear Cape Race on the starboard reach.

As he descended the companionway he found his wife seated beside his bunk in which Luther lay. He volunteered to relieve her but she refused. "When will we reach St. John's?" she asked.

"Hard telling, with this load. Once we touch the Cape we'll make better time." He touched Luther's face; it was still burning.

In the opposite berth Nancy was asleep, and at her feet Bidou was curled. "Jim!" Ellen's face was pinched. "If you cast off the deck-load we'd make better time."

"Of course. But that lumber isn't ours."

"You could say the weather was too dirty."

"The crew would know."

"They'd lie for us."

"No doubt. But I couldn't, and neither could you."

Ellen bowed her head. "Oh, Jim, he's so sick! And—I'm so scared!"

"Me, too," the husband agreed.

There was no breakfast that morning, for the galley fire was washed out. Nancy resented this. She pronounced the ship's biscuits horrid and tried to amuse herself by playing with Bidou.

In time the Queen rounded the south-east tip of the ancient island and under double reefs wallowed northward through quivering seas that had the full breadth of the Atlantic behind them. Those waves were majestic. From Cape Race to Round Head the iron coast thundered to their blows and milky spume climbed high against its cliffs.

Gradually the wind increased. It shifted northward, too, and Skipper Burke beat his horny palms together.

A WHOLE GALE was blowing by afternoon and there was no need to jettison the deck-load; the sea seemed to that. Shortly before dark the mainsail was carried away, and Burke undertook to make land under a double-reefed foresail and jib; but in this he was balked, for it began to snow and soon visibility was lessened to nothing. Burke and his men shivered in their wet clothes. Their stomachs had long been empty and all were thoroughly wrecked.

The schooner began to leak finally and they took to the pumps. Then, about midnight, the foremast went. Now the craft was without canvas. Blindly she wallowed through a night as black as ink, almost completely at the mercy of the storm.

When Ellen notified her husband that the cabin floor was ankle-deep in rising water he went down and wrapped Luther warmly in bedding over which he tied his own oilskins. It seemed cruel, heartless, to bring the lad out into the storm but soon the quarters below deck would be untenable.

As he was wrapping Nancy up in a similar manner his wife asked through chafy lips, "Are we going down, Jim?"

He shook his head. "We'll never sink

# “ . . . and the truth shall make you free ”

*Humanity has never gone forward in its conquest of disease, save in the light of truth*

---

IN the beginning man suffered, and was afraid. He cried for help to the witch doctor. So Medicine was born—in magic and mystery. Slowly it tore away the veils of superstition. Slowly it found the truth—the truth that helps to free mankind from disease.

They say the age of magic is past. Yet many men believe they can free themselves from disease by charms and “cure-alls.” And there are those who use false claims for the medicinal products they make, to profit by such belief.

We hold these things to be true: no man, nor any company of men, has the

right to claim, for any medicinal product, a virtue which it does not possess; to create, in the minds of human beings who seek release from suffering, a hope that is built upon such claims.

To every man, or company of men, who holds the trust of making medicinal products to safeguard health and well-being, there has been given a responsibility—to maintain the highest standards of quality, the surest controls for safety that modern science makes possible.

Those who hold such a trust can fulfill it in only one way: by producing the finest medicinal products that can be made—and by providing them at the lowest possible price.

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with a holdful of lumber but—I'm afraid we're in for a bad time."

"I don't mind. It's only—Luther." "You'll have to shelter him the best you can." There came a jolt, a crash, as the after spar snapped and fell. "We're in God's hands now," said Burke.

About daylight the next morning the village of Smith's Head was aroused by the cry of "Shipwreck!" Somebody ran down the street shouting that the schooner was coming ashore at the Head, and instantly the hamlet awoke. Within a few minutes its entire population was streaming up the wagon track which crossed the ridge. Some carried blankets and supplies; others loaded a cart with rope and tackle and lashed the horses up the hill. Unfortunately, Smith's Head possessed no approved life-saving equipment.

Snow had ceased falling but the ground was white, and although the gale had pretty well spent itself the Atlantic was still in dreadful turmoil. A heavy sea out of the northeast was breaking furiously along the rocky shore and against the jutting Head enormous geysers spouted.

Those who first breathed the summit of the hogback pronounced the craft doomed. Already she was dangerously close in and they could look down upon her. She was a majestic hulk, a derelict which rose and fell with deck awash. How she managed to keep afloat at all was a mystery. The closer she drifted towards the outward bulge of the Head, the more inevitable became her fate.

Then some sharp-sighted housewife screamed, "Look! Yonder's a woman!" "Aye! And a child! Two children!" another shouted.

Up the road came the cartload of tackle; behind it rushed another wagon upon which had been loaded a fishing dory. Men and horses alike were panting. Swiftly the boat was slid down the steep hillside to the beach, but it was useless to launch it, for the reef only served to break the first force of the seas and at each receding wave it bared its black teeth. No boat, no human being could live among those rocks.

The Smith Headers could count the unfortunates: seven men, two children and a woman. Yes, and a dog. Plainly most of the crew were exhausted, for they had abandoned the pumps. When they moved it was with visible effort.

**T**HE SEA roared; the wind cut like a blade. At a snail's pace the derelict crept onward, fairly grazing the outer rim of the reef.

Then the captain was seen to quit his post. He was bending over the dog, tying something to his collar. That was it! He was making a line fast to the animal. Now he bore him to the rail and flung him overboard.

It was an action prompted by despair, for no dog could swim through that welter. He'd perish among the rocks. The onlookers uttered cries of pity.

Despair indeed had impelled Jim Burke to make this experiment, but Newfoundlanders have carried lines through a surf that would drown any ordinary dog. Perhaps Bidou could carry one ashore.

Ever since coming aboard, the animal had remained close to his little mistress. He did not comprehend the nature of the peril which beset her but he was ready for it. As he was borne struggling to the rail he heard her scream.

"Bidou! Bidou!" It was a wall of protest, of despair; the dog construed it as a summons. He rose to the surface, shook himself and swam back to the boat. He struggled to get aboard.

"Daddy! Bad Daddy!" came the child's agonized cry, and Bidou snarled at the blows which were rained upon him. Burke was yelling at him and frantically waving his arms; one of the crew had seized a pole and was pushing him off, striking at him. But it soon became evident that nothing would drive him away.

The Queen fetched up jarringly against some jut of the reef and hung there while a wave ran over her waist-deep, but she slid off and floated once more.

It was then that Jim Burke did a dreadful thing—a thing which for the moment caused his wife and the half-drowned members of his crew to think his mind had gone.

Even while the schooner was righting herself he scrambled to the stump of the mainmast, drew his knife and cut the lashings that held Nancy. His eyes were wild, his face was maniacal; his action was that of a madman indeed, for he tore off the slicker into which the child was buttoned and stripped her of the heavy clothing which she wore.

Ellen shrieked at him, "Jim! You mustn't! Oh—Jim!" His intention was plain, and she tore with numbed fingers at the knots which held her.

In terror Nancy struggled against her father's arm; shrilly she cried, "Daddy! Daddy!"

Twice a sob Burke strained her to his breast; then he kissed her frenziedly. As Mike Lynch, his mate, and Slim Carter lunged in his direction shouting to him, he lifted the child above his head and flung her out towards the reef.

"Bidou!" he yelled hoarsely. "Save her! Save Bidou!"

But there was no need to command the dog. Ever before the buoyancy of Nancy's clothing could bring her to the surface he had dived. He seized her by the upper arm; he rose and swam back towards the schooner holding her head high out of the water.

Burke seized the pike pole and smote the foam with it. "Go!" he bellowed. "Take her ashore! Damn you, swim!"

For an agonizing moment Bidou persisted in his attempt to board the schooner but Burke held him off, failing at him with the pole. Then he turned and headed shoreward, still swimming high. The heaving line knotted to his collar cut through the foam.

"Pay out! Give him slack!" the father roared. "Give him plenty, but not too much."

Bidou, it seemed, fully sensed the deadly peril of the churning waters that separated him from the shore, for he turned his massive head from side to side, appraising the situation. It appeared to daunt him, for he ceased swimming, seeming to tread water. By now the crew had been galvanized into life. They yelled encouragingly to him.

But Bidou's courage had not failed; his canine cunning and sagacity was at work. Walking until he beheld a tremendous roller bearing down upon him, he began suddenly to swim with all his mighty power. The wave lifted him and he rode its crest over the narrow barrier.

A score of men were breasting the surf to receive the dog and his burden. There was the clamor of many voices.

Jim Burke did not witness Bidou's arrival on the beach, for again the Queen's luck and this time she was fast. Her stout hull shivered, and for the moment his hands were full attending to Ellen and Luther. The crew were clinging now to whatever they could lay hands upon.

But Lynch and Carter were hauling at the heaving line, to the shoreward end of which had been tied a hawser. Burke joined his frantic efforts to theirs.

He was like a man in a nightmare. He dared not think of what he had done. If Nancy was drowned . . . Well, he'd drown himself. There would be nothing else to do. But there was now a chance to save these other lives.

Eventually the life line was made fast; then the shore end was borne up the bluff and securely anchored, a bosun's chair was rigged.

Ellen was placed in it first. Holding his sick son in his arms, Burke saw her begin her hazardous journey.

"You go next, Michael!" he shouted to his mate.

Lynch shook his head. "Some of the boys are near dead. I'll stay with you."

**Y**OU'RE the only one left who's able to carry Luther. God knows if the lad's still alive but—

The speaker choked. He groped inside his sodden jacket and handed a package to the mate. "It's the Christmas money, Michael. I thought if I'll live to spend it. You'll have to see."

"Look!" the mate shouted. "They've got her! She's ashore!"

Burke braced himself against the rail. His body was suddenly weak.

A few moments later Mike Lynch swung himself into the life-saving device and took the unconscious boy in his arms. They too, were hauled safely to the land. Then one by one, as the angry sea beat the schooner to pieces, the crew were taken off.

Burke was the last to go.

The good people of Newfoundland are accustomed to deeds of heroism and tales of hardship. The only published account of the near-tragedy at Smith's Head appeared in a St. John's paper:

#### Schooner Lost

The lumber schooner Queen, out of Bulls Cove, Jas. Burke, Skipper, went ashore at Smith's Head during the recent northeast gale.

Fortunately there was no loss of life. The only injury was sustained by the captain's daughter Nancy, who suffered a broken arm.

On Christmas morning, as a special treat to the convalescent children in the free ward of a hospital in St. John's, Bidou was allowed to call upon Luther Burke. Nancy, her left arm in splints, led him from one bedside to another, where thin hands stroked his massive head and pinched faces smiled at him.

The nurse explained, "This dog is a hero. He saved the lives of ten people." "He broke my arm, too!" Nancy said proudly. "But he didn't mean to. It doesn't hurt any more; it just itches. He's awful sorry."

As proof of this statement she moved her bandaged arm, and the dog gently licked her hand.

"Geel! I wish he was mine!" a little boy said, enviously and his words were echoed by others.

"Sins Claus forgot Luther's presents and mine," Nancy told them. "That's because we're away from home. But I don't care. He brought a collar for Bidou."

Ellen Burke glanced at her husband and there were tears in her eyes. Softly she said, "Thank you, Jim. We've got our baby—and Bidou."

Later, when it came time to leave, Burke swung his daughter up into his arms, whereupon the dog growled, showing his teeth.

"Buddy! Buddy!" the child exclaimed. "He isn't going to throw me away."

Burke swallowed a lump in his throat. He worried if the dog would ever learn to trust him again.

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## Out of the Frying Pan (Continued from page 53)

years of nights like tonight, filled with dread that grew on him every hour of the weary weeks of training.

And if he took Dannenberg tonight, he would be up there; he would be one of the four or five topnotch heavyweights, with a chance for a crack at the title. He would go on fighting, because of Doc and Mom and the kids, and because he didn't know any way to get out.

The fight tonight, which would put nearly ten thousand dollars in Mom Cahill's bank account, was the nightmare of all his fights for five years over again.

The crowd would be with Dannenberg, because they wanted blood and murder; because they had come to see a knock-out; because the crowds liked the big boys who could hit hard. They would be with Dannenberg, even though they knew he was a dirty fighter, a crooked fighter; even though they admitted Cahill was a clean, game kid. Cahill was a boxer.

Nonetheless Terry knew just how game he was. Because he was afraid—dreadfully afraid. He had seen Dannenberg send Jose Camarillo to the floor. It had taken three hours to bring Jose to. He had seen movies of that knock-out from which Eddie Schultz had died.

But he would be in there. He had to be in there. He would be in there with his speed against the big gorilla who had a knock-out in either hand.

His stomach felt sick with suspense. A thud on the floor, a howl from the crowd, jerked him upright, his pulses pounding. The last preliminary bout had ended in a knock-out.

Doc came in, trying to look calm. This fight meant everything to Doc. If Terry got the decision, it meant Doc would be up there in the big time again, trying to get a shot at the champ for his boy.

The house, Doc said, was more than a sell-out.

Terry stood still while they lazed his gloves. He went through the doorway smiling.

As he went up the steps into the ring, that surge of terrific confidence in himself came over him. Over his shoulder he said to Doc, "Sure, he can kill a guy with either hand, but he's got to hit the guy first, don't he?" The fans at the ringside saw him laugh.

The crowd gave him a roar of welcome. Terry was popular. He was a boxer, but he always gave them a good show.

He kept on his bright green bathrobe and stood in his corner, looking around, nonchalant, still smiling. It was the only time he saw the crowd, those few minutes before the first bell.

Through the haze of smoke that shifted lazily he saw the rows of people, and they seemed to be crawling toward him, as the sea crawls, in the intensity of their desire to see. His eyes dropped to the press and he eased himself up and down on the ropes.

Where was that Mac Farley? Mac was the man who always said Cahill didn't have a chance. That morning in his column he had said, "Maybe Dannenberg won't be able to hit Cahill tonight, but there are plenty of people who would say he's including the Olympic track team." If Cahill doesn't run away, there should be a knock-out before the seventh.

Had Farley guessed that every time Terry got in the ring he was hag-ridden by the fear that he might run away?

Mac was there, slightly bored, very well groomed. And suddenly Terry's blue eyes opened very wide.

There was a flame of color next to Mac Farley. A flame that lighted the press row; a flame that was a girl's hair. It fascinated him. It was like a surge of new life, like a sudden leap of blood through his veins.

He dropped his bathrobe, posed for pictures, related to the crowd. Little Manny Sarkis didn't suit him very well. Honest—but he was too small to be in there with heavyweights. He didn't give Terry the protection he needed; couldn't get the bigger man off him quickly enough in the clinches.

The lights went out. The crawling sea sank in darkness. There was only the white hot glare of lights upon a raised square, and within the ropes that bound it, two figures. Their gloves touched.

Dannenberg, the near-champ from Chicago, a brute of a man, square, powerful white, with heavy shoulders and great heavy arms—a man dangerous and impreachable.

Terry Cahill, tall, tanned, slim of waist and hips, his black head back a little, with fine long legs and sloping shoulders.

Terry watched, his left out carefully. And that wave of nauseating fear swept him again.

When Dannenberg leaped forward, lunged, and that murderous right—the right that had killed Eddie Schultz—came straight for the boy's head. But the dark head wasn't there. Terry had moved like a cat, instinctively.

And he was himself again, cool, wary, scientific.

Dannenberg snarled at him and Terry went in coolly, his face a mask; went in and jabbed his left hand three times over the gorilla's right eye. The crowd roared madly as Dannenberg's left hook smashed into Terry's head, flat stomach. Terry heard the roar. Contempt flooded his heart. Couldn't they see that his glove was between Dannenberg's fist and his own stomach?

He rushed Dannenberg over to the ropes, moving so fast, hitting so swiftly that the big fellow was bewildered. He kept that left in Dannenberg's eye, like a piston, always exactly on the same spot.

In the corner at the end of the round, he rested. There was such a little time between rounds. Only one minute, one precious, life-giving minute, free of menace and the necessity for defense against that murderer.

Terry always did the same thing between rounds. He took long breaths, relaxed his muscles, cooled his mouth.

Doc said something, but Terry never paid any attention to what Doc said in the ring. He was fighting his own fight. He knew what to do—if he could do it. The middle rounds didn't matter much. The psychology of crowds and referees was always the same. The start—and the finish. While he himself was still fresh and swift, he would sweep Dannenberg off his feet in those first rounds, cut him up. He could do it for two rounds—maybe three—before Dannenberg got started.

Then he would take the middle rounds easy, keep away, clinch, tie him up, rest as much as he could without getting the crowd and the referee sore. Everything depended on how much he could save, after that long defense, for the last two or three rounds, so that he could bring the crowd up cheering for him with a comeback of dazzling speed and a couple of right hands with all his stored strength behind them.

If he could do that—and not let Dannenberg hit him.

In the third round, Dannenberg caught him with a right to the stomach.

If he hadn't been going away, Terry knew that would have been the end. It hurt him as he had never been hurt in the ring before. He shifted and went in jabbing, hanging on until the referee pulled him away.

Terry didn't show the hurt. He still looked arrogant, almost amused, slightly contemptuous. He kept his mouth hard and straight.

From the fourth on he boxed coolly, carefully, brilliantly.

Harry Jones, the old-time sports expert, two seats from Remy, leaned over and said, "Not a son of a gun in this place knows what he's looking at. Corbett wasn't any prettier."

Somebody behind Remy shouted, "Get a bicycle, Cahill!"

Dannenberg was rushing madly, crashing after the elusive, turning, swaying figure that was always just out of his reach—hammering blows that found only Terry's elbows; shooting terrible punches at the boy's set jaw and finding only a glove.

Terry didn't run away all the time. He knew he couldn't do that. It would cost him the fight—the fight he wanted in his secret heart to lose so that he might be free of this hell. More, it would bring down upon him the ugly rage of the crowd. He stood up to it; he led—and in the sixth Dannenberg's right eye was puffed and swollen and black.

"You tired?" Doc said, between the sixth and seventh.

Doc never could tell about Terry, well as he knew the boy.

Terry said, "Say, I could play eighteen holes of golf right this minute."

In the opposite corner, Dannenberg was sitting forward on his stool, ready to leap. Terry, almost horizontal, coolly but desperately trying for every second of rest and air, nursing his slim young body for every ounce of energy, hated him with a sick resentment. His shoulders ached from the terrible weight of Dannenberg's body, which lay on him like a rock in the clinches. His legs ached like bolts. The long breaths came hard; they were hot, because his lungs were tired and because of the smoke.

HE LONGED for a breath of clean air, for time to draw it deep.

And in that second, for the first time in his life, Terry thought of something outside the fight itself, as though something came to him, drew him in a magnet. He thought of the flaming hair of the girl beside Mac Farley.

Under his arm, he looked down.

He saw the flame of hair and beneath it, in an incredible moment, he saw a small white face and eyes that met his and spoke. There was no time to know what they said, but they spoke to him and he felt a surge of blood that lifted him to his feet as the bell rang.

Instantly he knew that Dannenberg meant to make his supreme bid for a knock-out in this round.

As Terry came out of his corner, Dannenberg leaped at the bronzed figure. He drove his right, his left, his right, his left to Terry's kidney and leg and back, all sense gone from his brute face, nothing left in it but the animal desire of the killer for his kill.

Terry covered up, but the blows crashed through; they hurt him so that they drove him back. And the animal saw he was hurt—snarled and leaped.

Terry Cahill was fighting for his life

as he had never fought before. There was no time to think; speed, science were useless.

He was dizzy, sick, battered, smothered under the ferocity of the attack. He was driven back across the ring by a fury of blows that never ceased. He was powerless now in the hands of this man who was stronger, bigger, and who was wild with passion Terry could never know. The boy's lips were smashed back against his teeth and he tasted blood.

He pulled away frantically, tried to run, to clinch, but his head was rocked from one side to the other by iron fists until he felt his skull must crack. But it was the smash of those fists into his stomach that was unbearable, that stopped his heart and submerged him in panic-stricken fear of death. Pain swept him in heat waves; terrible pain.

His mind was whirling; he was no longer a man, no longer the clean, game kid, Terry Cahill. He was a body, striving to prevent annihilation.

Against the ropes the boy doubled up, swung forward, his face toward the canvas. Dannenberg, lips curled back, eyes not quite sane, knocked him upright, so that the white, expressionless face hung for a moment upon the gloved fist. Terry Cahill tottered a moment, arms down, eyes blind. Dannenberg hit him again, full, with all his 210 pounds behind the blow; hit him in the jaw and lifted him off his feet. The slim tanned body whirled in the air and fell back—hung against the ropes like a rag doll, and lay still upon the canvas.

The crowd screamed for the kill. The timekeeper was on his feet. "One—two—"

The bell rang wildly, trying to be heard above the roar of the crowd.

Mac Farley said, "Take it easy, Red. I got a microphone in front of me. You want all California to hear you?"

Remy Shanley clutched the edge of the ring just above her. Her hair was in wild disorder. She screamed at Mac, but he couldn't hear her. The crowd had gone mad. Jack Koenig, on her other side, was yelling into a telephone. "The bell saved Cahill from a knock-out. Dannenberg knocked the Irish boy from San Francisco clear across the ring with a right to the jaw. The bell saved him at the count of two. They're working on him."

MAC SAW that Remy Shanley was weeping. She said, "He mustn't go back in there. He's hurt. Good Lord, Mac, they won't let him go back in there with that murderer, will they? He mustn't!"

Into the microphone, Mac Farley said calmly, "We're waiting to see whether Terry Cahill will be able to answer the bell for the next round."

Remy said passionately, "How can he? It's too much. They oughtn't to ask that of anyone. That boy—"

The referee went over and looked at Terry Cahill. The boy was sitting up now. His eyes were blank. He looked up at the referee and grinned. He looked down at the red head and winked. That scared Doc—the boy was still out. The referee was worried. The crowd yelled. "Let him go on! Don't stop it, Manny. He's all right. Let's see the finish."

"You all right?" the referee asked Terry. Terry said, "Sure I'm all right."

Remy's fingers cut into Mac's arm. "Terry," she said, "don't go back!"

She saw him wink at her. He can't possibly know what he's doing, she thought, and felt a fear like a mother's fear clutch at her heart.

"Take it easy, Red," said Mac. "It's only a prize fight. Don't get all worked

up because this palooka's good-looking."

"It's not that," said Remy. "He isn't a palooka. He oughtn't to be a fighter. Somebody ought to make him stop—before terrible things happen to him. You know what it'll do to him—and he's nice. He's—oh, he's going back! How can he, after that? How can he just get up and go back in there to be—killed again?"

"It takes guts," Mac admitted. "Into the ring," said Cahill on his feet. The seconds are out of the ring. Cahill's in bad shape. It won't be long now. There goes the bell."

Terry came out at the bell like the flash of a rapier.

Now the blood was pouring down Dannenberg's face. Cahill had opened up that right eye.

"Let go that right, Terry," said Remy. "Let it go now, if you're ever going to." Cahill's right crashed through; that hoarded punch landed solid. The blood spurted from Dannenberg's nose, and Remy took a great breath that seemed to fill the whole body with fire.

Mac Farley looked at her sideways. Usually it annoyed Mac when women yelled at prize fights. Remy never had. Red had always been a good kid and a good-looking kid; he'd had a yen for her for two years, and much good it had done him! Now a mysterious something had awoken in her face had made her the promise of her flaming hair, and she was beautiful. For the first time he thought what a wife she would make for a man she loved.

"Cahill's round," yelled Jack Koenig into his phone. "I said Cahill won the eighth. He cut Dannenberg up plenty." Remy was silent, motionless, molded in some terrible suspense. Her eyes never left the boy in his corner. His lips were puffed; his face had a swollen, beaten look; his eyes were half shut. Fury shook her. The waste—the hideous waste!

The ninth slowed up. They were waiting.

Before the tenth, Mac said into his mike, "Cahill's fighting a great fight. He's shown unbelievable courage. Never saw such gameness in the ring. But he can't hit hard enough to knock Dannenberg out, and Danny is always dangerous. Danny can still knock him out in the tenth—probably will. The kid's all in."

Nobody who saw it ever forgot that tenth round. As long as he lived, Terry Cahill never forgot it.

There was a sobbing inside him that would not cease. There was pain in his head that was driving him mad.

He knew how the rounds stood. He had been saved from a knock-out by the bell, but he came back would count—if he could win the last round.

He didn't remember the eighth at all. He never remembered it. He had a vague idea about the ninth. He was still sick with horror from that beating in the seventh; he remembered only that.

And now he had to carry the fight to that gorilla. He had to make him bleed some more, and the sight of blood made him cringe. And all the time he was fighting, cruelly, craftily, driven beyond his strength but still going on.

Forcing the pace, and the pace was hotter than he could stand, going forward on leaden feet, never taking his eyes off those matching guns.

Doc nodded. One minute gone. Still time. Dannenberg moved forward, crouching, weaving, as Dempsey used to weave, taking the painful jabs, looking for that one opening he needed, that one fraction of a second when the boy before him would be still.

He moved forward, remorseless, determined, ready to pour all his strength behind that one blow.

Terry's heart and blood and brain said, "Here it comes."

Oh, he could get away, all right. He could run so that this brute could never catch him. He could save himself—and lose the fight. Lose more than the fight.

There was only one way to win—to win the victory that meant he must go on fighting and perhaps some day meet Mac Baer, another man with machine guns. He had to give Dannenberg a chance for a knock-out. He had to stand up and knock Dannenberg back if he could. It was his only chance.

STANDING THERE, he knew that he would never run away. He was no longer afraid of his fear. But he was afraid of Dannenberg.

"He did it," said Remy Shanley. Her eyes didn't leave the bruised, bloody boy. "He knocked him back. Oh, where's that bell?"

"There it goes," said Mac Farley. "There's the bell that ends one of the greatest fights anybody ever saw. Dannenberg's cut to ribbons. Cahill's practically out on his feet; he looks sick. We'll give you the decision. Referee Saries walks over. It's Cahill! He's raising Cahill's right hand. The crowd doesn't like it; they're booing the decision."

It sounded like an insane asylum. They were storming the ring. The sports writers were phoning their flash leads. Mac shoved aside the mike and picked up his office phone.

Remy said, "He mustn't ever have to do that again. Nobody ought to take that."

Mac said, "Give me the sport desk. . . . Hell, he might be a champ some day. He's a great boxer. Tunney got to be champ. . . . Jim? This is Mac. Cahill got the decision. Here's your lead: 'After being knocked senseless in the seventh, Terry Cahill came back.'"

He finished his lead. He put on his hat and looked around. The crowd was going out slowly. The ring was deserted. He looked for Red.

"Hey, you, Red," he said loudly.

Doc Crandall came up the steps from the cellar dressing rooms. He looked bewildered. He said, "Mac, come here a minute."

Mac saw first the flame of her hair that lighted the dingy room. Then he saw Terry. They were sitting on the rubbing table. Remy's arms were about him; she was holding him against her breast, and Terry Cahill was sobbing his heart out, sobbing like a boy who has been terribly hurt. Her hand stroked his hair gently, with an age-old gesture. She said, "There, there."

Remy looked up. She saw Mac. "You got to hell out of here," she said.

On their way up the steps, Mac said, "Well, you're losing a good boy, Doc. I've seen it happen now and again—happened to me once, when I was young. And I know that redhead. What the hell—those synthetic champs are never any good, even when they're champs. Get yourself a slugger, Doc."

Rex Shanley really did not object when his little sister married a prize fighter who might one day be champion of the world, though he said to her jestingly, just after the wedding, "It looks to me like out of the frying pan into the fire, my dear. The fight racket isn't much better than Hollywood, you know."

But later he was very angry with her indeed, and that was a little story he gained from a sister and brother-in-law who ran a fruit farm and had a baby every year.

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## Thin Air by Mildred Cram (Continued from page 37)

gathered strength and speed. Al Kanarcki banked a sum.

Then, suddenly, it got the kid. Maybe it was all too easy; too soft; too soon. He received several hundred thousand invitations, written on scented notepaper, to go to hell. Beautiful women gave him the key, whispering that he'd sing with more soul if he had experience.

He began to drink. He kept away from old Minotti and from the Metropolitan. His cronies were jazz composers, adept at making bad music sound important. He sang their stuff without trying, and people who didn't know any better faltered in coils. His fan mail ran into the hundreds of thousands. Jan was America's Sweetheart.

AL KANARCKI was too busy making a success of Jan Kiskewski to notice that what made him successful was peeling off. Jan King was fresh and clean and unspoiled, until he woke up one day to the fact that he could have anything he wanted. Anything!

"You'd better slow down," Al Kanarcki warned him.

They were having eleven-o'clock breakfast on the terrace of their apartment. Al in pure-silk pajamas and a white lounging robe and sandals, was getting away with a stack of waffles and a plate of bacon. Jan was nibbling at a gin rickey. He had circles under his eyes and his smile was out of order.

"What you been doing?"

"Helling around," Jan said.

"Well, you'd better cut it out. You can't be to a microphone or a camera. Those babies pick up helling the same as magnets pick up pins. Listen, kid. It don't pay. Remember this: you can't go on forever making up for lost sleep. You're on your way up."

"How—up?"

"Concert. Opera. The Metropolitan."

"Not me!"

Jan stretched, both arms above his head. He yawned, and Al saw the magnificent roof of his mouth—arched like a Gothic chapel. In a flash, Al saw the next step. He saw Jan Kiskewski in the white robes of Parsifal, the chain mail of Lohengrin; he saw the horseshoe circle—white gloves, diamonds, plush and orchids; he heard the surge of violins and Jan's voice shaking the crystal chandeliers.

"Not me," Jan said. "Once upon a time, maybe. But you made me into a crooner. And I like it, you so-and-so! You can't save me. You'd better not try."

He got to his feet, staggering. He didn't look young any more. He sagged in the middle and his chin was too fat. But Al Kanarcki was as lean and as hard and as sleek as ever. Al was the celebrity! Al was the success. It was Al who batted on fame. It was Al who was chosen, anointed and special. Jan's fame sat upon Al's brow. He wore the laurel. He walked among the immortals—a milk-fed god on Olympus.

And now, out of thin air, came the warning. And Nora!

One day she sent in her name, with a letter from Roxey. "See this girl! She may have a 'rod. She needs someone like you to explain that being pretty and talented isn't enough."

Al read the letter and tossed it aside. "Tell her I'm busy," he said to the luscious secretary, Schaeffer. "Tell her anything, but keep her away from me." Schaeffer spun on a spike heel.

But Jan retrieved the letter. "Roxey says she's pretty. Let her in! She may

be just the inspiration I'm waiting for."

"Okay."

And Nora came in.

She was pretty—in a new way. Built like a swan. With a proud sort of head and tight ears and tipped-up nose and a mouth for kissing. The minute she came into his office, he knew. Here was the woman for whom he'd been saving himself. The one and only.

"Mr. Kanarcki?" she said, in one of those husky sopranos. "I'm Nora Wyman. Mr. Rothafel sent me. I sang for him. He thought—"

Then, all of a sudden, she saw Jan. They stared at each other. Slowly, staring at her. Jan got to his feet. And such is the miracle of sex, he didn't seem to sag in the middle and his chin forgot to be fat. He was the golden youth again. Color ran through his tired flesh. Right there under Al Kanarcki's watchful eyes, he came to life.

"Sit down!" Al snapped. "What's this about a voice?"

She tore her eyes away from Jan King and fixed them on Al Kanarcki's face. That dead pan. She couldn't guess that she was tearing him into little pieces.

She told them she wanted to find a teacher, and a manager. People said she had a future, a future. But she hadn't any money. She lived in a small town in Connecticut, not far from Danbury, with her mother and her three brothers. They all worked. She herself had a job in one of the Danbury factories—typing. She was a fair typist, but her heart wasn't in it. She wanted to sing. She had studied a little, with a local teacher. People said she had a voice like Ponselle's—big and sweet and true. After a while, she began to believe they might be right. Someone gave her a letter to Rothafel.

"I was so scared, my voice stuck in my throat. But I sang for him, one day last week, and he sent me to you. He said you'd tell me what I ought to do. If you think I'm no good..." She smiled at them. "I'll sing for you if you like," she said. And she did.

So, for the second time, Al Kanarcki stumbled upon buried treasure. There it was, spilling gold coins. All he had to do was to scoop it up in both hands, and spend it.

Not only her voice, her glorious, warm, human voice. Nora Wyman herself. Straight as a string; sound and beautiful and clean.

Al Kanarcki fell in love with her.

How do you account for love? The psychologists have one name for it, the scientists another. But the thing that took hold of Al Kanarcki was what the poets are pleased to believe love is all about. He wanted to put this girl behind him and lash out with his sword at all contenders. He wanted to give her the world, wrapped up in tissue paper. He wanted to take all the knocks.

Al Kanarcki thought fast and worked faster. He had to. This girl was a new drink to Jan Kiskewski who had forgotten God makes decent women. Jan had fallen into the habit of testing his charm on all comers, just to see if it worked. He wasn't in love with Nora Wyman. When he looked into those clear gray eyes, he saw his own reflection. But she was crazy about him, like a kid with her first crush, all flushed and starry and breathless.

"You lay off Nora Wyman," Al Kanarcki wanted to say. "Let me have this one thing. You've got all the rest."

But he had to keep still and watch Jan making love to her. It began that first day, the day she sang for them.

"She's marvelous," Jan said. "A knock-out. Isn't she, Al?"

"I don't know," Al Kanarcki said slowly. "Maybe I can get Minotti to give her a hearing. I'll ask him." He turned to Nora Wyman. "You come back Friday, the same time. If Minotti's game, I'll take you over there."

She held out her hand. Al's fingers closed over hers. Her clasp was firm and strong and warm, and all the blood in his body turned and ran the wrong way.

"You're very kind," she said. Her eyes flew back to the golden tenor, the fabulous one. "Both of you. Friday, then?"

She went to pick up her shabby coat, but Jan got there first.

"Will you lunch with me?" he asked.

"I can't," she said. "I've got to get back to my job."

"How you going?"

"On the train."

"No, you're kidding. I'm driving you—"

"Nothin' doing," Al Kanarcki interrupted. "Rehearsal at five. I'll go."

Something in his voice made Nora Wyman look at him. She was the first woman in Al's life. Maybe she guessed.

"If you don't mind," she said quickly, "I'll take the train. I'm used to it. Thank you both very much."

But Jan grabbed his hat and followed her. He drove her all the way to Danbury, too, and left her at the factory door. There were orchids on her shoulder and laughter in her eyes. Back in New York an orchestra of eighty men waited from five o'clock until seven-thirty for the greatest crooner of them all.

Al called his car and drove downtown to Minotti's studio. He hadn't been there for three years. And it was just his luck to find the old Italian broke, weeping over a dispossession notice.

Al Kanarcki offered Minotti five thousand dollars, on one condition. Minotti was to get Jan ready for the Metropolitan.

Minotti was weak from lack of food, but he could still roar. "Three years ago, maybe! Jan had a fine voice. He felt music in his heart. But now!"

"Take it or leave it," said Al. He held the check for five thousand dollars between thumb and forefinger.

"Very well," old Minotti said at last. "I'll do my best. But he sings like a cow!"

Al Kanarcki put the check on the table. He picked up his hat, his gloves, his stick.

"One thing more," he said, at the door. "I'm sending you a girl, Friday. She'll sing for you. No matter what you think, you tell her she's a good 'rod. Tell her she hasn't a chance. See?" Al Kanarcki smiled. "That's not much to do," he added smoothly, "for five thousand dollars."

THAT NIGHT, when Jan got back from Danbury, he found Al playing the phonograph, automatic records, listening to the place. Divine sound filled the apartment. "What's the big idea?" Jan wanted to know. He helped himself to Scotch. "That girl's okay," he said. "They don't come prettier. Too damned virtuous, if you're asking me."

"I'm not asking you," Al said.

"Well, I'm asking you, anyhow. How much you want to bet I can—"

"I'm not betting," Al interrupted.

"Inside a week! All I've got to do is crook my little finger—see?—like that!"

"You think so?" Al said.

"I know so. Tomorrow, I drive out there—moonlight; a few gentle kisses. Wednesday, she comes to town. We dine;

# A MARTINI ISN'T THE ONLY USE FOR VERMOUTH



## [ ALTHOUGH IT'S A VERY GOOD ONE ]

• No doubt of it, the Martini has become the Great American Cocktail. Scouts tell us it is twice as popular as either of the runners-up, the Manhattan or Old Fashioned. And since Vermouth is the best of all apéritifs, this popularity seems deserved.

But Vermouth is versatile. You're not making the most of a faithful friend unless you know its other classic uses—these especially:

### The Continental "Mixed Vermouth"

Especially popular in France but so good it has disregarded national boundaries. It is nice as a change from cocktails and a boon to people who find cocktails too strong. Half "Italy", half "Dry"—iced or not as you prefer. It is convenient to have a decanter of it on hand.

### The Mild "Americano"

It really is mild—not much stronger than beer. And, therefore, many thoughtful hosts are serving it as an

alternate with beer for the benefit of non-beer drinkers. A pony or two of "Italy" Vermouth, several dashes of bitters, twist of lemon peel, fill up with ice and seltzer. It started in Italy but its merit has propelled it all over the world. A grand, useful drink.

### The Parisian "Vermouth Cassis"

Sweet-tart, really delicious, this drink is as much a part of Paris as the Champs Elysée. In a tall glass put two ponies of "Dry" Vermouth, one of Crème de Cassis (black currant liqueur), fill up with ice and seltzer—and you have a drink for which the French would be willing to start a political party. Try it and see if the French taste doesn't match your own.

[Of course you know how to make a Martini—but just in case: 2 gin, 1 "Italy" Vermouth. Perhaps, though, you might prefer the one used at the Yale Club in New York: 2 gin, ¼ "Italy", ½ "Dry" Vermouth.]

As you may have gathered, when we say "Vermouth" we mean Martini & Rossi Vermouth, which is the standard all over the world and has been for generations. Martini & Rossi literally covers the globe. It has warehouses and branch offices in 117 cities, from Oslo to Shanghai.

But while Vermouth means Martini & Rossi to most people, it is best to be on the safe side and specify it when you order in stores or restaurants. Because Vermouths differ like everything else and poor Vermouth has spoiled many a drink.

Remember there are ONLY TWO KINDS OF VERMOUTH—ITALY AND DRY—AND MARTINI & ROSSI MAKES BOTH.

**MARTINI**  
AND ROSSI  
**VERMOUTH**

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we dance; I send her home. No kisses. Thursday, I send a box of orchids and a letter. Friday, Minotti tells her she has a great voice. She's thrilled. So I get her up here, and you clear out. Champagne; low lights; flowers; a few more kisses—and it's all over."

"Is it?" Al said. "Afterwards, how do you get rid of her?"

"How do I get rid of all of them?" Jan grinned. He took down the glass of Scotch in his hand. "I'm just not interested any more." Suddenly he met Al's eyes. "Say, haven't you ever fallen for a woman?"

"I'm too busy," Al said.

"It's great, while it lasts. The trouble is, it doesn't last. They're so lovely in the beginning—before you're tripped 'em! Like this girl. She had me going tonight. The way I used to feel about 'em, before . . . You get so damned stale. That's the trouble."

"Yeah," Al said.

"They're all alike, after—"

"That's where you're wrong."

Suddenly Al got up. He couldn't stand the sight of that beautiful, dissipated phiz, because he remembered the young Jan Kiskowski of three years ago.

"Maybe this one won't fall for you," he said. Al didn't drink, but now he poured a stiff one and tossed it off.

"That's just it," Jan said. "She will. You see, I kissed her. She liked it. They all do. Because I'm Jan King."

"You're Jan King, are you?" Al said. "And who the hell's Jan King?"

Jan looked up. For a second, he was frightened. "Well," he said, "I'm Jan King. What about you?"

"Minotti says you sing like a cow," Al braced himself. "He says you're a freak. Maybe you've heard some of the crooner jokes?"

"Shut up!"

"Okay. Only, I was thinking. You could still show 'em."

Jan Kiskowski took his head in his hands; he buried his fingers deep in the gold of his hair.

"You could still make the big fellows hand it to you," Al continued. "You could wash off the jazz, clean up, grab some laurel for yourself."

**S**UDDENLY Jan Kiskowski raised his head. His face was a map of despair. Then he fell back again and sobbed into the cushions on the thousand-dollar sofa. "It's too late," he kept saying, over and over, "too late, too late."

Al stood there, staring down at the bell hop he had made famous when he might have made him great! In a flash, he looked into the depths. He had learned, at last, the truth about Fame.

Fame in ermine and diamonds. Fame with painted lips and stark eyes. Fame, like this, in the last reaches of lost desire. He had learned, at last, that fame is no panacea for corruption.

Al Kanarcki licked his lips. "I'm telling you, you mug." "You keep away from Nora Wyman. She's out of this. She stays out!"

Jan King rolled over on his back. "So that's it!"

"Yeah, that's it. I'm in love with her." "Not a chance," Jan laughed. "Not a chance!"

He lurched to his feet; made a grab for the whisky bottle. But Al caught and held him; let him make and strike and curse until he was worn out. Then Al threw him down on the sofa again and went to bed.

Morning. And it began all over again. Rehearsal. Interviews. Broadcast. Rehearsal again. Concert. Another broadcast. It took three secretaries to get the

telephone calls in and out. Lady reporters. Press agents. Composers. Police blackmilers. Lewdly women. And through it all, Jan King the living image of success—pouring forth that glorious voice, spilling gold coins, throwing himself away.

Al Kanarcki had undressed the skeleton. He saw what he had for what it was. Now he was obsessed with the idea the bank-president, Nora Wyman, from the success that had destroyed Jan King.

Friday, she sang for old Minotti.

Afterwards she came back to Al Kanarcki's office. Her dreams were dead in her eyes. "He told me I hadn't a chance," she said. "So that's that."

Al Kanarcki faced her from behind the bank-president desk and the three telephones and the glass-and-malachite clock. He was trying to see beyond the bleak gray of her eyes. When her lips trembled, he felt his heart twist, squeezed dry.

"What'll you do?" he said. "Go back to your job?"

"I can't. Yesterday, I quit. I was so sure. I believed in myself, maybe because Jan believed in me. Now, of course—" She made a little helpless gesture. "Now, of course, he won't."

Al's hands were clenched. "You think a lot of Jan, don't you?"

She flushed. The warm blood flowed over her beautiful face, but she met Al's eyes square on. "Yes, I do."

"Of course you know—" Al began.

One of the phones tinkled, and, as he lifted the receiver, he spoke sideways: "Jan's going to the Metropolitan in the fall. Keep this under your hat, of course."

"Hello?"

"Is Nora Wyman there?" Jan called.

"Don't let her go!"

Al raised innocent eyes and studied the ceiling. "Oh," he said. "It's you."

"I'm at the studio! You keep her there, you egg. You double-crossing—"

"Okay!" Al said. "Glad to oblige."

As he replaced the receiver, Nora Wyman rose. Resolve had lightened her lips, drained her face of color.

"I'll be going," she said, "before Jan comes. You understand, don't you? He thought I was worth caring about. I'm not. I'm not even a third-rate typist any more. It's funny, isn't it, how we let ourselves dream great dreams?"

"Yeah," Al said. "It beats all." He reached for the phone again. "Wait a minute. I'll tell my driver to take you home."

"No! Please!"

"Not a bit of trouble."

Could she hear his heart thumping? He wondered. He had a vision of his own, all mixed up and crazy and swell. Himself and Nora Wyman, together in a little house with rose vines.

He looked at her, thinking these things, but his pan was as flat as pans come. "Then you're not going to see Jan any more?" he said.

"No." She shook her head. "No. I can't. You see, I haven't anything to give him. I've even a voice." She held out her hand. "Good-by."

Al went with her to the door. "I'll tell Jan you couldn't wait."

"Please," she said. She turned and looked around the room, the way women do when they want to remember. The chair Jan sat in, that first day. Jan's photograph, smiling, on the mantel. "Thank you," she said, "for everything."

Al Kanarcki let her go.

He thought he had everything timed to a split second. His big black car waited down below. Nora Wyman would be out of Jan's reach in ten minutes. It would be easy, then, to shanghai Jan Kiskowski and dump him aboard the Ile

de France, bound for Havre. "Famous crooner in nervous breakdown; overwork cracks Jan King." The news was set! A dozen press agents waited to go into action. A scoop, hand-spun—the invention of Al Kanarcki, who also cherished a pair of tickets and two passports and a thousand in cash.

He was taking no chances, or thought he wasn't.

Al was sick, all right. But this time, Jan was sicker.

Al was talking to his valet about the luggage, the receiver against his ear, when the chauffeur burst in.

"The young lady's gone, sir! Mr. King drove up in the roadster."

"Damn! Well, follow them. And telephone me."

"Here, sir?"

"The apartment."

"Very good, sir." The chauffeur hesitated. "You're sailing tonight, sir?"

"How do I know? Get out! Do what you're told!"

**A**L KANARCKI went back to the apartment. He sat down to wait. His imagination had wings and feet and Diesel engines. He knew how Jan worked. He'd seen him at it. The magic of his name. The caress of his voice. Promises. Evasion. A sudden, rapturous unfolding.

The chauffeur telephoned; he had lost the roadster in Greenwich.

"Keep on, you mug!"

"Very good, sir."

The army of press agents telephoned: "When do we release the sailing item?"

"Wait."

The studio phoned: "Where's King?"

"He's sick."

"He's on, is he? Don't you know he goes on the air at ten-thirty? He's sick too damned much lately. He's slipping, if you ask me."

Al hung up.

The phone went right on ringing every half minute until midnight. But then, it always did. This was success; this was celebrity; this was what Al had wanted. Only now, horribly, he saw it for what it was. Scavengers! Buzzards! Harpies! What were they after? Jan's blood; his secret; his radiance; his genius. Well, now they had what they wanted; they'd drained him. The feast was over.

The chauffeur, chasing up blind roads, didn't call again. But the police did.

They found Jan King's green-and-silver roadster, upside down, smashed and twisted, in a ditch. Jan was dead. A girl—Nora Wyman—not hurt.

"What are your instructions?"

"Bring him—here," Al Kanarcki said. "Not home! Here!"

Then he really caught up with Al Kanarcki. The day of the funeral, they had to barricade the doors against the mob.

Broadway rain-swept, and the crowd milling and shoving and fighting. A city block roped off. Mounted police moving them back, closing in, scattering them. The champagne exploded. Flowers shredded by frantic hands. Broken glass. The roar of the gang outside; a quivering organ within.

Extra! Extra!


A million smiling photographs. Jan King—a million hysterical columns. Biographical. Obituary. Bunk.

Through it all, Al Kanarcki, with a crane band on his sleeve. Three days—the center of the universe!

The cemetery at last. A battery of motion-picture cameras in the rain; flashlights exploding; a great procession of limousines crawling in, rushing out again as soon as it was over!

Al Kanarcki went back, alone, to the

# Intimate!



A TABLE FOR TWO... with sparkle of crystal, shimmer of napery... personal attention from the *maitre d'hôtel*... lilting strains of a Viennese waltz... and a lady, *perfumed*, *glamorous*... of whom her escort is obviously proud. All of it exists for her and she glorifies the setting—for there is a radiance, an alluring, sweetly persuasive fragrance—Coty's *L'Aimant*—that distinguishes her and makes her seem more lovely. Coty has this *flair* for creating fine Perfumes which really heighten charm, and give "point" to personality. Indeed, there's almost nothing that money can buy which equals the power of a few drops of a delightful Coty *Perfume* to give one that joyous consciousness of being a lovely, desirable—and *desired*—woman! Find your favorite Coty *odeur*—at good shops!



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silent apartment. He sat down, expecting the telephone to ring. Did it ring? Not a tink. Not that day, or the next, or the next. Jan King was dead, and that was that.

Did heads pivot when Al Kanarcki passed? They did not. And the world went right on.

On the fifth day, Nora Wyman came. Al Kanarcki had been sitting since nine in the morning at his desk. The three secretaries waited for orders; the telephones were dumb. Nothing came in the mail except bills, folders and junk.

"Send her in," Al said.

She was pale. Her eyes proved that she had done a lot of crying. But the look she gave Al when she came into the room was as honest, as clear as ever.

She put a little bunch of flowers on the desk before him. Country flowers: clove pinks and daisies and asters, warm from her fingers.

"These are for you," she said, with a funny break in her voice.

Al didn't touch the flowers. He stared at her, his face as white as hers. "I see," he said. "The goose and the golden eggs and all the rest of it."

"I didn't mean that," Nora said.

"What did you mean? Why bring me flowers? Jan's the one who's dead."

She sat down in the visitor's chair. And both thought of the day she came with Rothafel's letter. "If anyone deserves flowers," she said, "it's us."

Al's eyes glazed with tears. "You loved him a hell of a lot, didn't you?"

Nora Wyman closed her eyes. She didn't answer.

"Funny," Al Kanarcki said; "so did I."

And suddenly he crumpled up, his head in his arms.

Nora Wyman leaned forward across the desk, as if she were going to put her hand on that sleek, black cap of hair. But Al looked up, and she snatched her hands back into her lap.

"What happened that night?" He grabbed her arms. "Not what you told the police—that blowout gag? I want the truth. What did happen?"

Nora Wyman shook her head, but she didn't say anything. And after a minute Al let her go.

"Okay. You needn't. He dragged out a handkerchief and wiped away the difficult, scarring tears. "What you going to do—now?"

"Work."

"Got a job?"

"Yes. They took me back."

"Yes, you—don't you ever—sing?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Minotti said I wasn't a singer."

"That's so." Al let the lie sink in, deep.

Nora got up. "And what are you going to do?" she said.

"Who? Me?"

Al stared around the room as if he'd never seen it before. The empty white leather chairs. The framed photographs of Jan King. The mute telephones. The desk, cleared for action. The clock of glass and malchite, ticking off the hours.

His eyes came back to Nora Wyman. "You'd be surprised," he said.

"Well, then." She offered her hand. "Good-by."

He wanted to hang on, the way a drowning man hangs on. But he knew it wasn't any good. Letting go, he sank into the depths of his loneliness, his resolve. "Good-by. And good luck. I'll be seeing you."

"That's a promise," she said. At the door, she turned. "You'd better put those flowers into a glass of water, or something," she said. "They'll fade."

It took Al six months to run down Jan Kiskowski's relatives. A crazy paper-junk that led him from Calabria to Trieste and from Trieste to a Polish village near Bialystok. There he found Jan's mother, a withered peasant living in a stable along with her half-starved cow and a dozen chickens and a sick rooster and her old man, Jan's father.

Al Kanarcki finally explained that he had sent them news of their son.

"Which son?"

"The one in America."

The old woman scratched her head. "Oh. Him. He was a bad boy. He ran away from home."

Al Kanarcki regretted to tell them that their son was dead. "As his friend, I have come to turn over to you his life's earnings. They amount, in American money, to one million, six hundred thousand and forty-one dollars."

When the interpreter translated this sum into Polish, Jan Kiskowski's old man got down and rolled on the floor.

And Al Kanarcki, broke, went back to New York.

He had nothing but a trunkful of clothes, a boxful of hats and the need to see Nora Wyman. All this time, sleeping and waking, on trains and boats and in dingy foreign hotels, he'd been cutting back to old Minotti listening to Nora Wyman sing and selling a five-thousand-dollar lie. And so, Al borrowed the fare to Danbury from Bert Cohen, Artists' Representative.

"I can't believe it," Cohen said. "You must've made a fortune out of that bell hop. And here you are, with him not cold, asking for a loan. Take it. But don't expect any pity."

It was spring in Connecticut. Al Kanarcki found Nora Wyman's house up a dirt road and back in a meadow.

Nora Wyman was sitting on the front steps, her chin in her hands, staring straight at spring as if she couldn't bear it. And when Al saw her, he knew it was no use. He loved her—forever.

He wanted to tell her about old Minotti. But he couldn't, seeing her there with her dreams still in her eyes.

"Now I know," he said, "why you wouldn't tell me what happened, that night. You and Jan."

"No," she said, "you don't know. He was drunk. And he tried to kiss me. Maybe it was my hand on the wheel."

"You needn't try to take the blame," Al said. "I know whose fault it was."

Then he told her about Jan King's people, over in Poland.

"You gave them everything?"

"Sure. None of that money belonged to me. I owed them every cent. Their son might have been a great singer. They might have put up statues, back in that village, to Jan Kiskowski, artist. They aren't putting up any statues to Jan King, crooner! And whose fault is that?"

"Not yours."

"Not mine."

Nora Wyman stared at him. She was trying to see behind that dead pan of his to the essential works—what it was that made his heart tick. "Will you stay to supper?" she asked. "We're having baked beans and hot biscuits and apple pie and coffee."

That was the beginning. It went on all summer, he trying to tell her about Minotti, and she asking him to supper.

Mr. Cohen gave Al Kanarcki his old job. Forty a week. Enough for a room in the brownstone prairies north of Forty-sixth, and hot-towel facials once a week. Saturday.

Saturday night, he'd sit with Nora Wyman on the porch, listening to the two frogs and the crickets and trying

to tell her she could be the greatest singer in the world.

But that meant an end of dreams. It meant empire and orchids and diamonds and the cruel fight, bitter, relentless, to hold the pinnacle. It meant white flesh made whiter, and red lips dyed redder, and love lost in the crowd.

Then one day Nora Wyman said she'd marry him. She offered service and friendship and faith to the man without a reputation, that anonymous celebrity, Al Kanarcki. She loved him.

After all, she'd spent a night of blind terror in a speeding car with a famous boy whose soul was shot full of holes. She had looked on pleasure's face and hadn't liked it. Jan Kiskowski had tried—violently—to take her all the way down, but Al Kanarcki buckled on his rusty chain-mail and rode into life, her gerdon on his arm.

She was woman enough to get the difference, and she told him so.

Al kissed her and she kissed him back. "We'll have to live pretty cheap, at first," he said, his hand on her head.

"Okay. I'm used to it," Nora said. "You can't scare me!"

Cut to the wedding scene:

Nora, ready. In white, with a cloudy veil. The most beautiful bride Al had ever seen, even in those dreams of his.

She came down the aisle, her face lifted to kiss him. But he couldn't go on, knowing he'd lied to her. He took her into the parlor and shut the door and let her see his miserable, tortured eyes.

"I've got to tell you," he said, "now, before it's too late. When you hear what it is, you can't want to marry me. I bribed Minotti—five thousand dollars—to say you couldn't sing."

"Why?"

"I wanted you for myself."

A funny look passed across her eyes. A sort of ecstasy. "Can I sing?" she said.

"Minotti told me yesterday you could be the greatest in the world. He said in five years you'd be at the Metropolitan, a star. He said—"

"Why are you telling me this now?"

Nora's cheeks flamed. Her eyes were like stars. Her breath was quick.

"I've lost you," Al said.

He lifted his arms, let them fall heavily at his sides, and his head turned away. He couldn't face the vision of this radiant Nora looking into the future, hearing the applause of the multitude, seeing herself on the pedestal!

AL WENT OUT OF THE door without a backward glance, and closed it upon his only hope of happiness.

Nora's mother and the three brothers were standing in the hall, all dressed up for the wedding. Owl-eyed.

"It's o.k.," Al said. His voice rasped.

"Ask Nora. She'll tell you why."

He was halfway down the porch steps when Nora caught him. Caught him and slapped him and kissed him and cried all over his wedding vest.

"You fool, you fool," she kept saying, "you darling fool. Maybe I'll sing some love songs. Maybe I'll hum some lullabies. But it's not fame I want. Statues in Danbury. It's not success I want. It's you. You! To take care of me; to love me; to think I'm great. Nora Wyman, artist, in her best role: wife—and mother."

Al grabbed her. "You're signing up, anyway?"

"Sure, you fool! What did you think? Nora Wyman—exclusive management—Al Kanarcki!"

And rush of them cried all through the wedding ceremony.

They were that happy.

# Only one perfume has this timeless, enduring charm



A THOUSAND perfumes have come and had their day and gone, since women first learned the magic of a subtle fragrance. And most of them have been as ephemeral as the blossoms that gave them their name. But there is one that has withstood the adventuring of time and fashion . . . one that, generation after generation, holds an undisputed place in feminine hearts.

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## Blow, Desert Winds! by William Corcoran (Continued from page 19)

number of burlap bags McLean had spread there. Evidently he sought a cache of money or valuables, and he was nonplussed at uncovering so commonplace if so odd a trove as plain burlap.

McLean cursed, and impatiently charged the cell. He was beside himself in a towering rage. He snapped the fellow away from the cot and flung him headlong from the cell, followed and struck him. Three fellow prisoners leaped to restrain McLean. A guard came running. He was overpowered.

Marched to the warden's office, McLean was again his challenging stoic self. "He was rifling my cell," he said. "I hit him. Make what you want of it."

"You'd have killed him if you got your hands on him again," Carver said. "What's in the cell? Are you hiding anything?"

McLean was silent, glittering of eye. "We'll damned soon find out!" snarled Carver, and ordered a thorough search of the cell and all it contained.

**I**t was very baffling. They found the burlap, but that was all.

"What's this for?" Carver demanded. "I'm supposed to stay here the rest of my life," McLean said. "I aim to make my stay as comfortable as possible. The cot is hard. I padded it some."

Carver looked at the rough brown cloth. It was clean, good-quality burlap, plentiful enough in the prison supply room. It seemed innocent. The explanation was plain. Carver was worried. There was a true explanation, though it eluded him.

"I don't mind you having this stuff, I reckon," he decided. "If it helps any, keep it. But you're here for a killing committed on the outside. If you try murder here—your hang! That clear?"

"It is."

"Will you be good?"

McLean shrugged. "Good as I can."

Carver turned away, growling to his guards: "Put that other rat on bread and water for a week. McLean here—three days."

And so the burlap was tolerated in the cell; no other punishment was prescribed; and four nights later McLean ventured out into the yard, a bottle in his pocket, to visit with Pete Sammis. No one stopped him. He smiled.

McLean listened while Pete lectured him on his recent conduct. McLean did not argue; he sat there for a long time while Sammis worked off his feelings. He did not sit in idleness. In the darkness his hands were busy. On the ground beside him was a jumble of long rough strands of unraveled burlap cloth. From them he selected the strongest and wove them together into a tight, slender rope. The rope was already quite long; it was many nights in the making.

They had neglected an important detail when they put McLean on the warden's carpet. They searched the room, but they failed to search McLean. And wound about his middle, under his shirt, was that length of strong light line.

Warden Carver never learned the reason for McLean's unaccountable rage. The oversight was purely costly. Lee McLean was almost ready.

Life was very cheerful for Pete Sammis these nights. He was taking an awful chance, sure enough, drinking and lazing on duty. But peace is contagious, and peace prevailed in Malamosa, and Pete was lulled to confidence in himself, in his job, in Lee McLean.

The string that raised the bottle also served another purpose. When the bottle was empty, Pete wound the slack around his wrist and let the string dangle. McLean had the quick ears of a watchdog in the night. He always heard the soft, almost stealthy approach of the captain of the guards before Pete was at all aware. And a sharp twitch on the string gave Pete warning.

McLean bided his time. He was in no hurry. He waited and watched through the slow, silent nights.

Then one night McLean twitched the string, and there was no response. Pete Sammis was asleep!

McLean's blood was racing, but his nerves were as cool as ice. He was on his feet, gazing upward at the starlit wall. He could see the little house, but not Pete. Pete was stretched out on the broad top of the wall. McLean's hands groped for the rope in coils.

He set himself and launched the coil up into the air, straight for the cupola roof of the tiny house. The rope struck the wood with a tiny clatter, failed to catch and slid down. McLean jumped aside, snapped the rope clear of the wall and heard it strike on the hard earth. It was almost impossible to catch, and he risked death in falling. If the rope brushed Pete Sammis in falling back, his awakening would be murderous.

McLean stood tense, cold, listening. There was no sound.

Moving to one side, McLean gauged his throw and sent the loop high again. And it caught, while his heart pounded in him. A third attempt, every inch of it rising; McLean himself leaping upward with the impetus—and if caught! It hung from the little sentinel box, tight and hard, and no pull released it. And there was still no sound.

Energy pent up for months drove Lee McLean so that he felt like a cat on the attack. He went up as silently as a cat, and he made no least noise when he gained the top and looked down at Pete Sammis, deep in sleep. The carbine was inside the house, but Sammis wore a cartridge belt and gun.

McLean slid the gun softly from the holster without arousing the man. The belt he dared not risk. He slid the gun under his own waistbelt and snatched up the rifle. Then he paused. He stared at the sleeper.

McLean faced a problem, a nice problem in primitive ethics, and he solved it in a way that followed a primitive code. silently he jerked out the cartridge from the revolver. Carefully he emptied the Winchester. And, empty and harmless, he replaced them where they were. Tomorrow there would be a mystery in Malamosa, but Pete Sammis would not be condemned by his own hand. If he absconded before the captain's next round, nothing would indicate—but to himself—how the bird had flown.

Next, McLean adjusted the noose precisely on the cupola. He drew the rope taut and eased himself over the wall. He went down hand over hand to the ground. He dexterously flipped the loose rope, and in a moment it flew free up above and came whipping down.

McLean coiled the rope; paused to get his bearings; and set off into the night.

It was late for Malamosa town, and sleep lay deeply upon it. McLean scouted the main street and located a general store. Softly he tried the door, found it locked, and went around to the rear.

The back door was also locked. McLean slipped softly and paused to consider the situation. Adjoining the store

was a small hashhouse, dark and unoccupied. A side window opened on the little alley between the two.

Swiftly, McLean stripped off his shirt. He folded it thickly and wadded it against a lower corner of the window. Then he hammered once, sharply, with the side of his fist. A triangle of glass parted from the pane and fell inside.

Using the cloth to shield his hands, McLean broke off piece after piece of the glass pane until he could reach within and free the catch. In a second he was inside the store.

He was occupied a full fifteen minutes inside—mostly in groping his way around, locating what he wanted. First, he clothed himself: riding boots, a hard-wearing suit, flannel shirt, a hat. When he crept forth he also carried a gun belt and a Colt .45, a Winchester 30-30, a couple of hundred rounds of ammunition, a heavy sheath knife, a war bag, a first-rate Manila line, and all tied up in a blanket and poncho, a skillet and a Spartan supply of food.

He hastened toward the western end of town. From his talks with Limpy Lannigan, he knew where to go. He found a corral, and alongside, a large rough building with a single light shining inside the open doors. The sign read: "Timothy Jones, Livery and Feed."

The stable was quiet, except for the occasional stirring of one of the horses in the stalls inside the door. McLean scouted the place a moment, then stepped inside. He walked about, found no one, and knelt down. There were saddles, bridles and gear on the wall; he selected a long-bodied bay horse and led him out. The other horses gazed over the stalls and stirred uneasily.

"Hey, dar, what you doin', white man?" At the sound of the voice, McLean walked. The Colt sprang from the holster. "Come out of there! Hands high! Come on!"

Then he made out the surprised face of a black man. The night hostler, asleep on a pile of hay, and abruptly awakened by the horses. The young Negro scrambled to his feet, all excited.

"Don't shoot, boss! For God, don't shoot. It's only me!"

"Who are you?"

"I wuks here, boss. Whyn't you call?"

**M**CLEAN SMILED and said, "Come out here. Take that line down off the wall. Bring it to me."

Wondering, the hostler obeyed. "You ain't go do no horn, boss?"

"Shut your mouth, black man! Keep it shut. Hands back here!"

McLean deftly caught the dark wrists in a loop. A moment's effort and he had the hostler trussed hand and foot on the floor. He jerked out a section of the black man's shirt tail and with the knife slashed pieces from the garment. He improvised an effective gag with these, and then dragged the hostler back to his resting place in the hay. The captive lay mouthing muffled protests.

"Listen to me, negro," said McLean. "I came over the wall tonight, and I'm riding solo. Two nights riding, and I'll be safe in Old Mexico. If you open your mouth between now and then, and they catch me and bring me back here, I'll get you ear to ear! Understand that?"

A moan made answer. McLean's cool smile was satisfied.

McLean set out to work. The saddle gear was old, but sound. He filled the saddlebags with ammunition and food,

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lashed his pack behind the saddle, filled the water bag and hung it on the pommel, filled a grain bag for the horse, adjusted the stirrups.

The way looked clear outside. He mounted and walked the animal warily across the yard and eastward a short distance on the main street, then south. Near the edge of town he broke into a faster pace, then into a gallop, and let the horse cover almost a mile. Then he turned and retraced the mile at a walk. They cut a great circle to eastward, bearing finally to the north.

Directly northward of Malamosa McLean brought the horse to a halt and gazed backward in the night to where dark Malamosa slept.

The night was a radiance of jewels, and a gentle wind was blowing from the south. There were voices in it:

Blow, blow, desert winds,  
Over the lonely miles . . .

Suddenly McLean was rigid in the saddle, listening. Another voice was in the wind, distant; another sound. A bell, ringing, ringing, ringing and rousing. The alarm bell of Malamosa Prison!

McLean stroked the neck of the bay. "Come on, boy! We've got to lay down some miles this night, you and me. Are you with me, son?"

The animal started willingly. McLean fixed the north star over the horse's head and kept it there. They traveled at a steady, mile-devouring pace.

Behind them, faintly, far off, the tocsin sounded the call to the man hunt.

Pete Sammis awakened at the prison with a puzzled sense of unease. He sat up and looked about to make certain the captain was not near. No one was in sight.

Pete got up and felt for his carbine and walked along the wall with the weapon over his arm. He returned and replaced the rifle. Frowning, he picked it up again, feeling its weight. Then quickly he jerked the lever and felt for the elected shell. There was none.

Pete looked at the empty rifle, incredulous. He put it down and flipped out his revolver and examined the cylinder. Empty! He felt a queer cold sensation at the back of his neck.

"McLean!" he called into the yard. "Boy, you there?"

The yard was silent.

**S**WIFTLY HE refilled his weapons. He jerked up the string and thrust it into a pocket. A conviction of disaster was upon him.

Pete pulled his gun and fired a shot. Immediately sharp voices rose in alarm and inquiry from the other wall guard-posts. Pete waited grimly. Running feet pounded along the wall, and the captain's voice called, "Sammis! What's wrong?"

"I'm wrong, maybe, cap'n. But I want to know where is that McLean fellow."

The captain, dour and angry, looked along the wall. "He's likely in his cell. You're sure there isn't an escape over this wall?"

"Escape? How in hell's a man going to get over this wall without rousing the whole blame prison?"

The captain grunted. "If he's not in his cell, Sammis, you better be ready to answer that very question to the Old Man's satisfaction! Hold your post, and pass the word along. I'll start a check-up. I'll see you later."

Grimly the guard captain made off down the wall.

They instituted an immediate check-up, while Pete Sammis waited alone on

the wall with a feeling of cold suspense and dire wrath. McLean was gone, he knew. If not, he'd have shown up.

McLean was gone. But how? Pete Sammis, in anger and mystification, had no answer.

Nor had all Malamosa any answer. They searched the cells. They ransacked every corner of the prison and its yard. Warden John Carver led the search in raging indignation. And he was face to face with the fact that his only life prisoner had escaped—as easily as a bird might fly.

Carver ordered the alarm bell rung and the town aroused, and he convened a ruthless inquiry in the prison office.

Pete Sammis was first on the carpet, but he gave little satisfaction. He told all he knew of McLean's habit—excluding mention of the man's pleasant habit of standing treat to a drink of nights. He said nothing of the little dose atop the wall. His story was that he had heard nothing, seen nothing; the man had silently vanished.

Carver fixed Sammis with a look that plainly said, "You look dangerous, you Pete Sammis! That prisoner is gone, and he went from a spot adjacent to your post. I'm going to hold you responsible for this escape."

The other wall guards, on the carpet, had no information to offer. There had been no sound all the night; no alarm until Sammis' gunshot.

Guards ranged the town with lanterns. They came upon the trussed Negro in the livery, forced the story out of the reluctant creature. The story was sped back to the prison office.

Warden Carver was grim. "South, eh? To Old Mexico?" He snorted. "The hell he has! He means to run north." He said summarily, "Get out mounts and supplies for a posse. Wire the alarm and a reward notice to every peace officer in two hundred and fifty miles. Wire ahead for fresh horses to meet us as often as you can get 'em. I'm going after that fellow myself."

The wheels of the Law, swift and inexorable in that country, once started, got under way. Before dawn, by lantern-light, while waiting for the first hint of day, Warden Carver addressed the riders gathered in front of the prison.

"Boys, we face a job. This man is fast, hard, and there's a devil in his brain. We'll have to travel some to outsmart him—and I doubt that a man here could outshoot him. We don't want bloodshed; we want a prisoner—if we come up to him, we'll take him all together. I needn't tell you that he killed three men single-handed before he came here. He's armed and desperate and ready to do the same again. Don't let him!"

"How you aim to stop him, warden?" drawled a cool voice.

"You just see you find him!" Carver ordered flatly. "You find him—and I'll personally attend to the rest. Now divide up. Half strike west, half east. We'll meet north of town. Let's go!"

"They went—swift, grim and full of a deadly determination.

That long night fully justified McLean's judgment in selecting the bay horse. It was an animal of noble lineage. Hour upon hour, and it never flagged. Every now and then McLean halted and dismounted, giving the animal a chance to breathe and nurse its endurance.

Day came with a sudden, breathless desert dawn that flowed up over the eastern rim of the world and banished night almost in an instant. In the first touch of gray a few scattered, gaunt saguaro took ghostly form over the land.

An hour after dawn McLean halted in

a dry wash and unsaddled. He gave the bay a rubdown and a ration of the grain. The animal was still far from exhaustion. McLean threw together a swift breakfast of bacon and coffee, and afterwards stretched on his back with eyes closed. He would have preferred to go on, but the horse had earned his rest.

He would have preferred to go on because thought now crowded in on his soul, and it was dread company. Freedom began to stir in his exact nerve. It would continue its usury. Harder were the bonds of freedom than those of Malamosa, and grimmer the path he traveled than the high adobe walls. There was no escape, even at that long path's ending.

**A**T TEN O'CLOCK, judging by the sun, McLean paused on a rise of land and stood in the stirrups to gaze southward. Somewhere far, due south, a tiny dust cloud hung suspended in the air. It was a sign that proclaimed a party of riders, pressing hard to the northward. The instant McLean saw it, he shouted! John Carver was on the trail.

About noon, McLean came on a bunch of range horses, all with a Circle Cross-hatch brand. McLean knew of the outfit; their saddle stock was first-rate. The animals were shy as he approached, but he rode for several miles in a dry wash and roped a roan gelding. He loosed the boy, who rolled in the sand, and then stood looking at them.

McLean scented trouble in the roan's wild manner, and after saddling him, he left the supplies on the ground. The instant he mounted, the trouble started. It lasted for several miles, when the roan squeaked and bucked and fought his rider; and yelling, clanging, riding the hurricane, the rider fought back.

The rider won. When at last the roan stopped, stiff-legged and breathing hard, McLean knew that the trouble was over. He lashed on the snuffel and turned the roan's head northward. The roan was amenable and unprotesting, having made certain of his master.

They were in a slowly rising country now, and ahead loomed the broken hill country that marked the rim of the great valley that was John Carver's preserve. Mid-afternoon would see them entering that sanctuary of hills, and by dark, McLean hoped to cast off pursuit.

Late in the afternoon, McLean suddenly spied a rider standing his horse about half a mile off, his pose plainly indicating that he gazed in McLean's direction. McLean gave no sign and stepped up the pace of the roan. The stranger spurred his horse to catch up.

The rider closed in, and McLean finally stopped. He let the roan idly circle until his brand faced away from the stranger, and there he fixed the animal firmly.

"Howdy, boy!" called the visitor cheerfully. "Kinda jonesose country this way. Does a man have the makings?"

McLean was polite, remote. "Reckon so. Help yourself."

The other leisurely manufactured a cigaret from McLean's materials. He gossiped genially, though vaguely. His mount was skittish, backing and filling irritably. He paid no attention.

Without warning, McLean slipped his gun lever from the holster. "Boy, get going!" he said coldly. "I don't like your manners."

The stranger was aghast, all too elaborately so, though his eyes looked genuinely afraid. "Man, what I done now?"

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your horse with the spurs so carelessly."

"But why'n hell, man, should I tickle my horse with the spurs?"

"So you can edge around and get a look at this brand," snapped McLean. "You're not going to, whatever your reason. You're hell-tailing, hell for leather, and you can stop any place this side a mile if you want—but start shooting, fast. I'll sit here till you're out of sight."

The stranger looked at McLean without saying a word. Abruptly he wheeled the horse and set off at a full gallop.

McLean waited a time, and then went on. He saw no more of the curious stranger. It was evident that the news had traveled. McLean smiled grimly. There was a telegraph line out of Malamosa.

McLean made camp that night in a grove of conifers, screened from observation, and his camp fire was quick, hot, and soon extinguished. He was asleep the instant he rolled in the blanket.

**T**HE SUN was high, and its light awakened him in the morning. He jumped up instantly, in alarm, and without waiting for breakfast, broke camp. Time for dallying when he knew what point the pursuit had reached. The roan was near, securely hobbled.

McLean saw no sign. No dust cloud marked the party and. He climbed a tree on a height, and studied every visible foot of the surrounding country. Still he saw no sign.

McLean was worried. Cautiously he rode in a northwesterly direction, then veered to northeast, constantly increasing the swing to east.

He was in this two hours, when he suddenly reined in his mount and sat perfectly still. His sharp eyes probed the hills about, the trees, the few gulches and places of shelter. He saw nothing of significance. So he looked once again at the ground before him, the sight of which had brought him to a standstill.

The ground was freshly marked with imprints. A party of riders had passed here within the hour, heading north. They were traveling fast.

McLean estimated a party of seven, at least. He rode due east for a mile, then stopped and cooked a meal.

John Carver had overtaken and passed McLean. It was sinister, and a little benumbing. Carver must have driven the party on through the night. He doubtless sensed that the fugitive's purpose was to make steadily to northward; and when night precluded any reading of sign, decided to gamble and make up the great distance between them, and to trust to luck and the advantage of numbers.

It was shrewd. But it was confounded by so unshrewd an eventuality as McLean's oversleeping!

At the hour of dusk on the third day of McLean's flight, a dust-covered cavalcade walked into the little cow town of Sacoan in the mesa country well to the north of Malamosa. It was not only dust-covered, but weary, worn and spent.

A big-bodied, stolid-faced man with a long mustache, who wore a sheriff's star, headed his mount for a long hitch rail in the center of the settlement. "Personally," he observed, "I'm abandoning the enforcement of the law at this point and extending an invitation to all to join me in washing down a little of that alkali."

Dour and moody, John Carver grunted. But he followed the big man, hitching his mount and entering the saloon beyond the wooden sidewalk. The dozen or so riders traveled in their wake.

John Carver and Sheriff Murdock drank at a table, slumped in their chairs.

Murdock eyed Carver for a moment and leaned over the table.

"He's got you beat, John. Admit it. You're clean out of jurisdiction. You're in a strange state. We've covered this county from crown to heel. He's gone, and you know it. I won't ride with you into any other county, and you ain't privileged to go leading an armed band through any more of this here sovereign state."

Carver cocked an eye at him. "So then?"

"Forget it. Let the routine of the Law take care of him. He'll be picked up sure, inside a month or so. It's now a matter for reward and extradition. John, it's out of your hands."

John Carver put his glass down hard on the table. "Out of my hands, is he? I'll tell you this, Dan Murdock. No man placed in my care ever got out of my hands—for all the blasted laws, counties, states and jurisdictions in the nation!"

Murdock gave him a pained look. "John Carver, you're an old salt," he said. "You know what stuff that boy's made of. I'll bet you knew his father. I did, and a grand man he was."

Carver's gaze was flinty. "And what of that, Sheriff Murdock?"

The sting in the title reached Murdock; he flushed slightly. "He was one of us, wasn't he? Ain't that a fact of bearing? Do you know what that boy's doing? You've gone beyond all prescribed limitations of your authority, and you've run yourself purple in the face—40 bury in your mangy little prison for a lifetime the son of a man you probably respected and admired!"

Carver stood up and slammed the table down three days and nights of pent-up wrath went off with a roar. "I have a job to do, by Godfrey, and I never failed a job yet! That fellow's a killer, put in my hands for the protection of the community. Do you happen to be informed that he killed three men?"

Murdock shook his head, incredulous. "John Carver, did you ever kill a man?"

"In the performance of my duty!"

"Well, how do you know this boy didn't get in bad performing a duty that you and I know nothing whatever about?"

Carver threw up his hands. "What in heaven have I to do with that? That, the courts decided. That, he himself decided, with his insolent refusal to talk."

"John, when there were no courts, many a good man refused to talk and had a gun to dispute the man who would force him. There are times when a good man can't talk, if he dies of it."

"Those times are past. I have my commission from the state, and the state pays me, and I earn my pay."

"You're paid for staying in Malamosa," Murdock said coldly. But then, resignedly, "Have it your way. It's not my state. But the boy's got clean. What are you going to do about it?"

"Ha!" said Carver through set white teeth. "What I'm going to do, you'll learn when it's done. In my younger days I rode with the governor, when he was a young government prosecutor and I was a brand-new deputy marshal. Lin McCall knows me. I'm going to him—and I'll have that McLean fellow back in Malamosa in a matter of days!"

Carver got up and addressed his men. "Get on. Feed and water, and all that's necessary. We ride south in half an hour."

Steadily, steadily, Lee McLean traveled. Day by day the miles rolled out behind him. He was free, free! The desert winds were now far behind him, and the winds bore other sounds and scents and omens. McLean bade the desert and

the winds of the desert farewell, with a poignance but with no regret. Regrets imply doubt, fear, dismay. There was no regret in him. Long was this journey, but short would be the grim returning, in its time. In its proper time . . .

McLean traveled in a great arc to westward, bearing always north. He had readily found a mount to replace the roan, and another steed to replace that. Finally he found a place which he kept, realizing it was the best mountain horse he'd ever had.

He nursed his supply of food, and he refilled the water bag at springs. Once he got a good shot at a buck deer, and he feasted. He climbed constantly higher, and the nights were cold. He rode alone, sighting no one for days. John Carver and his riders he left far behind.

There emerged definite purpose now in Lee McLean's flight. Summer was as good as over; up north it was already deep fall. His luck enduring, he could reach the Canadian border, and beyond, and there he would enter the forests in time to build himself a cabin for the winter.

He had with him sufficient money for a stake. During the months he had seen to that, drawing constantly on his funds and hoarding most of what was allowed him. He could equip himself with grub and clothes and gear and a line of steel traps. If the winter was good and cold, six months' work on a trap line would well reward him.

McLean would need money, and there was no way so safe to earn it, no way so safe to pass this perilous winter. When the winter was past, and the baying hounds back in their kennels, time then for the pursuits of merriment for the grim returning.

One day at noon, at a point hundreds of miles north of Malamosa, McLean was resting and watering his mount at a little rocky pool in a mighty forest when he heard a brushing of undergrowth and knew he was being followed. His mount, nibbling at the grass, looked up and interested. McLean's duffel lay beside the spring, the rifle with it. McLean himself reclined on one elbow, smoking.

**H**IS MOUNT was changing his position. His holster, and the butt of the gun, rested within an inch of his right hand. He waited, a little cold.

Among the trees a rider appeared, walking his mount easily. He came without hesitation, gazing at McLean and his outfit in frank, naive appraisal. He was young, lithe, slim and hard-muscled; he looked friendly, and harmless enough.

"Howdy, pardner. I've been seeing your sign all this day. I thought I'd be catching up somewhere along here."

McLean said nothing for a moment. His face did not relax. He studied the youngster, noting the assurance of his seat in the saddle, the contrasting youthfulness of his smile and the odd maturity of his gray eyes.

The stranger seemed to enjoy the scrutiny, secretly to approve it. He waited. And a slow, unexpected sensation grew within McLean. Whatever this lad wanted, he did not mind.

"Walk right into the parlor, *amigo*. Careful! Don't trip on the rugs."

The youngster laughed and dismounted. He began to talk while attending his horse. "I watched your sign," he said, "and I noted how you were traveling. Hope you don't mind my saying so, pardner, but you were traveling light and fast. I stuck around that trail for company's sake, and because I'm traveling similar myself, and finally I got to inquiring of myself why I shouldn't hurry up and see how the visiting was." He



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grinned. "It's mighty scarce up in this country."

"Yes?"

"Which is why I'm up here, in fact." The youngster drank at the spring, threw himself down near McLean. He hitched his gun belt around more comfortably. McLean did not move.

"Ever been north before, pardner?" asked the boy. "I mean to say, do you know your way around and the likelihood of a job and all?"

"What kind of job?"

"Riding. A winter line camp would suit me to the ground, with the right working pardner. I been told the big outfits stake out two-men camps along their wire for the winter."

"You're going to a lot of trouble to make trouble. Aren't you, riding north into winter? Those are hard jobs, son."

"I'm going to a lot of trouble avoiding trouble," said the boy, leveling his gaze. "And hard jobs—I eat 'em alive! How about you—you aimin' for a job?"

Dryly McLean said, "That's a right pretty view through the trees, isn't it?"

The boy looked. He smiled. Equally dry was his reply, "Right pretty, pardner—and due north by the compass!"

The youngster rose when McLean rose; and when McLean mounted and set out down trail toward the valley, the other was at his side. McLean purred over the youth. He wondered what kind of scrape he'd got into.

As the day wore on, McLean did considerable wondering of one kind or another. Mainly on the problem of how to get rid of the kid. His name, the day developed, was "Tex." Tex assumed that they two had joined forces and were proceeding north together. McLean said nothing, letting events shape themselves.

Once, on a distant hillside, they saw a pair of deer bounding lightly up the slope. It was too far for a hopeful shot. Tex jerked out his rifle and threw a bullet at the deer. It was snap-shooting, vulgarious and futile.

McLean stopped and waited, very still. Tex fired three shots, hit nothing but dust and lowered the carbine ruefully. He took a long look around.

"Reckon I shouldn't go scattering shots at random in a country I don't know, pardner. I didn't stop to think when I saw them deer."

McLean smiled. "What's the matter with the country?"

"C"

the neighbor's cat might hear the shooting and get miffed."

"What of that?"

Tex gave him a look that was young and earnest and hard. Satisfaction came into his eyes. "I reckon maybe you're right! We're two together. And two can spell trouble for plenty—if the two is sufficiently tough."

Tex said the rifle back into the saddle boot and gave McLean an engaging grin. McLean laughed, and rode on.

But McLean's laughter did not come until the rifle was back where it belonged—nor until then did he remove his hand from its resting place on his gun.

They were still together at nightfall, with no sign of parting, and they made camp together in a little hollow in the foothills. Tex chattered garrulously for some time, and when he rolled in his blanket was immediately still in sleep.

The fire had died to low embers and it was pitch-dark when McLean first heard Tex stir. For two hours Tex had been lying without moving, breathing regularly. McLean knew no, because for two hours McLean had himself lain still, listening and waiting.

The thin starlight filtering through the trees allowed no true vision. But McLean saw the darkness move, opposite the fire. There was a slight suffing noise in the darkness, the brushing of leather on leather. It came from the saddles and gear. It continued, stealthily.

McLean was prepared. Stealthily, also, he took from his shirt pocket a cartridge. He had waited an earlier. The lead bullet was loose, and now he withdrew it quietly from the cartridge casing. He rose to one knee and tossed the open cartridge into the fire embers.

The night was abruptly vivid with the flare of hissing powder flame.

Spasmodically Tex whirled from the saddles. He had McLean's saddlebags open. In one movement, before McLean could wholly rise, he flipped his gun from his waistbelt and fired.

McLean fired.

The powder flare winked out, and then there was a dense darkness and a stillness. McLean was aware of a numb, numbness on his thigh.

He heard a sound of difficult breathing, and a thud on the earth.

"Tex!" said McLean.

A muffled curse answered. McLean stepped aside, felt for a tree trunk, and put it between him and the other gun.

"Tex! If you're hit, say so, and I'll give you my hand. If not, throw some sticks on the fire and raise your hands."

"You got me, you —! Smashed my side to hell. You win, McLean."

McLean!

McLean stood motionless in the darkness. Then he moved toward the embers. From the small stack of twigs alongside, he prepared a fire. He struck a match with his left hand; his right gripped the gun with trigger half drawn.

But there was no light left in Tex. The quick blaze revealed him prone on the ground, tense with pain.

McLean kicked the youngster's gun aside and turned him carefully on his back. His side was soaked with blood.

McLean looked at him, and there was a sudden unfamiliar sensation inside him—a sensation that was almost a pang of dismay. McLean dropped to one knee.

Tex looked up from the ground into McLean's unreadable face. "I was right, wasn't I? You're Lee McLean?"

"I am. And who are you?"

Tex considered his reply a second. "I better tell you, I reckon. I may not get out of this fix. No, wait; I'll talk before you try working on that wound. I won't want to after, probably. The name's Tex Marvell. I'm a state ranger. They called me from patrol; put me on this special detail. I pulled out of Malheur four days ago. Damn fools, there wasn't a picture of you in the whole state! I came north by train, then headed south. Crossed your trail early this morning and back-tracked."

"I spent this day trying to figure you out. You never let that hand of yours get six inches away from your gun. I saw you turn into your blanket with that gun in your hand. I was frankly scared to go near you. I lay awake, figuring, and I decided to go through your duffel. You were on a different horse from the one described, naturally, but your stuff might tell the tale. I took a chance."

"You did indeed!"

"That's the story. We're a thousand miles from nowhere, and I may not get out of here. But you can let them know sometime, down there. It'll help some if I know you well. I've got a brand-new wife in Yucca City."

McLean said, "Sorry, kid!"

Tex said no more. He was staring at McLean's leg, now clearly visible in the firelight. "You got it too! The cloth

is stuck to the leg. With blood." Tex laughed. "Both of us! It's a million miles from nowhere, now."

"It's only a scratch," McLean said. "Shut up. I've got to work on you."

"Don't mind me, pardner!" Tex said through his teeth. "Go right ahead!"

The kid had nerve, and he needed it. McLean needed his own share. The bullet had ripped into Tex in the region of the lower left ribs. Hard to tell conditions inside, or the boy's chances. No bones seemed to be smashed, luckily.

McLean set his jaw and went to work, with only a knife, cold water, a couple of handkerchiefs and a shirt ripped for bandages. When he was through, Tex had fainted.

Mc

McLean brought him around, and then saw to his own wound. The bullet had clipped his thigh, tearing a furrow through in passing. He had lost enough blood to worry about, but the place was very dry, stopped.

When all was done, Tex said huskily, "What do you reckon to do?"

McLean looked at him. The kid lay there helpless, cool as a melon, begging no favor! "We can make a deal. You know the country north; I know it south. Where's the nearest place I can get help?"

Tex reflected. "I saw smoke in a sort of box canyon about ten-fifteen miles northeast. Also wagon tracks. Likely a ranch there."

"We can make a deal," repeated McLean. "I'll ride for help if you give me your word to keep my name quiet—for three days."

Instant calculation leaped into the eyes of the ranger. He was a ranger first, a man facing death afterward. But the light died. "I guess you win, McLean. Nothing I can do. I'll keep quiet."

Done! said McLean.

By morning Tex's eyes were glassy with fever. He was dead instantly. The bullet had delivered more than a flesh wound. The shock had partially paralyzed him. McLean watched by his side, waiting for daylight. He learned much from the ranger's talk.

The escape was the talk of the entire state. Every possible force was marshaled to recapture the fugitive. Tex Marvell admitted that in coming north he had no expectation of making a legal arrest. Other rangers were secretly out combining separate sections of the country. If any of them came upon McLean, the plan was to take him at the point of a gun, and to run him south at gun's point until they had him safely within the state line.

"You can't make it, McLean," Tex Marvell said huskily. "You got me. You might get more of us. But they'll keep coming. You're all alone in the land, and every man's hand will be against you. They'll finally get you—and if not to come back, it'll be to lie out in a place like this with a bullet in you, dyin'."

McLean said quietly, "Do you think that can scare me?"

"Not now, man. Not now! But life goes right along doing things to you steadily. You never know what it'll be next. If you meet a woman, for instance, she grows right into you; if you put down roots into life, into land and children and men who take you by the hand in friendship . . . McLean, you aren't going to want to lie out in a place like this, dyin'!"

Abruptly McLean got up and walked away in the darkness.

The state was roused. At daylight McLean saddled up. He smiled, so that Marvell wondered anew how a man so



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bad with a kid could smile like that. "Good-by, kid. I'm sorry it happened. Count on me."

"I'm counting. I hope they get you before I'm on my feet."

"Why the hurry?"

"Because I'd come after you. And I'd get you, McLean, this way if not the other way. I'd as soon some other man did."

McLean smiled with his eyes. "Hold the fort. You'll pull through."

"So long, pardner. And—damn your eyes—good luck!"

Lee McLean found the ranch in the box canyon and grudging help. The rancher's name was Featherill, and he allowed he might do something. McLean explained that they were two cowhands out scouting possible new range for their employer, that they were already late at their rendezvous with him, and that an accident had overtaken them in the hills. McLean must push on rapidly, but the injured man could remain at the ranch until better. They'd be repaid for their trouble.

The rancher and his hands eyed each other and studied McLean sullenly, suspiciously, noting his own wound, but there was nothing to be done about it. They were an odd, sour lot, isolated in this wild tangled country. No womenfolk around. Looked as if they chose to be alone. Something wrong there.

McLean felt none too good about things as he pushed on north. The ranchmen were suspicious and hostile, and Tex might babble the truth in the delirium of fever. Even if they did not immediately overtake him, his whereabouts and direction would be advertised, and the Canadian border patrolled on both sides to prevent his crossing.

Besides, the leg troubled him. He was apprehensive of complications.

When he awakened the following morning, Lee McLean knew immediately he was in for trouble. The leg was stiff. He rubbed it, warmed it by the fire, but it failed to respond. All about the wound was an angry red, and the flesh was swollen. The ache of it throbbed through all his bones.

He sat still, looking at the miserable leg, and there was a queer sharp quickening of apprehension.

And then an odd thing happened. As McLean sat there with bowed shoulders, the gray horse came and stood over him and looked at him, and moved by inexplicable equine impulse, reached down and nosed at his neck, gently.

Instantly McLean's mouth set hard, and his eyes had the sheen of basalt. He caught the soft muzzle with his hand and stroked it. He did not say anything until he uttered an oath, to banish the unconquerable feelings that were raking him, tearing into him, at contact with an emotion for which he was unprepared.

He sat there for a while, then tied up the wound and resumed his journey. All that day McLean rode slowly, very slowly. The gray carried him as if he would ease the journey.

McLean began to take closer note of the country they passed through. They would press on, but soon a brief halt was necessary. Unless the leg were favored, he might become incapacitated. The time had come to gamble. He watched a small remote ranch where he could take his chances with the owner's suspicions.

McLean was still in high country, but he was leaving the divide and dropping down now. He met several valleys, rich in ripe grasses. Good cow country, he reflected, though tough to work.

Unexpectedly, in a little swale, McLean came upon a curious and unpleasant sight. The bodies of six mixed cattle lay in the bottom of the swale, shot dead. They had been dead about a week. The brands were all the same: an oval with a wavy line attached, enclosed in a large circle. McLean decided it must be the Tadpole Brand. He could not recall what he had heard about that brand, but it must be well known, since it came readily to mind.

McLean thought about the six dead cattle as he rode on. They looked healthy enough; they were hardly shot to prevent spread of any disease. They were quite marketable: money on the hoof, so to speak. There was only one conclusion. Trouble. A range feud. A war waged by the cowardly slaughter of innocent brutes.

The hackles rose as McLean thought of it, and a tremor of passion swept over him. He was afraid of this. This sort of thing was too close to him; it touched a rawness that would never heal. He wanted to avoid ever seeing again any sign of it. It was for that reason that he had abandoned the cattle business and all its work; that he longed for the simple one-man business of a trap line. A respite for a while, only a little while.

McLean was escaping from more than the Law, and he knew it. He was fleeing from himself. It was a flight without sanctuary, without end.

Late in the afternoon, McLean rested in the grass on the slope above a great rolling valley, studying the view. It was an immense vista, its remote limits lost to the eye. A good many cattle were in sight, scattered over miles of grass, indicating rich grazing and conditions favorable to settlement. In the middle ground a couple of miles away a ranch lay in view. A modest place, but a likely one, with ample corrals, barns, buildings.

McLean rode down into the valley, making for the ranch. Not a soul appeared about, yet smoke rose from the chimney. He was puzzled. No animals in the corrals; could it be no one was home?

He drew rein in the ranch yard, called, "Hello, the house!" No answer.

McLean walked the horse around to the rear. There was a stable and a bunkhouse, but no sign of life. The smoke came from a small extension built as a wing to the main building; the cookhouse, plainly. With a grimace he dismounted. He knocked at the door and waited.

As he was about to knock again, the door abruptly flew open, and a gun was thrust awkwardly into his face. He stared at it, motionless, and at the woman who held it. She was a slender, straight little wisp of a thing in faded gingham, gray-haired, lined of face, determined, but shaken by fear and anger.

"You can go right along!" she said in a strained high key. "You're not wanted here. You nor any of your kind!"

McLean stared at her. "But ma'am!"

"No buts, I say. You can go right along. And good riddance. This was a good country till it was overrun by red less gunmen and killers. As long as I can pull trigger you won't overrun this ranch. Get out. You hear me? Get out!"

The woman was beside herself. Her voice was cracked and shrill. McLean dared not move; if he turned his back, the gun, he was certain, would go off. The dread situation ended abruptly, grotesquely. The woman let the gun fall and collapsed over the threshold—so suddenly that McLean's quick hands failed to stay her fall.

McLean forgot his leg. He raised the stricken woman from the floor. And he



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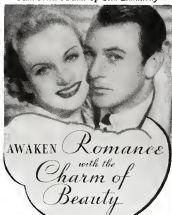
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was brought to a dead stop a second time. A second woman, springing from concealment, had snatched up the alien weapon, crying, "Let her go! Don't you dare touch her!"

McLean lost his temper suddenly, furiously. He noted, impersonally, that the second woman was young, slender and firm of breast and figure, vividly brown-eyed and brown-haired, with a passionate, gentle, brave determination to help her; but the sight made no impression.

"Young woman, I came decently to your door, and I asked for nothing like this. This woman needs instant care. I'm carrying her inside. Put that gun down and get out of my way!"

The girl stared, frightened, nonplussed. She looked helplessly at McLean, pitiously at the older woman, and suddenly ran to open an inner door.

"Bring her in here. Hurry, hurry! It's her weak heart. Oh, hurry!"

Grimly McLean carried the limp slight body into a front room and placed it on a horsehair couch. The girl snatched up some medicine from the kitchen and came running.

McLean felt very helpless as he watched the girl work to revive the older woman. She forced the stimulant between her lips and loosened her clothing and chafed her wrists, and when color began to return to the pale cheeks, she coaxed the woman to her feet and led her to another room, where she put her to bed.

McLean waited in the kitchen. As with all small ranches where there were women, the room wore a most livable air. A hooked rug, a deep leather armchair, a high shelf bearing a ticking clock.

When the girl returned, McLean looked closely at her. "Will she be all right now? Can I ride for a doctor?"

"It's no use," she said. She was pale, but composed. "He's been, before. He can't do anything. She needs rest and quiet and care, and there's no rest or quiet anywhere in this dreadful country. Thank you—for helping. I don't know what to say. Mother was bent on sending you off. You must have thought we'd lost our heads."

Dryly he said, his eyes smiling, "You're correct in that. But not knowing the reasons, I have no right to opinions."

The girl's appraising gaze was steady. She looked at the trouser leg stained with dried blood. "You've been—hurt?"

McLean said bluntly, "I've been shot. Not in this valley, or by anyone from here. I came riding down from the higher country, and I stopped by to beg some treatment for the leg and a bite to eat if you can spare it. If it seems better, I'll go right along."

"Oh! no! I can't let you go like this. I can give you dressing for your wound. And you must eat." She turned quickly to her dishes and pans.

McLean watched her, studied her. The indelible marks of breeding and gentle rearing; the faded cotton print; the tired, heavy-laden eyes. This layout was assuredly peculiar. No sign of a man. The ranch itself going rapidly to seed. Over everything an atmosphere of terror and hopelessness.

McLean remembered the six cattle. He said, "I'm a stranger here. Would you mind telling me what's wrong around here, that you're afraid?"

"We're alone here. You heard what my mother said. The valley is overrun by bad men."

McLean told her about the six dead cattle and asked what they signified.

She said she had not heard of the six dead cattle, but she'd heard of other things of the kind. The stock belonged to a big cattle company. There was a war in progress between the company

and the small ranchers in the valley. It was a grim and bloody struggle.

McLean's eyes were small as he listened. "I'm beginning to understand. The Tadpole Brand. That's the great Tri-States Cattle Company, isn't it? I've heard of them."

Her eyes were flashing. "You know them? Then maybe I don't have to tell you much about them. They're bent on driving out all the people who have made their homes in the valley. They're bent on wiping out every small brand and stamping out every growing green thing. They've brought in gun-fighters and killers until they've got a small army at the ranch headquarters. Those men patrol the valley in bunches, looking for trouble. Maybe now you know why we're afraid, alone in this house."

McLean rolled a cigaret, his eyes averted. "With slaughtered cattle strewn over the land, those men have a job to do, don't they?"

"They're doing it. The ranchers may kill cattle—but the company is killing men."

"And that means something close to you?"

"It does." The flashing anger vanished, and she turned her face quickly away. "Last year they killed my father."

McLean sat still for a moment, his face suddenly gray. Finally he said, "While you're here, let me help you. I reckon I might borrow a basin of water and some clean rags and look after this scratch of mine out in the stable."

She made a sound of dismay and remembered her duty, protesting against his retirement to the stable and diffidently offering her assistance. A little stiffly he declined. He gathered up a supply of medicaments, carbolic and cotton and clean linen cloths, and went out to the stable, leading the gray.

McLean was a little brutal in his treatment of the inflamed wound, heedless of pain. He judged that his repeated, a preventive cure had failed. A little worse inflammation. The wound was clean. It needed only rest from irritation. It felt soothed when he finally tied the knot to a clean bandage.

McLean sat still for a long time afterward, staring out the door into the dusk. He was weary. The long deep shadows were filled with memories, and the darkness was dread. He would pay the price again tonight, for in the darkness, sleepless and haunted, there is no escape.

Memory was all too vivid. A girl, sweet and dark-eyed, with suffering in her mute eyes and drawn mouth. A good man killed. Slaughter and rapine ravaging a peaceful valley. Death and malevolence ruling the land, and a bitterness more than bad poisoning all of life. These things were here, and these were the very things that crowded his memory and were a doom laid on him.

Within the house, Kate Parrish forgot for a moment her abiding fear, to wonder at this strange visitation on their threshold. Her being quickened to something extraordinary in the man. Something cruel and hard yet pitiful; fearsome yet inspiring trust. His behavior was reassuring, and yet one shrank from that something as if it were a doom. A doom, exactly. The man walked out with death.

Kate Parrish's judgment of men was sharp, ground fine on the wheel of grim experience. Three years in Wind River Valley had transformed a pretty, ardent, laughing girl of eighteen into a disillusioned, prematurely sobered woman. Unremitting loneliness and dread paralyzes hope, and laughter falls without the sustenance of dreams.

Her parents three years before had invested their savings in the ramshackle Bar Circle Ranch and its nondescript herd, coming from a farming community in Illinois to take possession. They met only disaster from the start. Even their well dried, menacing their very existence here.

Kate, thrilled to be going West, expected to teach school in the new country. But that remote frontier landscape was not yet interested in schools. It was interested only in cattle, grazing priorities, water rights and trouble. Her father, bewildered by the lawless code of the country, tried to maintain his standing and station—and failed. He died from the bullet of an unknown assassin and was laid to rest on a little slope facing east on the Bar Circle range.

Kate might have triumphed over that adversity had a worthy man, as ranch foreman and manager, or even as suitor and adviser, come to her aid. But the war that broke out in Wind River Valley stripped the ranch of its few cautious hands, and her only suitor—solitary because of his asserted claim on her, and the reckless gun with which he backed it—filled Kate with even more repugnance than the imported gunmen.

He was a small rancher from ten miles upvalley, leader of the most violent of the valley men—Dane Linkerman by name, a hard, bullying man with greater partiality for fighting than for work.

Kate's mother was valiant but helpless, slowly dying, trying to fight, but crushed by her tragedy. The ranch was as good as lost. There was nothing left—not even enough to get away on. And the grim, enclosing bonds of loneliness tightened every day . . .

Dusk was pouring swift darkness over the land. Out in the stable, Lee McLean rearranged his duffel and packed the permanent gear separately. He found some oil and began to clean the rifle.

All at once a tension shot through him, snapping him to a chill awareness. He heard the voices of men, and the tread of horses. He sprang to the door.

In the twilight three riders approached the house. They rode at indolent ease, talking and laughing noisily. They were heavily armed, with guns on their thighs and carbines thrust in saddle boots. The trio dismounted at the house and passed out of McLean's view in the front. He heard laughter there, and more talk. He stood still for a moment. Then he made for the rear of the house.

The kitchen was alight, but empty. McLean could hear the voices in the front. He stopped at the door leading through and waited an instant. Then he opened the door. The room beyond was dark, but the farther door was open.

In the front room one of the trio of visitors was touching a match to a table lamp, brightening the room. The other two bestowed their amused and subtly excited attention on the girl, who was backed against a table, holding her gun helplessly. The men ignored the weapon.

"I never yet seen such a hospitable country," one observed to his companion. He was tall, cadaverous, black-eyed and somewhat drunk. "Why, the purtiest gals in the valley just stop a man in passing and invite him in for supper, Whitey. I don't know that I ever seen a purtier gal, nor more friendly."

"I tell you my mother is sick!" she pleaded. "Please, please, go away!"

"Or a better cook, Fleabag," amended Whitey, a stocky, powerful man with pale eyes and an unpleasant mouth. "Or a sweeter disposition, or more chasteable." "Sweetest north of Mexico, Whitey—and so willin'!"

They laughed raucously. The third



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*"Hold the line, please!"*

man, older, corpulent, aggressively important, joined them, grinning. He looked at the girl and poked her arm.

"Better start bein' good to the boys, sister. You'll see them right often. We believe in neighborin', up our way."

Lee McLean drifted into the area of radiance from the lamp. He stared at the three men. His face was expressionless. Only the eyes talked, wordlessly, out of an opaque sinister sheen.

The stout one spied him first and uttered a startled grunt. His grin faded. The others sensed something, and looked around. They went still. In the room was a chill immobility.

McLean said, "You boys got any business here?"

The tone nonplused them. "Huh?" said the stout one. "Who are you?"

"I'm asking the questions. I'm asking what's your business here."

There was a pause. "By Judas!" said Whitley. "By Judas, you're going to answer me some questions, mister!"

McLean looked at him. "What's your business? If you have none, get out."

He turned to the others. "Vamos—all of you! Git!"

The stout man snatched viciously at the butt of his gun. "There's one way you can do that, son. Explain yourself, or go for that gun—quick!"

McLean made no move for the gun. He gazed at the stout man, walked up to him slowly. His eyes were evil, satanic.

"I have no explanations," he said in a strange low voice. "I'll give you the draw. Go ahead. Start your shooting!"

The other's eyes grew small, looking into McLean's eyes. He looked, doing nothing. Life leaves its indelible marks; what he saw there was—death! A lust for death. This man had killed, and his face told the tale. The mark of the killer was on him.

The stout man did not move. Softly he cursed. He glanced suddenly over McLean's shoulder.

The other two saw the glance, and a contagion caught them. They spun to face the darkness of the inner room. They saw nothing, but were routed.

There was mastery in McLean's avid, ruthless smile. "You boys had better get started," he said malevolently.

The stout man's eyes shifted. He looked at his companions and slowly jerked his head toward the door. He said huskily to McLean, "I know better than to shoot it out with a man who hides a gang behind him. I'm Gunlock Carson. I'll keep your face in mind. You better keep mine."

"You fool!" McLean whispered huskily. His eyes seemed to glow and flame. "Get out. Get out! . . . Get out!"

The stout man turned and followed his companions through the doorway.

McLean stood there an instant. "Put out the light!"

The girl sprang to obey, automatically. McLean went to the door. His gun was in his hand. He remained there until the sound of the riders had died away.

When McLean turned around, the girl was gone. He heard voices from the bedroom, knew that she was with her mother. He dropped into a chair, waiting. He let his head fall into his hands and pressed his temples hard.

He sat there alone for quite a while.

When the girl walked into the kitchen, McLean sat up quickly. Their eyes met, and quickly her gaze turned away. She sat down. Never had McLean seen so blankly hopeless an expression.

"Those were cattle company riders?" he said.

"Yes."

He hesitated. "How is your mother?"

"I'm afraid . . . She's very low."

McLean got up and walked over to her. He put a hand on her shoulder and squeezed it gently.

Her warm flesh shrank under his hand. He withdrew it quickly. Neither moved.

"You need a man," he said finally.

"You can't stay here without a man. You'll have to go, you and your mother. I have reasons for getting along, but until you're gone, I'll wait here—if you can abide me. I'll not bother you much."

She said in a small voice, "I'm sorry."

He smiled a rather bitter smile. "You don't like what you saw in that other room. It wasn't pretty, but I wasn't trying to be admired. I was aiming to be hated; to be feared! I don't try much to be liked; I haven't the gift for it. My talent is for creating fear and hatred, and I follow my bent." Pausing, he said, "I'll go out to the barn. I'll be on watch there. You can be at ease tonight."

He turned toward the door.

She whirled, and her hand caught his arm impulsively. The brown eyes looked up into his, brimming with unexpected tears. "Don't talk like that. Don't be bitter. You're not like that, down deep."

"I'm afraid I am."

"No, you're not! I can tell. You've been hurt terribly, and you've let yourself be hurt by my state of mind, when it wasn't meant to hurt you. You're bitter and sore, and you're not that way, because you're kind and generous and good. I can tell you the words wouldn't come."

He looked at her. "What makes them come now?"

"I couldn't bear to hear you talk like that, as if every man's hand was against you."

A queer look came on his face. Every man's hand! He said, "Thank you. I'll go now."

"I can stay here in the front room."

"I'll go outside."

She released him reluctantly. There was a stirring of the blood and a curious diffidence on them both. He made for the door.

And when he opened it, his thoughts racing like wild horses over new and unfamiliar horizons, he was brought up short and stricken helpless by the unexpected impact of a gun driven into his body by a hard-eyed man who rose from the very earth on the threshold.

"Hold it! Hold it still and steady!"

The girl muffled a scream. "Dane!"

The newcomer jerked McLean's gun from the holster and said, "Inside! Back up. That's right. Now, hold still."

His heel kicked the door shut, and he looked at McLean. He was dark, square-jawed, commanding, with eyes like cold agates. The two guns were level and sure.

"Well," breathed McLean, "what is it?"

"What is it? Hell! It's a length of rope and a cottonwood limb. All right, boys!"

The girl muffled a scream. "Dane!"

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"Well," breathed McLean, "what is it?"

"What is it? Hell! It's a length of rope and a cottonwood limb. All right, boys!"

Amazingly, the door from the front of the house opened, and two men filed into the kitchen, guns drawn.

The girl stood stark. "Dane Linkerman! Don't you dare touch that man!"

"You keep out of this, Kate. This man's a spy."

"A spy?"

"A cattle-company skunk, caught cold. And he gets his needin'—tonight!"

The girl stood rigid. McLean looked at her, strangely, quietly, he smiled.

*Prison walls couldn't hold Lee McLean but love can bind him to a desperate fight for law and order—as events prove in William Corcoran's second installment*

## Good-by to All Cats

(Continued from page 65)

into an easy flow of small talk; but all he could think of was to ask Lady Prenderby if she was fond of shooting. Lady Prenderby having replied that, owing to being deficient in the savage instincts and wanton blood lust that went to make up a callous and cold-hearted murderess, she was not, he relapsed into silence with his lower jaw hanging down.

All in all, he wasn't so dashed sorry when dinner came to an end.

As he and Sir Mortimer were the only men at the table, most of the seats having been filled by a covey of mildewed females whom he had classified under the general heading of Aunts, it seemed to Freddie that the moment had now arrived when they would be able to get together and start to appreciate one another's true worth. He looked forward to a cozy *tête-à-tête* over the port, in the course of which he would smooth over that cat incident.

But apparently Sir Mortimer had his own idea of the duties and obligations of a host. Instead of clustering round Freddie with decanters, he simply gave him a long, lingering look of distaste and shot out of the French window into the garden. A moment later, his head reappeared and he uttered the words "You and your damn cats!" Then the night swallowed him again.

Freddie was a good deal perplexed. All this was new stuff to him. He had been in and out of a number of country houses in his time, but this was the first occasion on which he had ever been left flat at the conclusion of the evening meal, and he wasn't quite sure what to do. He was still wondering when Sir Mortimer's head came into view again, and its owner, after giving him another of those long, lingering looks, said, "Cats, forsooth!" and disappeared once more.

Freddie was now definitely piqued. It was all very well, he felt, Dahlia Prenderby telling him to make himself solid with her father, but how can you make yourself solid with a fellow who doesn't stay put for two consecutive seconds?

It was a relief to his feelings when there suddenly appeared from nowhere his old acquaintance the tortoise-shell cat. It seemed to offer to him a means of working off his spleen.

Taking from Lady Prenderby's plate, accordingly, the remains of a banana, he plugged the animal neatly. It yowled and withdrew. And a moment later, there was Sir Mortimer again.

"Did you kick that cat?" he said. Freddie had half a mind to ask this old disease if he thought he was a man or a jack-in-the-box, but the breeding of the Widgeons restrained him. "No," he said, "I did not kick that cat."

"You must have done something to it to make it come charging out at forty miles an hour."

"I merely offered the animal a banana."

"Do it again and see what happens to you."

"Lovely evening," said Freddie, changing the subject.

"No, it's not, you silly ass," said Sir Mortimer.

Freddie rose. His nerve, I fancy, was a little shaken. "I shall join the ladies," he said, with dignity.

"God help them!" replied Sir Mortimer in a voice instinct with the deepest feeling, and vanished once more.

Freddie's mood, as he made for the drawing-room, was thoughtful. I don't say he has much sense, but he's got

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enough to know when he is and when he isn't going with a bang. Tonight, he realized, he had been very far from going in such a manner. It was not, that is to say, as the Idol of Matcham Scratchings that he would enter the drawing-room, but rather as a young fellow who would have to do a lot of heavy ingratiation before he could regard himself as really popular in the home.

He must bide about his feet and make up leeway. And knowing that what counts with these old-style females who have lived in the country all their lives is the exhibition of those little politenesses and attentions which were all the go in Queen Victoria's time, his first action, on entering, was to make a dive for one of the aunts who seemed to be trying to find a place to put her coffee cup.

"Permit me," said Freddie, prevar to the eyebrows.

**A**ND BOUNDING forward with the feeling that this was the stuff to give them, he barged right into a cat.

"Oh, sorry," he said, backing and bringing down his heel on another cat. "I say, most frightfully sorry," he said. And tottering to a chair, he sank heavily on to a third cat.

Well, he was up and about again in a jiffy, of course, but it was too late. There was the usual not-at-all-ing and don't-mention-it-ing, but he could read between the lines. Lady Prenderby's eyes had rested on his for only a brief instant, but it had been enough. His standing with her, he perceived, was now approximately what King Herod's would have been at an Israelite Mothers' Social Saturday Afternoon.

The girl Dahlia during these exchanges had been sitting on a sofa at the end of the room, and the sight of her drew Freddie like a magnet. Her womanly sympathy was just what he felt he could do with at this juncture. Treating with infinite caution, he crossed to where she sat, and having scanned the terrain narrowly for cats, sank down on the sofa at her side. And conceive his agony of spirit when he discovered that womanly sympathy had been turned off at the main. The girl was like a chunk of ice cream with spikes all over it.

"Please do not trouble to explain," she said coldly, in answer to his opening words. "I quite understand that there are people who have this odd dislike of animals."

"But dash it!" cried Freddie, waving his arm in a frenzied way. "Oh, I say, sorry," he added, as his fist caught another of the menagerie in the short ribs.

Dahlia caught the animal as it flew through the air. "I think perhaps you had better take Augustus, Mother," she said. "He seems to be annoying Mr. Widgeon."

"Quite," said Lady Prenderby. "He will be safer with me."

"But dash it!" bleated Freddie. Dahlia Prenderby drew in her breath sharply. "How true it is," she said, "that one never really knows a man till after one has seen him in one's own home."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, nothing," said Dahlia Prenderby. She rose and moved to the piano, where she proceeded to sing old Breton folk songs in a distant manner, leaving Freddie to make out as best he could with a family album containing faded photographs with "Aunt Emmy bathing at Llandudno, 1893" and "This is Cousin George at the fancy-dress ball" written under them.

And so the long, quiet, peaceful home

evening wore on, till Lady Prenderby mercifully blew the whistle and he was at liberty to sneak off to his bedroom.

You might have supposed that Freddie's thoughts, as he toddled upstairs with his candle, would have dwelt exclusively on the girl Dahlia. This, however, was not so. He did give her obvious shirt-tails a certain measure of attention, of course, but what really filled his mind was the soothing reflection that at long last his path and that of the animal kingdom of Matcham Scratchings had now divided. He, so to speak, was taking the high road while they, as it were, would take the low road. For whatever might be the conditions prevailing in the dining room, the drawing-room and the rest of the house, his bedroom, he felt, must surely be a haven totally free from cats of all descriptions.

Remembering, however, that unfortunate episode before dinner, he went down on all fours and subjected the various nooks and crannies to a close examination. His eye could detect no cat, as long as he rose to his feet with a gay song on his lips. But he hadn't got beyond the first couple of bars when a voice behind him suddenly started, taking the bass; and turning, he perceived on the bed a fine Alsatian dog.

Freddie looked at the dog. The dog looked at Freddie. The situation was one fraught with embarrassment. A glance at the animal was enough to convince him that it had got an entirely wrong angle on the position of affairs and was regarding him purely in the light of an intrusive stranger who had muscled in on its private sleeping quarters. Its manner was plainly resentful. It fixed Freddie with a cold, yellow eye and curled its upper lip slightly, the better to display a long, white tooth. Also the twitching nose and the sotto-voice imitation of distant thunder.

Freddie did not know quite what avenue of retreat was most impossible to climb between the sheets with a thing like that on the counterpane. To spend the night in a chair, on the other hand, would have been foreign to his policy. He did what I consider the most statesmanlike thing by sidling out to the balcony and squinting along the wall of the house to see if there wasn't a lighted window hard by, behind which might lurk somebody who would rally round with aid and comfort.

There was a lighted window only a short distance away, so he shoved his head out as far as it would stretch, and said: "I say!"

There being no response, he repeated: "I say!"

And finally, to drive his point home, he added: "I say! I say! I say!"

This time he got results. The head of Lady Prenderby suddenly protruded from the window. "Who," she inquired, "is making that abominable noise?"

It was not precisely the attitude Freddie had hoped for, but he could take the rough with the smooth.

"It's me, Widgeon, Frederick."

"Must you sing on your balcony, Mr. Widgeon?"

"Wasn't singing. I was saying 'I say.'"

"What were you saying?"

"I say."

"You say what?"

"I say I was saying 'I say.' Kind of a heart-cry, if you know what I mean."

The fact is, there's a dog in my room."

"What sort of dog?"

"A whacking great Alsatian."

"Ah, that is Wilhelm. Good night, Mr. Widgeon."

The window closed. Freddie let out a heart-stricken yip. "But I say!"

The window reopened. "Really, Mr. Widgeon!"

"But what am I to do?"

"Do?"

"About this whacking great Alsatian?"

Lady Prenderby seemed to consider. "No sweet biscuits," she said. "And when the maid brings you your tea in the morning, please do not give him sugar. Simply a little milk in the saucer. He is on a diet. Good night, Mr. Widgeon."

Freddie was now pretty well non-plused. No matter what his hostess might say about this beastly dog being on a diet, he was convinced from its manner that its medical adviser had not forbidden it Widgeons, and once more he bent his brain to the task of ascertaining what to do next.

There were several possible methods of procedure. His balcony being not so very far from the ground, he could, if he pleased, jump down and pass a heart-giving night in the nasturtium bed. Or he might curl up on the floor. Or he might get out of the room and doss downstairs somewhere.

This last scheme seemed about the best. The only obstacle in the way of its fulfilment was the fact that when he started for the door his roommate would probably think he was a burglar. Still, it had to be risked, and a moment later he was tiptoeing across the carpet.

Well, it was a near thing. The dog seemed occupied with something that looked like a cushion on the bed, and it paid no attention to Freddie till he was halfway across No Man's Land. Then it suddenly did a sort of sitting high-jump in his direction, and two seconds later Freddie, with a drafty feeling about the seat of his trousers, was on top of a wardrobe, with the dog underneath looking up at him.

It looked to him now as if his sleeping arrangements for the night had been settled for him. And the thought of having to roost on top of a wardrobe at the whim of a dog was pretty dashed offensive to his proud spirit, as you may well imagine. However, as you cannot reason with Alsatians, it seemed the only thing to be done; and he was trying to make himself comfortable when there was a snuffling noise in the passage and through the door came an object which in the dim light he was at first not able to identify. It looked something like a perruquier and something like a piece of a hearthrug. A keen inspection revealed it as a Pekingese puppy.

**T**HE UNCERTAINTY which Freddie had had as to the newcomer's status was shared, it appeared, by the Alsatian; for after raising his eyebrows in a puzzled manner, it rose and advanced inquiringly. In a tentative way it put out a paw and rolled the intruder over. Then, advancing again, it lowered its nose and sniffed.

It was a course of action against which its best friends would have advised it. These Pekingese are tough eggs, especially when, as in this case, female. They look the world in the eye, and are swift to resent familiarity. There was a sort of explosion, and the next moment the Alsatian was shooting out of the room with its tail between its legs, hotly pursued.

Freddie could hear the noise of battle rolling away along the passage, and it was music to his ears. Something on these lines was precisely what that Alsatian had been asking for, and now it had got it.

Presently, the Pekingese returned, dashing the beads of perspiration from its forehead, and came and sat down under the wardrobe, wagging a stumpy tail. And



"What's that they're saying, Henry?"

"They're saying, 'The average age of GOLDEN WEDDING RYE is 4 years old . . . and it's ALL whiskey.' But that won't interest you."

"Want to bet on *that*, too, Henry?"



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## Next Month—Achmed Abdullah's

### "Tropical Interlude"

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Freddie, feeling that the All Clear had been blown and that he was now at liberty to descend, did so.

His first move was to shut the door, his second to fraternize with his preserver. Freddie is a chap who believes in giving credit where credit is due, and it seemed to him that this Peke had shown itself an ornament of its species. He spared no effort, accordingly, to entertain it. He lay down on the floor and let it lick his face two hundred and thirty-three times. He tickled it under the ear. He also scratched its stomach.

All these attentions the animal received with cordiality and marked gratification: and as it seemed still in pleasure-seeking mood, Freddie took off his tie and handed it over.

Well, the tie went like a breeze. It was a success from the start. The Peke chewed it and chased it just starting to shake it from side to side when an unfortunate thing happened. Misjudging its distance, it banged its head a nasty wallop against the leg of the bed.

There is nothing of the red Indian at the stake about a puppy in circumstances like this. A moment later, Freddie's blood was chilled by a series of fearful shrieks that seemed to ring through the night like the dying cries of the party of the second part to a first-class murder.

Eventually, the agony seemed to abate. Quite suddenly, as if nothing had happened, the Peke stopped yelping and with an amused smile started to play with the tie again. And at the same moment there was a sound of whispering outside, and then a knock at the door.

"Hullo?" said Freddie.

"It is I, sir. Biggleswade."

"Who's Biggleswade?" he began.

"The butler, sir."

"What do you want?"

"Her ladyship wishes me to remove the dog which you are torturing."

"There was more whispering."

"Her ladyship also desires me to say that she will be reporting the affair in the morning to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

There was another spot of whispering. "Her ladyship further instructs me to add that, should you prove recalcitrant, I am to strike you over the head with the poker."

Well, you can't say this was pleasant for poor old Freddie, and he didn't think so himself. He opened the door, to perceive without a group consisting of Lady Prenderby, her daughter Dahlia, a few assorted aunts, and the butler, with poker. And he says he met Dahlia's eyes and they went through him like a knife.

"Let me explain," he began.

"Spare us the details," said Lady Prenderby with a shiver. She scooped

up the Peke and felt it for broken bones.

"But listen!"

"Good night, Mr. Widgeon."

The aunts said good night, too, and so did the butler. The girl Dahlia preserved a revolted silence.

"But honestly, it was nothing, really."

It banged its head against the bed.

"What did he say?" asked one of the aunts, who was a little hard of hearing.

"He says he banged the poor creature's head against the bed," said Lady Prenderby, raising her voice.

"Dreadful!" said the aunt.

"Eldious!" said a second aunt.

A third aunt opened up another line of thought. She said that with men like Freddie in the house, was anyone safe? She mooted the possibility of them all being murdered in their beds. The idea seemed to make a deep impression.

"Biggleswade," said Lady Prenderby,

"will remain in this position for the remainder of the night with your poker. Should this man attempt to leave his room, you will strike him smartly over the head."

"Just so, m'lady."

"But listen!" said Freddie.

"Good night, Mr. Widgeon."

The mob scene broke up. Soon the passage was empty save for Biggleswade the butler, who had begun to pace up and down, halting every now and then to flick the air with his poker, as if testing the lissomness of his wrist muscles and satisfying himself that they were in a condition to insure the right amount of follow-through.

The spectacle he presented was so unpleasant that Freddie withdrew into his room and shut the door. His bosom, as you may imagine, was surging with distressing emotions. That look which Dahlia Prenderby had given him had churned him up to no little extent. He realized that he had a lot of tense thinking to do, and to assist thought he sat down on the bed.

Or, rather, to be accurate, on the dead cat which was lying on the bed. It was this cat which the Alsatian had been licking just before the final breach in his relations with Freddie—the object, if you remember, which the latter had supposed to be a cushion.

He leaped up as if the corpse, instead of being cold, had been piping hot. He stared down, hoping against hope that the animal was merely in some sort of coma. But a glance told him that he had never seen a deader cat. After life's fitful fever it slept well.

You wouldn't be far out in saying that poor old Freddie was now appalled. Already his reputation in this house was at zero, his name mud. On all sides he was looked upon as Widgeon the Amateur Vivisectionist. This final disaster could not but put the tin hat on it.

And then the thought came to him that it might be possible not to be discovered with it on his person. He had only to nip downstairs and deposit the remains in the drawing-room or somewhere and suspicion might not fall upon him. A housemaid would find the animal in the morning and report to G. H. Q. that the cat strength of the establishment had been reduced by one, and there would be a bit of tut-tutting, and then the thing would be forgotten.

The thought gave him new life. All briskness and efficiency, he picked up the body by the tail and was just about to dash out of the room when, with a silent groan, he remembered Biggleswade.

He peeped out. It might be that the butler, once the eye of authority had been removed, had departed to get the remainder of his beauty-sleep. But no. There the fellow was, still practicing half-arm shots with the poker. Freddie closed the door.

And as he did so, he suddenly thought of the window. There lay the solution. All he had to do was to shoot the body out into the silent night, and let gardeners, not housemaids, discover it.

He hurried out. It was a moment for swift action. He raised his burden. He swung it aloft and worked it over his head. Then he let it go, and from the dark garden there came suddenly the cry of a strong man in his anger.

"Who threw that cat?" It was the voice of his host, Sir Mortimer Prenderby. "Show me the man who threw that cat!" he thundered.

Windows flew up. Heads came out. Freddie sank to the floor of the balcony and rolled against the wall.

"What ever is the matter, Mortimer?" "Let me get at the man who hit me in the eye with a cat."

A startled Lady Prenderby's voice sounded perplexed. "Are you sure?"

"Sure? What do you mean sure? Of course I'm sure. I was just dropping off to sleep in my hammock, when suddenly a great beastly cat came whizzing through the air and caught me properly in the eyeball. It's a nasty thing. A man can't sleep in his hammock in his own garden without people pelting him with cats. I insist on the blood of the man who threw that cat."

"Where did it come from?"

"Must have come from that balcony there."

"Mr. Widgeon's balcony," said Lady Prenderby in an acid voice. "As I might have guessed."

Sir Mortimer uttered a cry. "So might I have guessed! Widgeon, of course! That ugly fellow. He's been throwing cats all evening. Somebody come and open the front door. I want my heavy cane, the one with the carved ivory handle. Or a horsewhip will do."

"Wait, Mortimer," said Lady Prenderby. "Do nothing rash. The man is evidently a very dangerous lunatic. I will send Biggleswade to overpower him. He has the kitchen poker."

Little (said the Crumpet) remains to be told. At two-fifteen that morning a somber figure in dress clothes without a tie limped into the little railway station of Lower Smeaterton on the Wissel, some six miles from Matcham Scratchings. At three-forty-seven he departed Londonwards on the milk-train.

It was Frederick Widgeon. He had a broken heart and blisters on both heels. And in that broken heart was that loathing for all cats of which you recently saw so signal a manifestation. I am revealing no secrets when I tell you that Freddie Widgeon was permanently through with cats. From now on, they cross his path at their peril.



## Chanel Copy by Barbara Aldrich

(Continued from page 47)

and down a continent in long shiny cars and trains with beautiful names. As sure as she could be, laughing and chatting at a red bar, tossing her fringes on a green-buize table, with the bright future still held in her sun-tanned hands.

But that was over. It was a thousand miles across the sea. Nicky was a thousand miles across the sea, with his gay careless kisses and his lovely empty promises. Lazy Nicky, with nothing to do but charm, who believed his playboy life and the glamour of his name would go on forever. Foolish Nicky, who couldn't see the cracks breaking in his game—or never admitted that he saw them. Nicholas whom she loved and wanted and had left behind without a word.

For Geneviève was going to work. She was going to get a job. It was heaven to be in a country where no one sat day after day staring at the sea; where people rushed and hurried, and things you drank to did happen.

Jenny had been looking for a job for seven weeks. Of course she'd get one. You didn't just fall into things. You had to fight. It was exciting to fight.

She answered every ad she could—secretary, young, attractive, personality; saleswoman, young, attractive, five feet four, smart following; sandwich girl, attractive, well-groomed—what was a sandwich girl?

The mornings were fine. There was something to look for; a new ad to answer. The afternoons were bad. By four o'clock there was nothing to do. She just wanted to sit at a café table and have a nice gin fizz and pretend she was attractive and under twenty again.

New York was glorious but it did need

the edge slightly blurred, or was she used to things a little blurred? New York was wonderful, but Jenny began to see the men who stood so still on street corners, looking at nothing.

Then the wonderful thing happened. Jenny got an answer to her letter, the one she had written fifty times. Something like this:

"Have been in Paris the past ten years . . . charge of merchandising for L. Revard; stylist for Madame Munro; sold clothes and jewelry at Chanel's." (Oh, Jenny, what lies!)

"I've had all sorts of experience." (Suppose she really wrote what it had been?)

This morning she had an appointment at Bergman's, the biggest department store in the country. They wanted to see her. They wanted her.

Jenny opened her eyes. She always dreaded the moment, for it might still be dark. She thought of mornings at the Ritz. The walls of her room had been pale blue damask, and there were pale blue hyacinths in the garden below. But it wasn't ever morning, always afternoon. A rotten life in spite of the lovely walls and the hyacinths, and Nicky laughing in the soft Paris air.

I certainly feel noble this morning, said Jenny. Here I am in the New World, and I have an appointment. Someone really wants to see me!

Jenny took a cold shower and slapped her face with icy water. She brushed her hair fifty times. It must shine, even though there were no little curls.

She scraped the remnants from her favorite rouge—three dollars a box even in Paris; put on her old blue suit, too short, yes, but the red-and-white-checked

sweater and the shoulders were still good, still Chanel. Nicky had liked it . . .

Crowds were pouring into Bergman's. Jenny pushed her way to the employment office. It was jammed; not a place to sit. She stood up an hour, and at last sat down on some steps. A store policeman told her not to sit there. She looked at the women. They stood quietly like those men she had watched on the street corners.

Noon, and her turn came. Jenny twitched her Chanel jersey about her, approached the woman at the desk. She might have been God. Geneviève's letter was in her hand. The lies seemed written in flaming ink. "I worked at Chanel's for five years, designed, wrote fashion articles, can take dictation, speak French."

"Does this experience make you believe that you could sell for us, Miss Hayden?" asked the manager. "You have absolutely no New York department-store experience, have you?"

"No," said Jenny, "but—"

"The advertisement asked for New York department-store experience."

"But I think anyone with any brains can sell, don't you?" asked Jenny, a little fiercely.

"I'm afraid there's nothing for you, Miss Hayden. Leave your name, and if we take on any inexperienced help—"

"But I am experienced! I sold at Chanel's in Paris, and that's harder than selling here. Why did you answer my letter, then?" Geneviève's voice rose.

Suddenly a good-looking woman spoke to the manager in low tones. She had been looking at Jenny's suit. She had heard her last passionate plea.

Jenny still stood there. She couldn't

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breathe. She couldn't move her feet.

"You say you've sold jewelry at Chanel's," the manager asked.

"Yes," answered Jenny. She began to think she had in some prehistoric age.

"The department head thinks that you are the type she can use during the Birthday Sale. You may go with her."

An hour later Miss Genevieve Hayden of Paris, Cannes and Biarritz had been signed up to sell costume jewelry on Bergman's street floor.

She had a job, the first in her whole life. She had escaped, Jenny laughed out loud walking up the avenue. She was part of it now.

Three days learning to make out sales checks. Cafeteria soup for lunch; soup that was hot, that was all. Twenty-three cents for a sandwich and soup. But she had a job. What of the soup? What if it wasn't a potatoe invented by a great chef? She had a job!

The third day Jenny was sent to her counter. Hatless, she walked across the vast ground floor. She felt queer without a hat, naked, unprotected, but terribly excited.

The Birthday Sale had begun. The mob swarmed about her, milling, pushing, jostling. On the counter piles of clattering bracelets. Outside, clattering, rasping human beings. She made out a sales check shakily. Why, it worked!

The bracelet was sold. It had gone through. The change came back.

Then for Genevieve began hours, minutes, days that were like a top beginning to spin, faster and faster.

Jenny knew her stock. Jewelry, trinkets, baubles. Chains of bracelets like armor, clinking, clanging on lovely arms, scrawny arms, fat arms. At first she thought it funny, smart. Why, there's Lanvin's bead necklace, fifty cents. She remembered looking at it in Lanvin's perfumed shop, a thousand francs. Just a row of beads woven by a genius. Jenny could see her at the openings, sitting at her desk, models passing by—the excitement, the drama. There were Agnès' cuff bracelets and Schiaparelli's beads and Chanel's rhinestones, eighty-five cents, seventy-five. Vionnet's exquisite crystal bracelets, fifteen. Jenny had worn a crystal one and a black one. Here they were, dimmed and tawdry, but selling so fast that Jenny's hand ached.

When you make mistakes in your salesbook you get docketed. Jenny had two dollars taken off the first week. The subway. The store at quarter to nine. It was like an icy shower, the beginning of the day, a fresh shock each morning.

On her feet eight hours; fifteen minutes off in the afternoon. But there were never any chairs in the rest room. Her feet burned.

She bought a black dress, four dollars. She had never worn a four-dollar dress before, and it seemed to make her disappear. There wasn't any Jenny now; just a cheap black dress at which people shouted, "Miss!" She was glad Nicky couldn't see her.

But what if she did have a little pain in her feet? What if her dress wasn't as pretty as that was. But she had more sales than anyone at her counter. She had a job!

Noons. There was hardly time to get her coat, and there was no place to go, no room, no tables. All New York was jammed. So Jenny struggled up the escalator ten flights and ate things she never tasted and grew thinner.

The Birthday Sale went on. All day

long crowds poured through the twisting doors like an army. All night long she heard sharp voices shouting, "Miss!" and bracelets rattling like clanking chains.

Sometimes, staring through the crowd, she'd pretend she saw Nicholas. Did that man look like Nicky? But no one could look like him and be someone else!

The head of stock used to eye Jenny's Chanel suit and find fault with everything. The buyer told her that she looked like a must smile more. So Jenny stood there smiling. The necklaces hung and the bracelets rattled. Sales mounted.

One salesgirl had been at Bergman's ten years and came in every morning with a hanger. "You've got to do it or you couldn't stick it, dearie!" she used to cry. One was blond, so blond. She was slated for the next promotion.

Where was New York? Jenny never saw it any more; never saw Fifth Avenue or the stars at night or lovely women. Only dark underground passages where you bumped into people. Only this great animal of a store eating up the money like the little brown la. But tomorrow someone might notice her. Mr. Weiss himself, walking up the aisle, might notice her; might think, There is an exceptional woman. I will create a position for her.

"Vionnet bracelets? Oh, yes, the latest thing. She wears them herself." Jenny had worn her first dress from Vionnet at the Châteaufort one June night. When Nicky saw her, he said, "I choose you." The fountains played, and you could smell flowers.

The Birthday Sale went on. "Won't you wait on me? Isn't there someone here? What are you here for?"

Why am I? said Jenny out loud, but no one heard.

If she could only sit down on a curbstone, anywhere... Three o'clock. She saw her face in a mirror. She looked dreadful; no use to try rouge. Her dress was dirty; no time even to get her hair done.

A girl went by. She had on the most insolent hat in the world. She looks the way you look only when you're sure of the whole world.

There was a man with her. They were laughing. They were laughing at Jenny's jewelry. They never looked at Genevieve. She didn't exist.

What was she doing in this madhouse for eighteen dollars a week, trapped, shut up, beaten down, where spring was nothing more than a white piqué hat and bow in the case across the aisle?

Was the sky still blue? Were the trees green? Did people sit at lunch for hours? Were there still mimosa and purple mountains rising out of the sea?

"Genevieve, my dear!"

Jenny looked up frightened. Was it all an ugly dream, or was she back again beside an auree sea?

Before her in the hurry-burly, in the clatter, stood Nicky! Laughing up into her eyes was Baron Nicholas Strassny.

"Genevieve, my dearest, what a lark! What are you doing here? Why did you run away from me?"

Where was she? It couldn't be true. "Nicky, Nicky," she whispered. "Nicholas, don't look at me, don't laugh at me, don't kiss my hand." She had forgotten things could be funny. "Nicky, how can you laugh? Why are you here? Tell me quick."

"I came to look for you, Jenny. I've been searching the Riviera and I couldn't find you. So here I am. Darling, don't tell me you're really working here! Genevieve, toast of the Riviera, working. What fun!"

"What do you suppose I'm doing,

Nicky? I told you not to look at me. I look dreadful. What are you doing in this store, in New York, in America? Tell me, Nicky. Don't lean over the counter; I'll lose my job. I have a job, Nicky! Aren't you proud of me?"

"I'll buy all the bracelets, darling. Show me the one with the emeralds, and then take me around tonight, Jenny. We'll celebrate."

"Yes, Nicky, yes. How does Paris look? What have the women got on? I haven't talked to anyone for so long. Say something else. I want to hear your voice. Tell me why you came, honestly. Here's the floorwalker."

Nicholas turned away. He looked straight and tall and very grand. Nicky at her counter at Bergman's. Jenny giggled. Why, it felt marvelous to giggle.

Nicky, here. Never! Nicky, who played his life away with such enchanting gaiety in a world of nice brown princes and barons and lovely women beside a clean blue sea.

She must get a dress for tonight. She'd get one of those cheap copies she'd seen upstairs. She had fifteen minutes' rest. Jenny ran up the escalator. So many stupid women in the way who'd never been out with a baron. She pushed rudely. Why not? Everyone did.

Jenny stood transfixed. Outside the dress shop were copies of the new French models. Beneath each the designer's name, and behind them all of Paris. There was the Rue Royale and the Madeleine; old women with white violets by the Seine.

Genevieve, you aren't in Paris. You're here in America, at Bergman's, to buy a dress for fourteen-fifty. But you're free, Jenny, you're free! Nicky's caught. You have a job. What if there were white violets?

Jenny looked at the dresses. There was the Mainbocher, the Paquin, a little wrong, the line gone. Spoiled. It was cruel. It was like the jewelry, cheap, mocking copies. There was Chanel's most famous dress, the black one with the white bow. A little girl's school dress, transformed by Chanel's wit into the most brilliant evening gown of the season.

Jenny gasped. It must be wrong. But no. Why, it was good! There it stood for fifteen dollars. "I'll take this if you have it in size sixteen." She remembered fittings at Chanel's, with women bending over her, measuring, twisting, draping. "I haven't time to try it on. It will have to fit." The dress cost twelve dollars with her discount.

Back to the counter. The blonde said, "I've got some rotten news, baby. Can you take it? I hear they're firing Schwartz; new buyer tomorrow; lots of changes. Means we'll be let out. They bring their friends."

That would come next. For a moment Jenny's head whirled. She felt sick. It must count, what she'd been doing here. You couldn't go through hell and not have it count; not have anything.

But she was going out with Nicky tonight. She was a make-believe woman going out in a make-believe dress. Nothing was real any more, not even her job.

Jenny plunged into the subway with her bundle. She didn't notice the crowds tonight. Lose her job? Go back to that old rotten life in an old world? Better be dead! But she was too tired to throw herself and her dress beneath the train.

Forty-second Street, the shuttle, Fifty-third. She'd have a cocktail all by herself. She poured the last of the gin and vermouth into the shaker which had been to so many strange places.

Her hand shook, and the mascara

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smared her cheeks. She had to wash it off again. Then she slipped on the dress. Did it fit? I won't look at it, said Jenny. I'll just pretend it does. She wrapped her ermine coat about her, the one thing she had left. Then she went down to Nicholas.

"I don't feel lost any more, Nicky. I feel all right just to be riding in a cab with you up the avenue. Don't mind if I talk all the time. I haven't talked for so long. This is the way New York should be—riding up grand avenues with the lights, and you. You're the only thing I've seen that's real, not a cheap copy. How do I look?"

"Genevieve, you look different. No, I don't mean tired. Tell me at dinner." "Where are we going, Nicky? What are you here for? You haven't told me the truth yet. Tell me, Nicky. Don't be mysterious. Did you win at baccarat? You always said you'd never come."

They had the best table in the room, and the orchestra leader played the pieces she had liked a long time ago. Nicky was Nicky in a strange new world.

She was sitting at a red bar again, chattering about nothing. It was heaven. "Nicky, how are Ducky and Ramon? Does Lydia still wear that hideous yellow dress? What do they laugh at? Say the names, Nicky. I'm homesick."

"Do you like it here, Nicky? Do you mind my talking, talking? There's been no one. All I could say was, 'Thirty-nine cents.' I missed you, Nicky."

"Like it, my darling? Of course I like it. It's marvelous."

"You don't like it. You can't, Nicholas."

"But I mean it, Genevieve." "Nicky, I think I'm going to cry. I haven't had any champagne since—oh, well, but that isn't why I might cry. Tell me about everybody. Tell me quick, Nicky. Do they ask about me?"

"No, you aren't forgotten. Why did you run away?"

"How's Moira? Has Rosie reached the height of her tan? Did you win lots of money, darling? I'll wager that's how you came. Why have you come, Nicky? I know I haven't given you a chance to tell me but I feel so lovely tonight. I'm a nice person to take out again. You don't know how awful I've been."

Jenny raised her glass high. "Listen, Baron Stransy, I'm Genevieve again. I've been nothing. I'm Jenny again, and I'm going back tomorrow."

"Jenny, listen to me." Nicholas leaned across the table and took her hand. For once she didn't feel his touch. "I like it here, and so do you. I'm going to do what I want to here, and so are you."

"Don't you hear me, Nicky? I'm going back. Until I saw you today, I was going to stay. I thought I liked it. I thought I was fine and brave. But you're so different. You make me see the stupidity

of what I've been doing. It made me laugh just to see you standing in Bergman's at my counter. It isn't becoming; it doesn't fit. You couldn't do anything here, Nicky. You couldn't possibly stay. Why, if there was just one person like you I might be all right. But there couldn't be."

"Jenny," said Nicholas, "Jenny, my darling, I'm—"

But on she rushed. "Anyway, I'm losing my job. I was proud of it but I'm not now. I thought I cared, but I don't, now I've seen you. I'm pawning my ermine coat and catching the first boat. I'll sit on a rock at Andalus. I'll visit Rosie and Abby. I'll marry Troubetzkay if he still wants me. I'll sit in the sun and drink champagne, and my legs will be a beautiful brown again, and never ache. And so what, Baron Stransy? And so what? Isn't that a nice slang phrase? You must learn it."

"Genevieve, dance with me. Your feet aren't really hurting. You don't look tired, Jenny, my dear. You look lovelier. I like your dress. How did you catch the Channel so soon? Did you bring it with you? It's the best I've seen."

"You like this dress, Nicky? You can't mean it."

He didn't know it was a fake. Nicky, who knew every great couturier in Europe, didn't know. Maybe it wasn't a fake. Maybe she wasn't, maybe.

Nicholas said, "We're going home now," and Jenny put on her ermine coat. She felt very beautiful again.

"Tomorrow, Genevieve, you're going to Bergman's. I want you to. You'll do the first thing I've wanted in America, won't you? I'll drop by. I want to see you just once more working. I want to tell them about it. How they will laugh, Jenny! They get so bored. Didn't you? Be careful of that dress, my dear. It's the best you ever had in your life."

Jenny hung the dress up carefully. Then she went straight to sleep. The next morning she stood behind the counter. She'd wait for Nicky. He wouldn't come, but she had promised.

"Oh, Miss Hayden, there's the new buyer," said Margie, the little cash girl. "Ain't he grand? They say he's a prince or a baron or something. Look! See the flower in his buttonhole?"

Genevieve stared through the crowd with empty eyes. Nicky, fresh, sleek, gay, was passing swiftly by. He wore a flower in his coat. Suddenly he stopped, leaned across the counter, looked straight into her heart.

Jenny stood transfixed. Thirty-nine cents, thirty-five cents, said Jenny. The store rumbled about them, challenging. But they might have been alone together beneath the Paris sky or beside a warm blue sea. It didn't matter now.

"And so what, my darling?" said Baron Nicholas Stransy softly.

Coming—another story by

**RAFAEL SABATINI**

*A fascinating tale of intrigue and love and war in colorful medieval Italy, and of a young captain who took what he wanted*

## They Walked With the Gods

(Continued from page 61)

of a second, paid tribute to genius, as the ball faded over the right-field fence. Alex shrugged tired shoulders.

Ruth grinned happily and trotted around the bases. Slowly and majestically he ran, to the roar of forty thousand screaming worshippers.

Ruth was and is a magnificent ball-player, but on that October day in 1928, he was a genius. He had overcome a hostile crowd. He had overpowered a great baseball team. And he had hit three home runs in a World Series game. If a man paints a greater picture, builds a better mousetrap or writes a better song than his fellows, we call him a genius. And Ruth, on that occasion, touched by a streak of divine madness, strode majestically into their company just for a day.

**1914:** The world had gone mad. Headlines on June twenty-eighth had shrieked that the Archduke Franz Ferdinand had been felled by an assassin's bullet. Came July, and Austria declared war on Serbia. Now it was August, and the month was ushered in by Germany declaring war on Russia. Two days later, France was in it. Now Belgium and England joined the mêlée. It was a stirring month—August, 1914.

Came August thirteenth. For one afternoon, twelve thousand people forgot the war. It was Australia vs. United States at Forest Hills, and the huge new concrete stadium was to be opened for the first time.

Wilding and Brookes, the two Australian masters, were to oppose young Dick Williams and the flaming comet of California—Maurice McLoughlin. The Americans were conceded very little chance.

As was expected, Wilding in the first match was too much for Williams. Now came the long-anticipated duel between Brookes and McLoughlin.

The court was cleared. Ball boys took their places. There was a silence from the huge crowd, and then a throaty roar of welcome as Brookes and McLoughlin appeared from the green-shaded marquee.

The umpire climbed up to his high stool, and McLoughlin and Brookes each went to his base line. They batted the ball back and forth in a few practice spins and then began play. McLoughlin's tremendous service dazzled Brookes, but Brookes excelled in placing, and although Mac managed to handle his service, Brookes' great ground strokes gave him point after point. Suddenly the gallery realized that the score was 6-8. Each man had consistently won on his service.

Each player was looking for a break. Mac was aiming for the corners, but canny Brookes was stroking cleverly and Mac couldn't break through when that grim unsmiling man served. He was fighting a machine.

The score was now nine to eight, and it was McLoughlin's service. Tension began to gather.

Now came that nineteenth game which tennis experts still talk about all over the world. McLoughlin for the moment had lost his touch. He double-faulted, erred, was caught out of position, and he trailed at love-forty. If he lost this game, it would mean the set and undoubtedly the match.

But the touch came back. The flaming redhead zoomed over a service so that it seemed only a white streak hurtling

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WITH THE  
WITHERED ARM  
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The mouth, too, needs exercise — regular vigorous chewing to make it work normally . . . to help keep the mouth and gums healthy . . . to keep the teeth clean and sound.

Dentyne, a special gum with an extra firmness, supplies the vigorous chewing we all need . . . in a pleasant way. Everyone in the family should chew Dentyne often . . . It helps improve the mouth structure and strengthens the mouth muscles.

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across the net. Another ace; still another. It was deuce now, and Mac served a twister, came up almost to the net and aced Brookes' return with a perfect chop-volley. Mac brushed the sweat out of his eyes—and served a ball no living player could have returned. That made it 9-9, and the battle of service went on.

The set went to 15-14. McLoughlin was leaping at high lob and miraculously getting his racket on perfect placements. He was tearing from one side of the court to another, as Brookes, utilizing every tennis trick known, began a pendulum attack, smashing the ball now to the right, then to the left.

That redhead was playing tennis such as he had never played before—such, perhaps, as no man had ever played before. He had no right to be playing on even terms with the Brookes of August 13, 1914, but he was and he still seemed full of the nervous vitality with which he had begun the match. Today Mac was not just a tennis player. He was a whirling, flaming god of the court, launching thunderbolts that went over that net with incredible speed.

Yes, it was 15-15 now in the first set and every shot meant something. Brookes, thinking four shots ahead, constantly maneuvered Mac out of position, but then when he slammed what should have been a placement into vacant territory the redhead somehow managed to get there in time.

Now it was the thirty-first game and Brookes went back to serve. He reached 40-15, and then Mac pulled up to even the count. Brookes scored an ace to give him the advantage. It went back to deuce, and the crowd was as quiet as death. It wasn't hot—the thermometer read seventy-six degrees—but every spectator was beaded in perspiration. The strain was almost too much.

Brookes was maneuvering. Mac was smashing. A boxer against a fighter—a fighter who was tired and who was burning up quantities of energy.

Now Brookes moved up for the kill. He was going to volley one of Mac's forehand drives into unoccupied territory. But Mac sensed what was coming. He put everything into one smashing forehand shot. It landed at Brookes' feet, and he could only tip the ball with his racket.

The crowd shrieked its delight. Brookes stood there nonplused for a moment—expressionless. Mac, too, stood for a moment. Then he grinned and wiped an arm across his face. It was his set. Everybody sensed it. Was it match?

Now it was 16-15, and McLoughlin stepped back to serve. A voice from high up in the stands called, "Come on, Mac!" and the redhead grinned. Brookes' forehand and stepped back for the service. This was a bitter game. It went to deuce, and then Mac served two burning service aces that no one could have returned.

"Mr. McLoughlin wins the first set seventeen to fifteen," the voice of the announcer droned, but no one heard it. Waves of applause broke over the court. Everybody sensed that the state was over. Mac was on the crest now. He couldn't be stopped.

A fighting dynamo—that McLoughlin, his red hair tumbling down over his forehead. Two more sets had to be played and won. The score in each was the same, 6-3. The machine had been beaten, and no mere man can beat a machine unless he is touched by that divine madness that sometimes the gods bestow.

That touch of genius which had entered Mac's body had carried him to victory, but at what a cost. Two days later, he again played amazing tennis to beat

Wilding, but that was his requiem. Red Mac never won another important tennis match. Those fires of madness which had burned so brightly in his breast during that 17-to-15 set had consumed his wonderful vitality, had "burned him out" in the parlance of the sporting world. Genius had visited him, and he had to pay for the privilege. Talk of Tilden, of Cochet, of Crawford and Vines—but don't talk of them to anyone who saw Red McLoughlin go mad on August 13, 1914.

1930: In Holland they insist that the ancient game of golf was born in the land of the dikes long before it was thought of anywhere else. In Scotland they say that a shepherd idly knocking a stone into a gully with his crooked staff started the game that has half the world missing its dinner and the other half waiting impatiently. The dispute as to the origin of golf has never been settled but the fact that golf reached its apotheosis in 1930 has been.

There have been thousands of excellent golfers; hundreds of super-golfers, but only one great golfer. His name was and is Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., and his career as a golfer began in 1911, when he won the Junior championship of the Atlanta Club.

In 1930, he made the Grand Slam of golf, winning the National Open, the British Amateur and British Open and the American Amateur titles. In his triumphant march to these four titles he defeated every golfer of worth in the world, American and foreign, sweeping through one tournament after another. He won the British Amateur at St. Andrews, defeating Roger Wethered in the final match. He routed through the British Open at Hoylake, and then came home. He won at the U. S. Open at Interlachen, with a record score of 289. He was fêted and feasted. Not only the golfing world but the whole country paid him homage.

Now came Merion and the U. S. Amateur. The day before the tourney started, Bobby spent long hours on the putting green at Merion, and the little white ball refused to behave. He tried some long drives and hooked and sliced all over the landscape. "Bobby has cracked!" the word went around.

Then on the day the tournament started, Bobby's suddenly acquired bad form left him. Once again he was the golfing automaton. His club was an alchemist's wand that seemed to be in communion with the little white ball. His usually ruddy face was pale and there were haggard shadows under his eyes.

Ross Somerville, the Canadian, who in 1922 became the first foreign champion of the United States, fell first, 5 and 4. Another Canadian, Fred Holtzlett, was the next victim by a similar score. Ruthlessly, relentlessly, Bobby cut them down. The gallery marveled, and the hardened experts gazed in awe. Fay Coleman, the Culver City player, came next and went down before the machine-like precision of Bobby's playing. Now the semifinal round and the tall broad figure of Jess Sweetser barred the way.

It was a tense moment. Bobby had to crack now, the gallery thought. He couldn't go on like this. He couldn't—but he did. He beat Jess Sweetser 9 and 8, and then went to sleep preparing for the final match the next day.

That day, Gene Homans had defeated Charley Seaver to win the right to meet Jones in the final. Homans was a fighter. Jones would have to be at his best to trim him.

A cool breeze tempered the hot sun as the players advanced to the first tee.

There were twenty thousand tense golfing addicts gathered along the fairway and behind the tee. The tension was terrific. Silence settled over the crowd like a smothering blanket. Would Bobby crack?

That question was answered in quick time. Bobby seemed to be the only one there to whom this was just another golf match. Two days before he, too, had been tense, white-faced. Now he was smiling, nerveless.

Homans played good golf, but he was doomed from the start. He was playing a man who was touched with that divine spark we have talked about. He was playing a master, who was putting the finishing touches to his masterpiece.

The finish came at the eleventh green, a green-buttressed carpet, flanked by a brook on one side and a maple-studded ridge on the other. Jones was eight up, and he laid his approach shot dead to the pin for a sure four. Homans, to keep the match alive, had to sink a 24-footer. He was the nervous one now.

He missed, extended a long arm to the smiling Bobby, and the match was over. Who can describe the roar of twenty thousand maddened golf fanatics? It swelled to the heavens. The low-headed golfing wizard stood there smiling, blinking uncertainly as the sun hit his eyes.

He was the colossus of the golfing world. Four major titles in one year. It seems incredible and can only be explained by saying that he was given that supernatural aid that nature occasionally extends to its favored. Jones, a genius? In 1930, he was a genius. He had done more than win golf tournaments. He had walked four times with the gods.

Bobby realized it, even if others didn't. He knew that anything else would be an anticlimax—and he retired from competitive play. It was a graceful gesture toward the gods of chance and fortune. He was saying to them, "Thanks, old boys. You've done enough for me. I won't ask you aid again. I'll get out while the going is good."

**1932:** Lake Placid is a dazzling frost-enrusted jewel dropped by an omnipotent hand into the emerald beauty of the Adirondack Mountains. Tonight, the town of Lake Placid is the center of the whole sporting world.

Its one street is brilliantly lighted and flags of many nations drop from lines strung across it. The gayly clad crowds trudge through the heavy snow. They are all headed for the Olympic Auditorium where the final event of the winter Olympic Games is to be held. Sonja Henie is the magnet which draws them there—a plump little wide-eyed Norwegian girl, the world's greatest fancy skater. But the crowd is satisfied with thrills, and it expects nothing more tonight than a pretty performance. All day, thrills have been following one another with breathless speed. Watching the girls go through their paces on the ice will be a pleasant diversion.

The huge auditorium is crowded. Five thousand people have jammed their way into the building. The ice, frosty white, glistens under the incandescence of the arc lights. A band plays; it stops; there is a sudden hush and the announcer droning through a loud-speaker tells us that the Olympic Fancy Skating competition is about to begin. The crowd applauds politely. The arena is lowered until only one spotlight is centered on the ice. Maribel Vinson dressed in severe black trimmed with white fur glides out. She is the United States representative and she goes through the compulsory, then the voluntary figures with a



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lovely rhythmic swing. It is pretty to watch, and again the crowd applauds.

Constance Wilson Samuel of Canada, Vivi-Anne Hulten of Sweden, little fourteen-year-old Megan Taylor of England, and then the famous Fritz Burger of Austria follow. All are superb, and the skating-wise fans whisper among themselves that Sonja will have to be awfully good to beat the performance of Fritz Burger. And now it is Sonja's turn.

Out of the comparative darkness she emerges into the spotlight. She glides out on one skate. Her other foot is held straight behind her and her arms are extended. Sonja? Is this the plump little rosy-cheeked girl one saw at dinner an hour ago? No! This is a swan, a graceful white creature, a breath of frosty air that is suddenly crystallized. Her dress is of white velvet and it is trimmed with rhinestones which glisten under the dazzling light of the arc. She wears a small white cap and her blond curls frame a childish face.

The band leader sweeps his baton. Sonja springs into action—and the crowd lets out a spontaneous roar of ecstasy.

The tempo of the band increases. Now Sonja is whirling through the difficult spin of a Jackson Haynes. She whirls about and about, as the band goes faster and faster. She is like a fountain of quivering snow springing from the ice. The crowd holds its breath. The band roars to a smashing crescendo and Sonja comes out of the Jackson Haynes spin. She poses for a moment on the tips of her skates, and the crowd shrieks.

Then suddenly Sonja perks her head to one side and the crowd is silent. The band plays softly a haunting waltz by Strauss. Now Sonja skates around the arena twice. She whirles around in outside and inside spread-eagles.

And now she approaches the climax of her art. She whirls to the center of the ice and throws her body into the air. Twice around she spins before again touching the ice, and when she does come down it is on the toe of one skate. They call it the Lutz jump, one of the most difficult of all acrobatic fancy-skating maneuvers. It is her climax. Her arms are high above her head, the fingers touching. The sound from five thousand throats seems to lift her up a bit. People have gone mad. Even the solemn judges are on their feet.

Why? Because an artist has painted a masterpiece. No mere flesh-and-blood woman could skate that well. Sonja was a genius for that night.

1925: Lowering clouds heavy with unshed rain hovered about Franklin Field, Philadelphia. There were sixty-three thousand people in the stands. The University of Pennsylvania was to play Illinois in the Fighting Illini, coached by Bob Zuppke. In the backfield of the midwestern team was Red Grange.

It had rained during the night and the field had been covered with a heavy layer of straw. Even so, cloying mud was revealed as attendants removed the sodden layers of yellow straw.

The teams lined up. A roar went up from the crowd. There, trotting to his position, was Grange, a huge 77 emblazoned on his back.

Pennsylvania kicked off. The game was on, and the roar swelled into a thundering crescendo of pandemonium. Illinois had the ball. The teams lined up. There was a sudden hush. The ball was passed. It went directly to Grange. He flitted over the heavy field, running parallel to his line of scrimmage. Then he cut sharply and went right through

tackle. Arms were on him. He disappeared amid a cloud of swirling figures. Then he emerged. He was in the Pennsylvania backfield. He swerved away from outstretched hands.

The crowd was on its feet. Grange was off, tearing straight down the field. Mud couldn't stop him. He crossed the line standing up, nonchalant, casual.

Britton failed to kick the goal and Illinois led 6 to 0. Again Pennsylvania kicked off. The ball cleaved the sullen dull grayness of the air and dropped into the arms of Grange. Now he was off, shooting to the left side of the field.

Fifty-six yards he went this time before Pennsylvania backfield dragged him to earth. It was muddy, slimy slush.

The cleats of lesser mortals were heavy with mud, and men slipped and floundered in the mess that was Franklin Field. Grange, sure-footed, confident, contemptuous of the mud, picked his way daintily about the field.

He made thirty yards in the enemy line and wide forays around the ends.

He was—on that day—a genius, and an awed crowd of worshippers almost tipped out of Franklin Field. They felt as though they had witnessed something more than a football game. They had.

Grange had a record of but thirty-six times he had gained a total of 363 yards. Others had equaled that, but never in the manner that Grange did. On October 31, 1925, he lifted the game of football to a new plane. He made it a vehicle upon which a genius might ride.

"There is no genius without a tincture of madness," we have said. We say it again, and let those scoff who will. We have seen the favored of the gods in action, and we know that no mere mortals could do what they have done.

## Green Light by Lloyd C. Douglas (Continued from page 59)

the man best qualified to point out that distinction is one who can talk about heroism with the authority of personal experience.

"You see, my friend," persisted Dean Harcourt earnestly, "we are at our best when serving as time-binders. Heaven help the era that scornfully repudiates its past! The normal human spirit has an instinctive talent for the building of monuments and a reverent regard for the sanctity of tombs. Now it happens that the large majority of all these inspiring memorabilia are the absence of war. Most of the heroes who sit on iron horses in the public parks of all nations were celebrated soldiers. You historians are very properly teaching the potential leaders of the new day to despise and discountenance war. You are on the right track, I think. But the thing that worries me is the utter absence of program for the monuments to be erected henceforth. What kind of people are going to bestride the iron horses of the future? What symbols of valor do you suggest?"

"Perhaps you will advocate the type of courage exemplified in personal sacrifice and self-sacrificing for the sake of the general good. Do you think you could ever stir a youngster's pulse with that manner of appeal? Could you make the call of self-abandoning duty alluring enough to compete with the rattle of a drum? I firmly believe you could! But to do it with any hope of success, your yourself would have to come into your lecture hall armed with the credentials certifying that you had tried it!"

"I see your point," agreed Norwood, "and I admit the soundness of your argument. But even so, to have been

completely thwarted in one's rightful expectation of professional advancement is a nasty dose to take. Perhaps," he went on—"perhaps you do not realize just what that means, Dean Harcourt. You yourself have been a very successful man in your profession. You are well at the top of it. I dare say you never experienced what I am going through."

Dean Harcourt slowly raised his dark, cavernous eyes, and gave Norwood a long, searching look that made him wonder to what length of impudence he had come in mistaking himself.

"I meant no offense, sir," ventured Norwood uneasily.

"Then there is none," replied the Dean. Norwood rose to go. "Thank you," he said deferentially, extending his hand. "I wish there was some way for me to repay you for the time you have given me."

The Dean's eyes lighted. "I think you mean that," he said, "and I am going to accept your offer. Of late, I have been disturbed about this very matter we have been discussing—the menaced values of history. I have need to consult an expert in this field. I wonder how you would like to spend an evening with me in the very near future. I need your counsel, Norwood."

"It would be a great pleasure, sir."

"You will come to dinner, I hope, and afterward we will talk. It is a custom with us here to have a few guests at dinner on Thursday evenings. Quite informal. A visitor or two; men, usually, though not always. My curates are both accomplished and interesting men. Talbot has an M.A. in English Literature from Cambridge, and Simpson of Harvard—perhaps you recall his record mile

How about this coming Thursday night?"

"Just at the moment," replied Norwood regretfully, "I am kept close in the evening. My little girl. Sorry, sir."

"You couldn't bring your little girl along, could you? How old is she?"

"Only eight. I fear it would be an imposition."

"If you only knew," declared the Dean, "how we bachelors grab at the chance to entertain children in this house, how we realize that would be conferring a great favor. May we expect you?"

"I hope it won't be a burden," said Norwood, offering his hand.

Sonja, arriving early as she had promised, learned from Mrs. Crandall, the housekeeper, who showed her upstairs, that there were to be no other women present.

Conscious that her specific errand was to extend hospitality to the Norwood child, Sonja considered herself a member of the Dean's ménage and found the sensation decidedly agreeable.

There was a pleasant confusion in the hall downstairs as of arriving guests. Mrs. Crandall led her where to wait when she was, and returned presently with a serious, dark-eyed little creature who, upon interrogation, unshyly replied that her name was Celeste and that the wooden box she had with her contained playthings.

"Oh, do let me see!" exclaimed Sonja. "I wonder if they're dolls. Why, they're tin soldiers!"

"No," corrected Celeste indulgently, pouring the contents of the box out on the rug. "Kings and queens and—such things. I expect you know them all." She began setting them up in a row.

"Well, not intimately," confessed Sonja,



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adopting the child's serious attitude, "but it would be interesting to meet them." "You know her, of course," said Celeste, beginning with an enigmatic smile. "Queen Elizabeth, with a tiara on her head," "And the tire around her neck," assisted Sonia.

"That's a ruff," Celeste explained, politely repressing a grin.

"Tl wager it was," said Sonia. "It looks very uncomfortable." Celeste laughed merrily. "You're funny," she said, without looking up. "This is Charles the First. His hat comes off."

"Didn't his head come off, too?" Sonia had joined Celeste on the rug. They looked into each other's eyes and smiled.

"What's your name?" inquired Celeste irrelevantly, stroking Sonia's velvet sleeve. "Sonia."

"Is Mrs.—the lady—your mother?" "No, dear. I don't live here. I am a guest, the same as you."

"May I sit by you at dinner?" Sonia picked up the little hand and rubbed it against her cheek. "Yes, dear." "And will you play with me afterward? Or do you have to talk?"

"DEAN HARCOURT asked me to keep you company until he comes down," Talbot was explaining cordially. "You are aware, I presume, that he does not go about easily. The life was an afterthought in this house, and the only place it could be installed on this level was in the dining room, so we always meet the Dean there."

"I knew Dean Harcourt was crippled," said Norwood. "I never learned to what extent. An accident?"

"It's an interesting story," replied the curate. "To appreciate the Dean fully, one ought to know it. When Dean Harcourt was thirty-three he was stricken with infantile paralysis. For three years he had been the curate in a suburban parish and had just been appointed its rector. He was already winning considerable attention as a brilliant speaker and it was expected that he might become in time one of the great pulpits prophets. Life held out welcoming hands to him. His engagement had been announced to a beautiful young woman of distinguished social standing.

"Then, out of a clear sky, came this tragic thing that struck him dead. He spent ten months in bed, helpless."

Norwood winced and colored slightly. "I have been with him now for more than six years," continued Talbot, "and in that time he has never spoken to me but once of that period he spent on his back. That was in reference to the joy he had felt when he discovered that he could wiggle his big toe. What he must have gone through, in mental torture, nobody has ever been informed."

"I wish I had known that," said Norwood, "when I talked with him the other day. I went to him very much upset over a little predicament of mine—"

"Oh, the Dean doesn't want any sympathy, if that's what worries you. But I can assure you there isn't anything you are likely to tell him about yourself that can match the troubles he experienced through those days. His fiancée decided, quite naturally, I presume, that matrimony was out of the question, and he released her without any bitterness. His church was obliged to call another priest to take his place when it had become obvious that he could not carry on his work. In short, his career collapsed."

"After an almost endless convalescence, he was able to sit at a desk, and the bishop had him brought down, two days a week, to assist with his office interviews. After a while it became apparent

that he was singularly equipped to deal with a wide variety of difficult cases requiring an understanding sympathy. And when it was suggested that he be made the Dean of the Cathedral, everybody hailed the choice with enthusiasm. He carries a heavy load. We often wonder how he does it."

Norwood was spared the necessity of comment by the announcement that dinner was being served. The Dean was already in his chair at the head of the table when they arrived in the dining room. The others were there, too. Celeste detached herself from her new friend and took her father by the hand.

"Sonia," she said, "this is my daddy." And then added, with jer-broking naïveté, "Daddy, she's wonderful!"

"So you found that out, too," called the Dean. "I want you to sit by me, little one."

"And Sonia next?" insisted Celeste. "And Daddy there?"

"That will be a very good arrangement," said Mrs. Harcourt, smiling. Dean Harcourt spoke a brief grace, Celeste regarding the unfamiliar rite with baffled eyes.

"What did you say?" she inquired in the momentary hush that followed.

"I thanked God for our food," he replied, making a great effort to be sober. Celeste glanced over the table approvingly and returned her eyes to him.

"There'll be some here, presently," he assured her.

"Do you always do that?" pressed Celeste respectfully.

"Always."

"Even when there's nothing but a glass of milk and a cookie?" persisted Celeste.

This proved too much for everybody, including the Dean, and Celeste, suddenly suspecting that she was stealing the show, blinking consulted her father's glowing face for counsel.

"Mushroom soup," whispered Sonia, "just as we had hoped."

Norwood, relieved, addressed himself to Mrs. Crandall but remained quite conscious of Sonia, who with tender tact had caught up his own flesh and blood on the brink of a social disaster. He warmed toward her and wondered what manner of person she was. Sonia instinctively sensed his interest.

"Celeste has been showing me her gallery of immortals," remarked Sonia. "I wondered if this wouldn't be a good way to teach history in college."

"A novelty, at least," replied Norwood. "You could have a stage and move them about."

"Like chessmen," he assisted.

"Or not?" One offered her a chessboard of history," reflected Sonia.

Catching Dean Harcourt's eye, Norwood drew him in by explaining briefly.

"It's a useful idea, Doctor Norwood," observed the Dean. "You could rig up a working model of a dynastic machine shop operating during the reign of Charles Stuart, for example, showing George Vickers in the jaws of the being turned into the Duke of Buckingham, and—"

"And Wentworth being turned into the Earl of Strafford," supplied Norwood. "Not a bad idea at all."

Sonia, mindful of her trust, smilingly retreated from this cryptic conversation to Celeste, who, with her lamb chop, Norwood wondered how closely she had been able to follow. To his delight, she returned to say, "And the whole Cromwell outfit being turned from tavern-keepers into puffy landholders."

"Excellent!" approved the Dean. "Now we really are getting somewhere. You could show the Cromwells leaving their pubs for mansions. Ah, but what a boon

the Reformation was for the brand-new lords who divided among themselves the land stolen from the monasteries. But it was hard on the nation. The machine made a great many nobodies, like the Cromwells, suddenly dangerous."

Norwood was so happily surprised at this self-disclosure of the old churchman's unprejudiced breadth that his amazement showed in his face.

"Oh, well, I'm a churchman," the Dean hastened to add, "but that does not blind me to the facts. Were there no property involved, religious wars would be far different affairs." Later, in the living room, Dean Harcourt plunged into a series of questions that further revealed the breadth of his thinking. Did Doctor Norwood believe in a "planned universe?"

"It certainly seems so, sometimes," Doctor Norwood heard himself saying.

Well, if it was planned at all, what proportion of its phenomenal activity, in the opinion of Doctor Norwood, was directed, and how much of it was "on the spot" like a devastating pestilence, for example, was that for a purpose of pruning a superabundant or undesirable population; or was it just the natural recompense of filthy living?

"The latter, more likely," guessed Doctor Norwood, adding, "Though I make no pretense to be an authority on sociology—or pathology, either."

"How about a costly forest fire, touched off by lightning: would you consider that accidental or ordained?"

"I am not a theologian, sir," parried Norwood.

"Granted. You are not a sociologist, biologist or theologian. You are a historian. Now, when the monarchies began to cave in, was that attributable to a widespread epidemic of democracy, or did it indicate that the monarchical system had, for the time at least, served its purpose? And now that the democracies are giving up in favor of dictatorships, does that mean that the effort to democratize is a misadventure?"

"But it hasn't been proved that we ever had any democracies. What we have called democracies were oligarchies."

"Then democracy hasn't really failed, seeing we've never tried it."

"No, it's the oligarchy that has failed," said Norwood.

"Would you call it a failure," queried the Dean, "or might it be more correct to say that the oligarchy was brought on to dispose of the abuses of despotism? If the latter, it was not a failure but a phase of political progress. Does the present clamor for dictators indicate that the social order is at its best under absolute monarchies? Doctor Norwood, do you believe that 'whatever is, is right'—in the long run? I do!"

"I'm not so sure about that."

"Then you'd have to give up your idea of a 'planned universe.'"

"Well, that won't be hard to do. I'm not sure of that, either."

"But what becomes of history, then? Doesn't it lose all its significance?"

"Do you mean to say, sir," asked Norwood seriously, "that you interpret every social, political and economic movement as a response to a predestined arrangement? The bloody revolutions, for example, that have a happy arrangement for the people who overthrow them?"

"No," said the Dean, "but they were a phase of human progress; and as I said to you the other day, the ship is more important than the crew." You and I both know that this is true, in our own experience; don't we? His voice had lowered to a note of comradeship.

Norwood, with Talbot's story of the



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I can't vicissitudes fresh in his mind, felt at the moment that his own problems were of negligible concern.

They left before ten, for Celeste must be put to bed. Sonia brought the child down, and asked Mrs. Crandall if she might phone for a taxi.

"Can't we take Sonia home, Daddy?" entreated Celeste. Sonia protested but consented when Norwood's invitation was pressed.

After the hall door had been closed on them, Mrs. Crandall returned to the living room where the Dean sat alone.

"Odd little elf, that Celeste," remarked Mrs. Crandall.

"Yes, isn't she?" smiled the Dean.

"And you're an old matchmaker."

"Not this time."

"He was very much charmed."

"It takes two. And Sonia wasn't intended for the faculty of a university. Perhaps Celeste will attend to it, but I doubt it. However, Norwood needs something new to worry about. A good cure for trouble is to think more. It's on the principle of a serum."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Crandall. "And it's your bedtime."

Mr. Trumbull pounded out his pipe on the rail of the veranda, filled his mouth with fine-cut and draped a long, shabby leg over the squeaking arm of the disintegrating wicker chair. He was at peace with the world. This urbane, quiet-voiced Yankee in the adjoining chair was one of the most charming personalities he had ever met.

"Your name is Parker, isn't it? I noticed it on the register. Mine is Trumbull—Jefferson D. Trumbull." They rose and shook hands, rested themselves, and Mr. Trumbull continued: "By the way—though I reckon it's none of my business—are you planning to stop off here at The Mansion for a spell? I hope you are, if you don't mind my saying so."

It is quite possible—thanks, I rather like the old place."

"I dare say it is a fine thing"—Trumbull took elaborate pains to be serious—"for a municipality to be distinguished for something unique. Now I want to tell you something distinctive about Leeds. Maybe you don't know that this old house has, in proportion to its assessed value, the biggest mortgage on it of any hotel property in the whole world!"

"I fancy there's quite a brisk competition, too," commented Mr. Parker. "Is that why they don't paint it?"

"Precisely! The mortgage covers it from the shingles to the ground. This happens to be fresh in my mind just now, because"—Mr. Trumbull lowered his voice confidentially—"because I am Clay Brock's attorney, and the interest will be due again a week from tomorrow."

"Hard up, is he?"

"Hard up! I don't know the exact value of that phrase up North, where you come from, but down here in this country when we say a man's hard up we merely mean that he's broke. Clay's dropped out of that class."

"By the way, I want to tell you something. Clay Brock—God bless him—is a great hand to borrow ten dollars until Saturday. I'm sure I don't know what bright promise Saturday holds out for him above the other days of the week. I reckon he just selected Saturday as a day when he would pay his debts if he had the money, and he would, too! He's a fine fellow! No, sir! There's nothing wrong with Clay Brock except that he was brought up to believe that he would be looked after by the angels."

"I've often wondered if he isn't. I've

lived under this leaky roof for seven years, and the Brocks have managed to get along somehow. You'll find Clara Brock one of the finest women you ever saw! Now, I wouldn't leave you under the impression that Clay isn't respected. Why, he has been the mayor of Leeds for years. See that traffic light out there on the corner? He had that put up—just to get Leeds an air."

"I'm rather glad he did," declared the whimsical Parker. "It really accounts for our being here. We were headed toward New Orleans, but in no great hurry. Sort of a vacation trip. The St. Louis-to-Nashville bus came to a stop at that light, and while it waited—"

"And it waits a long time," interposed Mr. Trumbull, grinning. "That's to let the heavy cross-town traffic through. I reckon you noticed the congestion."

Mr. Parker, with half-closed eyes, took a long, deep inhalation from his cigarette before offering the playful rejoinder which he knew was expected. In that brief, painful pause, he thought of the running riot. How transparently clear it was that this shabby disappointed country lawyer, whom Life had shunted onto this grass-grown siding, hoped to win an hour of attention with his persiflage.

It suddenly occurred to Parker that the world must be fairly well stocked with brittle old chaps like Trumbull who sat on country hotel verandas of an evening, ironically spoofing their defeat to the tune of the frogs and the crickets.

"God!" thought Parker. "Will I ever sink to the point where I can joke about it to a stranger?"

He pulled himself together with an effort, he grinned and met Jefferson D. Trumbull on the ground he had staked off.

"No; my attention was too absorbed by this beautiful old house. I thought it might be pleasant if we got off here for a few days. We're not traveling on a very rigid schedule."

"I repeated," Mr. Trumbull curiously. "Somebody with you? I saw only one name in the book."

"I never register for her," explained Parker, motioning toward his companion, who rose from her contented sprawl in the corner and sauntered toward them.

"Is that your dog?" It was meaning to ask somebody how she got here. Didn't recognize her, and I know most of the really good dogs in this town. Come here, sister; what's your name?" The lawyer glanced up inquiringly, and her owner supplied the information.

"What? Well, if that isn't a hell of a name for a dog," drawled Mr. Trumbull, stroking the red velvet's silky ears. "We'll have to take you out into the country and show you some partridge—Sylvia."

A week had passed; with a surprising swiftness, too, for an idle man who had been long accustomed to a crowded program of exacting duties. Leeds accepted him for what he seemed to be—a quiet genteel young man of leisure.

He had written "Nathan Parker" on a blank page at The Mansion with an unhesitating hand, for it was not the first time he had registered that way. The name had been adopted a month before without much premeditation beyond a feeling that it would be convenient if the initials of his alias agreed with the monogram on a silver cigarette case which was all he had left now, besides Sylvia, to remind him of the life he had abandoned.

It pleased him that the Mansion Hotel had shown no signs of being actively acquisitive about him. Mr. Brock, who had been about when he arrived, had come up to the shabby, high-ceilinged, second-floor room at nine that first night

to inquire whether he was comfortable. He had tarried for a half-hour, offering comments on the town of Leeds. Mr. Brock seemed to feel that the visitor from afar should be interested in the fact that you could drive from here into Illinois or Missouri or Tennessee in two hours.

As for Mr. Parker's relation to other natural phenomena, the improvident, lovable son of the famed Colonel Brock exhibited little or no concern.

Young Clay, obviously unhappy and restless at twenty-two, had been for two or three days teetering on the edge of a decision to scrape acquaintance. The boy was tall, slim, serious, almost sullen; though whether his gloomy reticence was temperamental, or explained by the fact that his clothing was shabby and his menial tasks distasteful, was difficult for a stranger to determine. Parker decided to let the youth attend to the overtures of whatever friendship they might have.

Mrs. Brock, supervising the whole establishment, was by instinct clearly a lady; by background too, no doubt, for her father, the venerable Doctor Graham, who lived three blocks down the shady street, was, according to Mr. Trumbull, one of the most important men in the community. Clara Brock had spoken to Parker for the first time of Elsie, his granddaughter, who lived with him. It was apparent that she took much pride in the girl.

"Elsie has a voice," she confided one evening, as they sat on the veranda, "and it's a pity she can't do anything about it." Parker smiled. "I'm sure she will. Three winters, but times are going to be too bad this season. And Father isn't so strong any more. Seventy-three. He'll have to stop some day soon. He mustn't try to do any more for Elsie. It's hard on poor Clay, too, for his grandpa had hoped he would be able to help him when the time came. But he's been so busy that he's worked these past four years, putting himself through the state university."

"Is that true?" Parker queried with surprise. "I had no idea he was a university graduate; he seems so young."

"Oh, I know he doesn't look much like it around here, helping in the kitchen and doing all manner of odd jobs. He had so wanted to follow in his grandpa's footsteps. I'm sure I don't know what we're ever going to do with him. It's just breaking his spirit."

Mrs. Brock rocked thoughtfully for a moment and returned to Elsie.

"She's kept pretty busy now, what with that big house on her hands and the telephone and the office patients and her grandpa's meals at all hours. So we don't see Elsie very often, unless we go over there. Well, I must see what's going on in the kitchen. Excuse me for bothering you with our family worries. I don't often talk to people about them."

Parker said he appreciated her confidence.

The next afternoon, Elsie came to see her aunt Clara. Parker had been out for a ramble that had taken him through the town, past the little huddle of shops

—Brinkley's Harness and Saddles, with the not-unpleasant tang of good leather in the air about the open door; a chain grocery store, whose gaudy front made its neighbors drab; a men's clothing store; Tanner's Drug Store, a versatile institution with a lending-library at the rear. On the corner was Vaughn's more impressive establishment—a shining plow in one window and assorted tools in the other.

Then there was the post office with a worn and splintered doorsill, oiled floor

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*Evening in Paris* **BY BOURJOIS**

and dingy rows of boxes; Miller's Feed Store with a tin incubator and some meal bags in the window; Hawkins' Meat Shop, a pair of silver horns over the entrance; a ridiculous little millinery with a dozen hopeless hats.

This brought you to a gasoline station, occupying a great deal of room on the corner, and beyond that was the high school, after which you came to some very good residences. The brown hoods, with diamond-shaped panes in what were probably the library windows, was Doctor Graham's. A small office jutted from the south wing. The little car out front had seen better days.

THE STROLLER had turned, at that point, to retrace his steps, Sylvia, as usual, winning many a smile. Parker was glad now that Sylvia had insisted on coming along out of that other life, realizing that his present unstable relation to the normal scheme of things would be uncomfortable without the aid of this dog. Men on the street said "Howdy" to him because Sylvia apparently admitted herself to be his property. That being true, wasn't it more correct to say that he was Sylvia's property?

Parker thought diligently about that for the remainder of his stroll back to The Mansion.

Mrs. Brock and Elise were talking earnestly in the hallway when he entered the hotel. Elise's aunt could easily have presented him, but she had merely acknowledged his presence with a polite smile. He interpreted it to mean that Clara Brock, while cheerfully willing as his hostess to extend the amenities of a guest in her house—even to the point of discussing her own anxieties—felt under no compulsion to back him socially.

Nevertheless, the little episode was disquieting. He was forced to admit to himself that his equivocal position in this house would presently demand clarification. He must either make his way or give a satisfactory reason for remaining.

A depressing sensation of loneliness swept him as he ascended to his room. For a long time he sat before the window revolving the problem that had been troubling him for a month. Perhaps if he ordered some books and pretended to be pursuing a specific course of study, his occupation would be considered valid. But—what kind of books? He had picked up a little volume, "The Choices of a Vocation," en route. There was probably plenty of literature to be had on that. He would write for information.

Elise was walking down the street now, on her way home. Doubtless, he reflected, his undeniable interest in her could be accounted for mostly by the fact that he had not been permitted to make her acquaintance.

In his one brief contact at close range, he had noted that Elise was a comely brunette, a little better dressed than most of the young women he had seen on the street; had observed also that her impersonal survey of him, without the slightest trace of shyness, hinted a wider social experience than Leeds would be likely to afford. He wondered how much she fretted here, imagining he had read discontent in the moody brown eyes.

That evening, young Clay tapped on the door. Upon entering, he said, with some embarrassment, "I was putting in a new light bulb this morning and noticed that book." He pointed to the volume on vocational problems. "When you are through with it, sir, would you let me read it?"

Sit down, won't you?" said Parker cordially. "You must have the book at once, if you like. I have finished it. And

I am glad you are interested, for I am making a little study of the question. There will be quite a sizable library on this subject shipped to me soon, which you will be welcome to read. You're casting about for something to do, I presume. Want to talk about it?"

"I mustn't pester you with my problems, Mr. Parker. And there's nothing unusual about my case. I finished college in June. Worked my way through, with a little help from my grandfather."

"What was your major?"

"Pre-med, sir. That's all I've ever had any interest in. But I can't make a go of it in a medical school and work for my living. So," continued Clay, with a hopeless shrug, "I reckon I'll have to give that up. But I don't see how I can stay here, not much longer."

"No, I suppose not," Parker admitted. "There wouldn't be much of a chance for you here, I'm afraid. But something will open up. Meantime, don't be discouraged. And—I wish you good luck."

"Thank you, sir," replied Clay respectfully, retreating toward the door. "Same to you, sir."

Now exactly what did this young cub mean by that? Probably nothing at all.

For a little while Parker sat still and envied this gloomy, threadbare Clay Brock. "Don't be discouraged," he had counseled the boy. He chuckled deep in his throat bitterly, remembering the old wheeze, "Here is an excellent hair tonic, sir," purring the bald-headed barber. "Don't be discouraged. Don't be discouraged!" . . . God!

The arrival of his books by express on Saturday afternoon changed Parker's status at The Mansion. For the next morning, he sat on the sunny veranda with Sunday paper strewn about him. Parker looked up to see Clara Brock standing before him, gravely arrayed in an outmoded black silk.

"Church?" he ventured, noting her hesitation.

"I reckon you wouldn't care to go," she said, rather wistfully.

Somehow to his own surprise, he consented, warning her playfully that he was but little short of being a pagan and would have to be coached when to sit, kneel and stand.

"Oh, we don't have much of that," assured Mrs. Brock. "We stand up for the hymns and sit through all the rest of it. You'll hear Elise. She's singing a solo. It will be good, too! I want you to listen. There's our Elise—going in now. The young man with her is Randy Vaughn. His father is Vaughn's Hardware and Implement Store. They generally come to the hotel for dinner, Sundays."

The little church was ugly without and dingy within. The pews were severely straight-backed and bare. It was not a good place to relax into a leisurely contemplation of the everlasting quest for more information about Deity.

Presently the principals came in: a dotted woman on the right, wearing deferentially into the pews facing the little cabinet organ; and the minister, a youngish man of sober mien, taking his seat in a tall chair.

The organ, at the behest of a plump lady with a large hat, embarked uncertainly on a prelude which at least one member of the audience recalled without a pang of nostalgia—as an exercise he had been required to learn when he began his piano lessons. He had been seven, then. The piece was entitled "Evening." Quite pretty, too.

"Evening" quickly passed. The minister rose, closed his eyes and said, "Shall we pray?"

Elise's solo followed—a simple little

thing, probably chosen with a consideration for the organist's inexperience, but our Elise could sing! She was a pure contralto. Parker was amazed and delighted. There were three stanzas of the little poem which provided the text, and while she was singing the last one, Parker changed her badly made brown dress into a modish white chiton, led her out of the stuffy choir box onto a lighted stage, admiring the poise with which she waited for the band to march in on the grand piano to introduce her first throbbing, soul-gripping tone.

He pursued these reflections throughout the sermon, which was based upon something that Moses had said to Pharaoh a long time ago. Moses, it appeared, was putting on some sort of revolution. "Let my people go!" Moses kept shouting. "Let my people go!"

It was, thought Parker, a good sound epigram. Why didn't the town of Leeds let Elise go? Why didn't they help her go; insist on her going? Apparently it hadn't occurred to anybody that they should be free to realize the splendor of her great gift. Clara Brock sensed it a little, but even she was not fully aware of what Elise possessed.

"Perhaps Elise will be over this afternoon," remarked Mrs. Brock, as they walked back to The Mansion, Parker having warmly expressed his admiration for her niece's voice. "Would you like to meet her if she comes?"

Randy had said he would let himself out and Elise had listlessly permitted him to do so, smiling an apathetic good night without rising from the piano bench. For the past hour or more their conversation had been difficult for Randy to support unassisted; and when, the hall clock having struck ten, Elise had inquired if that was eleven, he had decided to call it a day.

Toward the last of it, Randy's monotonous monologue had settled into a sort of chanty—rhythmic, melodious, sedate, with a well-ordered refrain at the end of each stanza. Vaughn's—all things considered—hadn't done so badly this season. Nine hay tedders, four manure spreaders; tedders, spreaders, tedders, spreaders. They had done very well with hoes and weedeers. There had been a large sale of plows and seeders; hoes and weedeers, plows and seeders. Randy's face had blurred, but Elise could still see his mouth going.

AT THE THIR front door had closed and the purr of the Vaughn motor had faded out down the road, Elise rose, carrying a tall vase out into the kitchen, changed the water she had poured in at six, carefully snipped off an inch from the long stem of the white chrysanthemum and restored it to its place on the piano. Cupping the beautiful flower in both hands, she inhaled deeply. It was a stimulating fragrance. Reminded by her next, she sang "He Shall Feed His Flock," realizing that she was doing it uncommonly well. There were tears in her eyes when she finished. After that, she sat still for a long time looking at the white chrysanthemum with the steady concentration of a crystal-gazer until the fragrant petals shimmered with her weedeers, she sang "He Shall pered footstep and the familiar reek of iodoforn brought her back to say gently, "Through for today, grandpa?"

Elise had not turned her face toward him, but her mental picture of the kindly spirited old man was, she knew, entirely accurate. An affectionate smile softened the white-haired lips. The great mop of silver hair was tousled. The knowing

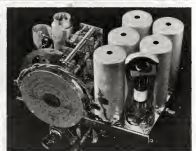
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eyes were so black you couldn't define the pupil from the iris. Elise reached up and caressed his leathery hands.

"Sure you don't want anything more to eat?"

"I should say not! The Pipers had everything they'd ever raised on the table, including a tough old gander. And I was ready for it. Big job of carpenter-work I had to do out there."

"Bad break, was it?" Elise had heard the details twice but knew he wanted to talk to him.

"Nastiest fracture I ever saw, I think. Young Jud—maybe I told you this—was up in an old hickory shaking a limb when it broke with him. Fell fifteen feet. It's a nasty break. 'Fot's fracture,' we call it. He'll do well if he's off his crutches by Groundhog Day."

Elise was appropriately sympathetic and presumed that the Piper tribe was badly upset about it.

"Well," sighed the old man, sinking into a chair, "it can't be helped. How did you find the folks over at Clara's?"

Brightening, Elise swung herself around on the bench, and having casually dismissed the perfunctory query about Clara's folks, remarked, "And I met the Mr. Parker who has come here to—to get away from everything while he does some special study. Perhaps he's writing a book about it, though he didn't say so. He's very modest. Doesn't talk about himself at all."

"Oh, yes; he's tall, city-looking fellow with the white sweater and the bird-dog. Where does he hail from?"

"I didn't ask him. Up North, somewhere." Elise's hasty dismissal of this question proved its unimportance. "But he is a gentleman; perfect manners. I know you would like him, grandpa. He knows a lot about music. Naturally, I liked him. We speak the same language. And I can tell you it's a relief," she continued, "to find a person in this vicinity who is able to talk about something besides—"

"Monkey wrenches and post augers?" suggested her grandfather. "I agree with you, dear. But you'd better go slow with this man Parker until we find out more about him. And be careful you don't get Randolph sore at you."

For some time Elise, her knees crossed, sat swinging one foot negligently, to prove that her meditation was guileless. Then she said softly, "Grandpa, would you object if I asked Mr. Parker here for supper some evening? He's awfully lonesome."

"Asking Randolph, too?" challenged her grandfather.

"Well, if you think we must. But don't you see? Randy isn't interested in music or—anything else that we would want to talk about. We would just have to keep to hardware. And I don't think it's fair," she finished dismally.

Resolving to let the matter simmer for the present, the old gentleman nodded and cast about for a diverting topic. "That's an unusually fine chrysanthemum," he observed. "It doesn't look like a local product."

"Isn't it wonderful?" Elise offered it to him for close inspection. "Mr. Parker gave Aunt Clara some because she asked him to have dinner with the family to-day. She doesn't know how he got them here so soon from St. Louis unless he telephoned for them. They came—special delivery—while I was there. And when I thought they were lovely, he asked Aunt Clara if he might give me one. Gorgeous, isn't it?"

"Elise, dear," muttered her grandfather ominously, "let me repeat that we must not offend the Vaughns. I never bothered you with this, for I feared you might be sensitive about it, but Henry Vaughn lent me six hundred dollars while you were in Louisville taking your vocal lessons. I had hoped to have it

There never had been such expressive hands as Parker's. He had honestly liked her voice, too. He wasn't just being polite. You could tell. "Distinguishing talent." He didn't have to say that if he was merely wanting to be pleasant. "You could go far." And his face was so serious when he said it.

Funny how some people seemed to be a part of their clothes. Even his blue polka-dotted four-in-hand looked as if it had been made especially for him. His shoes, too. They were probably stamped on the insole—"Handmade for Mr. Parker." No, it wouldn't say that. It would be "Handmade for Nathan Parker."

She wondered if his people called him Nathan. Nat, more likely. It would be fun to ask when they were better acquainted.

She heard herself doing it; heard herself saying that his name somehow fitted him exactly. Funny about that—everything Mr. Parker had—eyes, hands, collar, shoes—fitted together. And his name, too. Names were such queer things, anyhow; seemed to have personality; seemed to be as much a part of you as your hands or your voice. Elise, for instance. She couldn't think of herself being anything but Elise. Elise Graham. She imagined her face as she lay on the pillow. Elise Parker. Elise Graham Parker.

She was making a lovely monogram of this when she heard grandpa slowly padding down the stairs in his felt slippers: a step, a pause, a siege of coughing, another step, a longer pause. The banister creaked as if he might be leaning on it heavily. Perhaps he was going to the office for some medicine. It always annoyed him if she seemed anxious about his health. He lay still and listened. He had reached the bottom now. Doubtless he would be coming up again soon.

When the clock struck twelve, Elise decided to go to bed. The old man was sitting very straight at the desk in his little office. He had his fingers on his pulse and his blue lips were counting.

"Can I do anything, grandpa?" inquired Elise, trying to keep her alarm out of her voice.

He shook his head, intent on his pulse. "I'll do a morphine injection," he said briefly. "If I don't get relief—pretty soon. I've had my quota of digitals. It's these damned stairs," he explained, "and that cranking I did today."

"Shall I make up the davenport?"

He nodded and tried to smile. Elise was glad to be doing something. She hurried upstairs and collected the necessary bedding. After a while he came, walking very slowly, and eased himself down onto the davenport. She patted the pillow but he shook his head.

"Not yet," he said. "Must sit up. I've been neglecting—my digitals lately. Great thing—digitals. Couldn't live—without it." He grinned feebly. "You better—go to bed now."

They met in the post office at nine. Elise fluttered and rosy, for half a block

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paid back long before now." His face was penitent.

"Oh, grandpa!" moaned Elise. "Does that mean that I mustn't ever talk to anyone but Randy until this money is returned to his father?"

"No—it isn't that bad. But we shouldn't go out of our way to annoy them. You needn't worry about it, but be discreet." He yawned to show her that the problem wasn't really disastrous and said he reckoned it was time for him to go to bed. "I've been short of breath all day. Had to crank the old machine this morning. Battery's worn out. . . . You invite your Mr. Parker here if you want to, but better ask Randolph, too, and maybe one of the girls—Sue Sizer or somebody. That would make it all right, I reckon."

Elise went to bed with the sensations of a slave held for debt. She turned her head on the pillow over and over. What a mess her life was going to be!

Perhaps Randy would have to go to Nashville on business and she could ask Mr. Parker over while he was out of town. No; that wouldn't do at all. Randy would have even more cause to feel offended.

Maybe she could have Mr. Parker here and keep it a secret from Randy, though that would be difficult, with everybody knowing everybody else's business. Her head pounded.

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# The Club Cocktails

## A HEUBLEIN PRODUCT

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away she had seen Mr. Parker entering. He was staring stumps in his wallet as she approached the little window.

They walked out of the post office together. Grandpa's indisposition being uppermost in Elise's mind, she confided her anxiety. Her tall companion manifested a sympathetic interest which, thought Elise, was just what one might expect of him. He inquired whether they had called a doctor.

"Oh, no," she replied. "Grandpa always knows what to do when he has these attacks. I don't know what causes them. He always coughs very hard when he has them. And he has a lot of trouble with his feet; shoes today but he says he must go out into the country to see a boy who broke his leg yesterday."

"I don't suppose there is anyone he could send in his place," suggested Mr. Parker. "It sounds as if he should be quiet for a few days."

"Perhaps he'll be all right," hoped Elise. "He always takes a medicine that helps. But he says this boy has the worst break he ever saw. That's why he's so insistent on going to see him. He said it was a 'Pott's fracture,' whatever that is." Elise smiled over their mutual ignorance. "Now you know all about it, don't you?"

He nodded his head profoundly, seeming to pretend wisdom. "Think your grandfather would object to giving me a ride with him out into the hinterland?"

"I don't know about that," replied Elise. "You might hint. Look! He's just leaving now!"

She waved, and the old man waited for them to approach. An introduction was effected, her grandfather delighting her with his cordiality.

"Mr. Parker has just been saying that he envied you your drive out into the hills," said Elise.

For a long moment, during which the old doctor looked the newcomer over with an amusingly frank interest, he told Parker to hop in if he didn't have anything better to do.

"I'll let you drive, too, if you like. Dog going along? Very well. Open that rumble."

It all happened very quickly. Mr. Parker gave Elise a canny wink as he started the little car. She wondered if he realized what that brief gesture of comradeship meant to her.

"Ever see a broken leg?" shrilled Doctor Graham after some desultory talk. "A time or two," Parker admitted.

"I may ask you to lend me a hand out here if you don't object. I put splints on this leg yesterday, but I wasn't very well satisfied, and I may decide to make a cast for it today. If so, I'll need someone to help hold it in position while I do the bandaging. Think you'd be up to it?"

"I can try," agreed Parker, "if you're not afraid I'll do the wrong thing."

"There won't be any trouble about that. I'll tell you exactly what to do. Simple job of leg-pulling. You will take his foot and pull while I apply the bandages. They will be wet plaster, and when they dry out—here you are! Hard as a rock."

"Sometimes you X-ray these bad breaks, don't you, doctor?" asked Parker.

"S-u-r-e! That's what should be done in this case. I advised the X ray, of course, just to be doing my duty, but the Pipers were against it. They're as afraid of a hospital as they might be of a pesthouse. No—in cases like this, we just do the best we can and trust to luck and old Lady Nature."

When they drew up under the shade of a big beech in front of the unpainted old house, a half-dozen male Pipers, assorted sizes of a single pattern, viewed the arrival with big, empty eyes. Mrs. Piper led the way into the bedroom that probably served as a "parlor" ordinarily.

Mr. Piper, in patched blue overalls, lounged into the room and leaned against the head of the bed. Herman, eighteen, stood in the doorway scowling sympathetically. The patient tried to grin, without much success. He admitted having had a bad night.

**P**ARKER watched the old doctor with interest as he unwrapped the bandages made of torn-up, coarse household sheets. It was difficult to keep from smiling at the strange array of homemade plaster bandages that came out of the capacious leather bag.

"Now, here, Mr. Parker," began Doctor Graham, "you see what we have to do with. Run your finger along there. That bone—you're probably forgotten your physiology—is the tibia. That's the big one. That's the bad one. Feel that? Now this one—the fibula—you can't feel the break there quite so plainly, but it's broken, too. Both bones broken above the ankle and the ends spread apart—so. Understand? Now when you pull the foot, it will straighten these fragments out to their proper position. I'll put on the plaster bandage while this tension is on—after I've manipulated the ends of the bones into place. Got it?"

"Sounds as if it might hurt a little." "We'll give him a few whiffs of chloroform," confided the doctor.

"Who will?" Parker inquired, wide-eyed.

"His father," replied Doctor Graham, adding reassuringly, "I'll show him how." "By the heavens!" exclaimed Parker impulsively. "Isn't that a frightfully risky thing to do?"

Doctor Graham shook his head. "I'll keep an eye on him. It will be safe enough."

Well, thought Parker, if this doesn't call for a deep anesthesia, the Piper boy is going to be a cripple for life. He began to feel sorry for everybody connected with the absurd little tragedy. His amusement and amazement kept abreast as he helplessly watched the preparations. Herman, obedient to instructions, came in from the barn with the long leather lines belonging to the buggy harness and anchored his father's shoulders to the head of the bed. Mrs. Piper came with a bread-pan half full of water, and the rolled-up plastered bandages were immersed.

"Soon as that water stops bubbling," said Doctor Graham, springing the leg with talcum powder, "we're ready."

For a moment Parker was inclined to be indignant. What right had this old man to do such a slipshod piece of work? But after all, what else was there left to do under the circumstances?

Things were ready now, it seemed. Father Piper, as sluggish an organism as had ever been set in motion among the higher primates, was instructed how to hold the wad of gauze into which the doctor had poured an ounce or more of chloroform. Young Judy's apprehensive tension relaxed after a few eager sniffs at it. The air was already so heavy with the potent stuff that Parker wondered why he and others would go out first.

Standing helplessly at the foot of the bed, he found his nails digging savagely into his palms. His fingers itched to lay

hold on those young bones. X ray? Parker had a picture of that Pott's fracture in his head.

Doctor Graham, with shaky hands and glistening beads of perspiration on his ash-white forehead, was manipulating the fractures.

"Now, Mr. Parker," he said in a frail treble, "take the foot firmly in both hands and pull steadily—not too hard." There was a strained look on his face. Parker saw him stagger.

"Mrs. Piper," commanded Parker, "get Doctor Graham a chair and a glass of cold water. . . . Herman, come here and hold this foot exactly the way I'm doing it. Mr. Piper, you're holding that gauze much higher than Doctor Graham told you. Put it down; closer to the face! Don't let it touch his nose, but keep it close." He threw a sheet over Piper's forearm and reached into the pen for a bandage. After a long minute of waiting, he muttered to Herman, "Now, my son, you pull as hard as ever you can!"

The deft, viselike compression of Parker's hands broke the firm bandages, and tightly applied the bandage, together with Herman's strong tug, fetched a yell from under the sheet.

"That will do for the present, Mr. Piper," said Parker. "Put that gauze aside. We will wait until Doctor Graham feels a little better, and he will do the important part of the bandaging."

In a few minutes the gallant old fellow had staggered back to the bedside. "That's excellent, Mr. Parker!" he approved enthusiastically. "I believe we've got it now exactly where we want it." The business of applying the rest of the bandages was finished.

After they had waited for the cast to dry sufficiently for the leg to be laid comfortably on a pillow, the doctor said they would be off.

For the first half-mile of execrable road, the old doctor had nothing to say, but when they came to smoother going, he seemed inclined to talk.

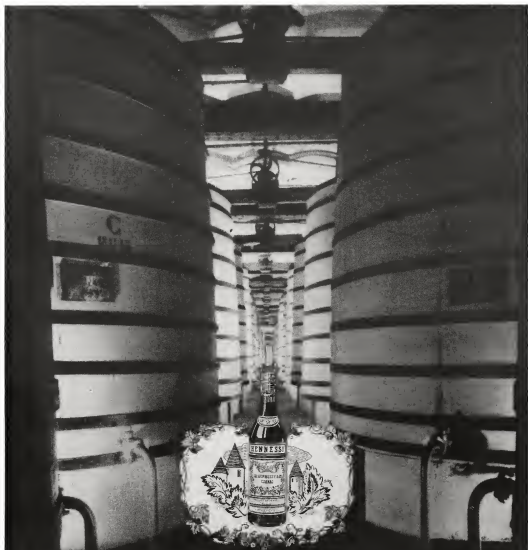
"Mr. Parker," he said respectfully, "you were a great help to me out there. More, perhaps, than you realize." He chuckled to himself as if he had a private joke. "If this affair was written up for a medical journal, none of the city fellows would believe it. How you ever managed to bind up that leg the way you did, I'm sure I don't know. But I believe we're going to have a good leg there, thanks to your strong hands."

**P**ARKER only dismissed the commendations with a remark that he had tried only to obey the doctor's orders, and playfully insisted that Doctor Graham was exercising his talent for the traditional courtesy of the Southland. This being the old gentleman's chief pride, he capitulated to the handsome young Mr. Parker—horse, foot and gune—and upon that subject, Parker's home-temptation that he should not accept the pressing invitation to stay for dinner on such short notice to the hostess was clamorously overridden.

"My dear," announced her grandfather to the rosy excited Elise, when they were seated at the table, "this young fellow missed his calling." And he told her, with much merriment, the story of the morning's adventure. Then, with great seriousness, he said, "All jesting aside, I've seen doctors do worse jobs!"

Parker drew a deprecatory grin and remarked to Elise, "Doctor Graham is having a spot on his back. Any experts? It occurred to him that with more truth he might have said, 'And so have I.'"

Next Month Lloyd Douglas tells how Parker's interest in Elise's career leads him to Dean Harcourt



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Put one on—the pain is gone!

## Royal Safari

(Continued from page 33)

the brain, but they were sufficient to deflect the attack and as the elephant swung, Pearson put a fourth shot into his shoulder. This did the business, for the bull, after running a hundred yards or so, collapsed—stone-dead.

It had been, of course, the nearest shave imaginable. When the shots were fired the elephant was within eight feet of Pearson and Salmon. Twelve feet away was the bush wherein the Prince was spread-eagled. Had the elephant not been turned, he would undoubtedly have got one of the party. And that would have been another safari spoiled.

However, no bones were broken, and the single tusks, when cut out, weighed close to one hundred pounds. So they all sat down by the dead beast while H. R. H. got the tea basket and rather shakily made tea. Presently, H. R. H., handing a cup to Pearson, asked if such a happening was a usual occurrence.

Pearson replied, "No, sir, we don't usually go as far as arguing who is going to shoot the elephant."

Next morning the party embarked. H. R. H. and Salmon continued down Lake Albert to Ntoroko, only thirty-two miles from Fort Portal among the foothills of that tremendous range known as the Mountains of the Moon. It was only a day's trek, and Salmon said: "We shall be in by sundown, so let's march light with our lunch in our pockets—we shan't want anything else."

As he spoke, H. R. H. was about to hand a bottle of whisky to one of his boys to bring along. Salmon said, a little contemptuously, "We won't want that; there's enough whisky at Fort Portal to float a frigate and we shall be there by dinner time." The Prince answered firmly that if they did want his bottle they would want it very badly indeed.

For five miles they followed a tolerable road, climbing steadily and steering by far-off Ruwenzori—"Heaving to Heaven"—the great mountain that has yielded only twice to the climber. But as they went along, the track dwindled to a mere game-path. Finally it disappeared altogether.

The day meanwhile had clouded over, and a drop of rain hit H. R. H. on the back of the hand. Salmon swore softly. He had not been to Portal by this route for five years, and the road had returned to the wild. The mist had come up and Ruwenzori was invisible. Salmon's landmarks had been removed.

For hours the safari tramped on, the ground rising all the time. The rain came down continuously now. The going was heavy and each time one lifted a foot one lifted along with it a pound of clay. At last Salmon said, "We're lost."

They plodded on again until it began to grow dark. The night would have to be spent in the bush. A small clearing was made in the eight-foot-high elephant grass, and there the party parked itself. All were dead-beat, especially the porters. The fire refused to light; the temperature fell sharply; there was no food, and there were no blankets, no wraps. But, thanks to obstinacy, there was a bottle of whisky! It would have been a cheerless evening without it.

In the dripping dark the men sat and made disjointed conversation about the weather. The noises of the night were all around them. H. R. H. tried to see his watch, and as he turned his wrist about under his nose a lion roared down the back of his neck. At least, he said it sounded as near as that, but a lion is a ventriloquist. This one hung about and roared at intervals. No one could sleep,

and it seemed that the night would never end. At last a change came, not dawn but a sort of grayness, and presently it was light enough to see the rain.

The campers stood up out of the mud and stretched themselves. All hands were as stiff as boards. But they started off, wading as fast as they could. Then suddenly the rain stopped; the sun drank up the mist and there stood the high mountains once more supporting a sky as clear as diamonds. Salmon picked up his signposts and so, about fifteen hours overdue, the party came to Fort Portal—to hot baths, hot coffee and all the amenities of morning.

There was a busy round of official functions, sight-seeing, riding and golf, until the fifteenth of November, when the safari started for Longido. The safari consisted of four Albion lorries, a Hudson, a Buick which H. R. H. drove himself, two Willys-Knight box-cars, and a Rolls Royce.

To make a safari (or shooting trip) by car sounds sybaritic, but H. R. H. was anxious to see as much of Kenya as possible in his time limit.

The hills were left behind for a gently undulating parklike land of open bush. The track still lay in the Masai Game Reserve and shooting was taboo except in an extremity of personal danger. We decided it would be fun to take some moving pictures of game.

Denys Finch-Hatton, an expert on safari, observed a bull elephant quietly feeding a hundred yards upwind. Another was feeding in the neighborhood, and although the wind was fluky and uncertain, the party succeeded in taking him at an average range of twenty-five yards. This accomplished, they withdrew, walking delicately.

Presently they noticed that an elephant was walking delicately after them. They decided on unobtrusive retreat, but at the same moment the elephant mistook his head, trumpeted and charged.

It is difficult to believe that a beast as clumsy-gaited as an elephant can move as fleetly as an hour. He was on top of the cameras almost at once and it appeared certain that one or another of the artists would be his meat. They separated and ran like rabbits. It was a ridiculous sight. There was the high-road in front of them and on it the safari—a line of five important cars and four lorries—and here were four men, one of them the heir to the throne, running for their lives with an irritated elephant rapidly overtaking them.

Lancelotti was the selected sacrifice. The elephant, squealing with rage, thundered after him. Lancelotti pulled out a final and futile sprint. Finch-Hatton whipped up his rifle and snapped a shot at the pursuer. Round swung the elephant on his quarters as neatly as a polo pony and in the space of a chess-plate. A few more moments he was gone—gone into the blue—melted clean out of the picture! The four fugitives stopped and tried to look as if they had not been running. They walked with dignity to the cars, which were less than two hundred yards away, and sat down to lunch.

What happened to the elephant was never discovered.

En route to Dodoma the party stopped off for a few days of lion-hunting. Von Blixen, who had joined us as an extra-hand hunter, put down "kills"—lesser beasts, like zebras, shot as bait. Several days the hunters drew blank, except for a koodoo bull shot on the bound at two hundred yards by H. R. H.



On the morning of the twenty-first, Von Blixen saw lions enjoying his bounty. He led H. R. H. round for three hours, but no lions were to be found. Eventually he requested Captain Moore, Arusha game warden, Lieutenant Colonel Legh, who had been one of the party from the beginning, and Lascelles to assist him in walking out a narrow length of high grass. He posted H. R. H., with Finch-Hatton, on the brink of a dry water-course in the exact line of retreat which a lion, flushed in the grass, might be expected to adopt. The beaters advanced, Legh and Lascelles with reluctance.

Presently the high grass, parting in a swift ripple, disclosed to the beaters a momentary glimpse of a fine black-maned lion who, with a lioness, bounded away into the thick bush.

The guns then strolled down the valley to a strip of dense bush close to one of Von Blixen's baits. The former tactics were repeated, with the difference that Von Blixen decided to be the sole beater. He had not gone far when a lion appeared at the edge of the covert. It turned rapidly and reentered the bush. "Shoot!" said Von Blixen, not to be denied. Out bounded the lion.

He really looked rather fine. Broadside on, he galloped across the front. H. R. H. was shooting with a .350 double-barreled express. With the first barrel he missed the lion clearly. A bit rattled at that, he took more time for his second shot. The grass was telling and the big yellow beast went bounding through it in great leaps. The left-hand barrel was fired when the lion was 140 yards away. It was a difficult shot because of the grass, and a long one. But it was a lucky one also, for it knocked the lion over. H. R. H. reloaded and ran up to where it lay. As he approached, the lion got to his legs and made off, but he was unable to get very far. He stopped, wheeling around, obviously intending to charge. By this time H. R. H. was close up to him, and before the beast could get going he gave him both barrels again, hitting him fairly in the chest each time. The last shot dropped him.

The beast was an old one, in good condition, and he measured 104 inches.

A few days were spent trying to film buffalo and rhinoceros, but on the twenty-seventh of November ominous cables were received concerning the King's health. H. R. H. must return to London at once. His safari was finished.

In a little more than a year, however, the King had recovered, and H. R. H. returned to the ancient lands beyond the Nile. The tenth of February, 1930, found him in Tanganyika, with Finch-Hatton and Von Blixen, discussing safari. On the fourteenth, with a retinue of a hundred porters, they trekked toward Lake Jipe. A mammoth bull elephant with mighty ivory had been seen near the lake; and sure enough, they found his fresh spoor. By noon they had covered ten miles without so much as a glimpse of their pile's tail. The heat on the plain was terrific, but over twenty miles had been made before camp was pitched.

Camp on the open plain was a new experience for H. R. H., who was accustomed to fall asleep to the sounds of night-feeding beasts and birds. Here on the open plain the teeming silence was absolute.

Before going to bed the Prince stood at his tent door listening. He was aware of sound in the stillness—sound which is not noise. There was nothing to take hold of, only an impression of sound in the grass, sound in the bushes, sound in the air. In the distance a lion roared, and nearer, came the alarm note of an

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antelope. Then there was quiet once more. But it was a silence vibrant and tense as a hair-ripping that might wake at a touch. Who shall describe it? All who have spent a night under the stars in Central Africa will remember and understand.

They started again with the dawn, but as the sun rose, the red-heat of the volcanic ground burnt through their boots and blistered their feet. For the blazing, feroceous days they pushed on, seventy miles into the Pare foothills.

At last the spoor began to be fresher, leading up into a low range of thickly wooded hills. The three guns separated to advance in line through the bush. The luck was with Finch-Hatton, who saw a huge shape moving along the hillside. A colossal beast, its tusks must have weighed at least 125 pounds apiece.

Finch-Hatton faded into the shadows and whispered to the Prince to come and take the shot. But as H. R. H. advanced stumbling among the thorns, the elephant stopped, cocked his ears forward, and stood statue-still. He had "the wind." There came a crash in the bushes and he was gone at a gallop.

His pursuers sat down and looked at their feet. It was impossible to go on! They were thirty miles from the railway, and they walked those thirty miles in their sleep.

After a week-end at Government House in Nairobi, the party set out with cameras into the Masai Game Reserve. They filmed a huge elephant who obligingly posed in a river-shallow, gently rocking himself and twitching his great gray ears when the flies became too troublesome. They moved on and almost walked into a rhinoceros, asleep in the sun—a huge prehistoric beast.

Before H. R. H. could film him, the subject must be waked up. The artist arranged himself in position and requested Captain Ritchie, the game warden, to inform the rhinoceros that it was about to have his picture taken. Ritchie shouted the news into the beast's ear. The rhino lumbered onto its legs and stood blinking his little short-sighted pig eyes. He obviously felt both litherish and irritable. Finally he caught sight of the camera, snorted angrily and charged!

The Prince said afterwards that he felt, at that moment, like a practical joker caught by a victim who lacks a sense of humor. But Finch-Hatton and Ritchie were responsible for the safety of the operator, he said, so he kept turning the handle and hoping for the best. As the rhinoceros was by now within a stride or so of the instrument, Ritchie and Finch-Hatton fired into the brown of him. He swung left, missing the camera by nearly a yard. As he passed out of focus, H. R. H. hopped aside and Ritchie placed a final bullet behind the big shoulder. Down came the rhino like a load of bricks.

It was bad luck, said H. R. H., that so gallant an old chap should have so need one's head. And after all, the film was a failure when developed, for the action ceased at the most exciting moment, with the rhino about to make matchwork of the camera. H. R. H. had not moved his stance, he said, but he had wanted to see, so he had stopped filming and spoiled a fine picture.

However, the rhino enabled the Prince to take part in a Masai lion-hunt, for the carcass soon attracted four lions.

Lord Delamere, who had just come down from Nairobi, took charge of the Masai, who are allowed, even in a game reserve, to protect their flocks by their own gallant ancestral methods. They paint their faces, their chests and their legs in stripes and patterns of color.

Upon their heads, those who are qualified wear a tawny headdress of lion manes. One on each shoulder and wound about their waist they wear cloths of dull red. Their weapons are a seven-foot spear, a narrow three-foot straight sword, a knobkerrie and a shield.

Delamere divided the Masai into three parties, sending two ahead as flankers to station themselves between the lions and the shelter of the thick growth on the side. The third group was then to advance to the carcass of the rhino on which the lions were feeding. With this last group the spectators would go. Delamere's object, of course, was to force the lions to bay in the open.

This plan miscarried because the third or central group allowed the left wing no time to get into position. The center men (a fig for strategy!) could see the lions, and Delamere and Discipline could go hang. Yelling with excitement, they broke away headlong. And the lions, disgraced by the racket, slipped into the dry river-gully under the racing flankers' very eyes.

The river banks were steep and broken. The river bed, forty to ninety yards wide, twisted and wound about in huge loops and bends. Except for the central sandy streak the gully was carpeted with long dry grass and lined with dense thorn bush. The place looked like a rabbit warren with the lid off.

But the Masai, all of them, were in the thick of it now. The brushwood rocked; the yelling spearmen pushed forward and through. But there was not much to see. Now and again the spectators who lined the bank-top caught a glimpse of a bounding tawny shape. And that was all.

H. R. H. declared that he had come from England principally to assist at a lion-hunt after the manner of Sennacherib. And perched up here, a man (so he said) was obviously not having his money's worth. So he and Finch-Hatton went down into the gully, followed by Bixen and Ritchie.

Here, where four lions stood and they were not in good temper. The Masai rushed hither and thither, yelling, bushwhacking, hole-and-cornering.

To the right there came a change in the timbre of the yelling. There was a roar, a snarling scuffle, a frantic rock-about of thorn bush. The four Englishmen rushed to the spot, but they were too late. A great black-maned lion lay dead, puncished with spears. Came a fresh burst of yells from farther on. The successful spear-party broke up and raced to the cry. The four dashing after them saw a superb dark-skinned lion bound from the river bank—saw a tall soldier intervene, saw him deliver a terrific lash of claws—and then a whirl of spearmen closed in. (This man was not killed, and subsequently recovered completely from his wounds.) Meanwhile, the remaining two lions bolted.

Returning to Nairobi from the lion-hunt, both Bixen and H. R. H. came down with a touch of malaria. The Prince was well again in a week, but it further curtailed his brief time-table, as he was due in England on the twenty-fifth of April. He had time, however, for a safari to the Pygmy country around Lake Albert, then Uganda and a visit to the Belgian Congo. There he got some fine film of the rare white Bull's rhinoceros, which is distinguished from its cousin not so much by color as by its peaceful disposition, its greater size (second only to the elephant) and its single horn, sometimes a yard in length.

From the Congo he returned to Cairo by way of the Sudan, thence by boat and plane to the green England of April.

## Autumn Idyl

(Continued from page 69)

pretty—she was much more than that. Only twenty, and taller than average, Edith had frank, searching eyes in which was a look of faint disillusion.

That first Monday morning when David's tears had fallen on their open songbook, she had been perplexed and embarrassed at having to be a witness to his emotion. She thought she knew something of what was going on inside him, so she said nothing to him, knowing how disgraced she would have felt had anyone ever seen her so unguarded. But on the following Wednesday she gave him a friendly greeting and a smile that told him he could trust her.

David soon came to watch for her in the halls between classes and to look forward to those Monday and Wednesday mornings in assembly.

Then, on the first Monday early in October, David missed her. He did not see her on Tuesday, either, though he scanned the faces that bobbed past him in the halls. He saw her for just a moment on Wednesday morning before assembly. And he wished to God that he had not.

David had heard rumors that hanging was still rampant in western colleges, yet a month of school had gone by and nothing had occurred, so he naturally gave it little thought. But this morning as he had come swinging up the center walk before the administration building someone had called out:

"Freshman! Off that walk!" He looked up to see who it was and recognized a group of seniors—only seniors were permitted the dubious distinction of wearing corduroy trousers on the campus. The man who had stopped David was, he later discovered, Stan Huntley, the ward of President Campbell and one of the tackles on the football team.

"Why—what's wrong?" said David. "What's wrong!" Huntley roared. "Do you hear that, fellows?" he continued, turning to the seniors beside him. "He wants to know what's wrong. Oh, Mamma, what is beer? Listen, you! You know damn well what's wrong... Look at that!" and he pointed accusingly at huge green letters that smeared the word FRESHMAN across the walk—letters that had been applied during the night by enterprising upper-classmen. "You freshmen think you can get away with stuff like that, huh? Haven't you ever heard about the Hellenic Knight? I thought not," he continued, without waiting for an answer. "Well, we're here to keep fresh guys like you from doing fresh things like that."

David broke in, his cheeks burning in mortification: "But I didn't do it!"

"No, of course you didn't do it," Huntley mimicked. "Well, young man"—he was being stern now, and the faces of the young men behind him glowered in a youthful imitation of rage and shocked disbelief that such disrespect could be—"you're going to clean it up. Down with him, men!"

David felt strong arms seize him and throw him to the ground. No one had ever grasped his body before to command its actions and, as if he had been possessed with a devil, he lashed out in a vicious spasm of all his muscles.

The young men had him tight by the arms, but the convulsion of his right leg sent Huntley rolling. The others pinioned David roughly to the ground, and Huntley scrambled to his feet nursing

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a bruised side, muttering something under his breath. He would have leaped on David had not someone protested: "Let him alone, Stan. We'll take care of the little rotter."

They rolled his trousers legs to his knees, tore his shirt off his back and stood him, breathing heavily and rocking from side to side, on his feet again.

From then on he obeyed mechanically what he was told to do, and was content scrubbing the walk with all his might. And later he was joined by other freshmen.

David noticed, too, that most of the others did not protest but submitted good-naturedly to the insults, which quickly gave way to an indulgent derision if the freshman gave no trouble. But this kind of under-classman was no sport for the enforcers of the traditions; it was one like David who really made hazing worth while. And even though he bit his lips and made no outcry, the stern sons of Hellas whacked him with paddles ingeniously fashioned for just such a purpose whenever his industry waned.

It was as he recoiled from one of these pellets that he saw Edith. He quickly dropped his head and began to work furiously. He hoped that she might not see him.

Edith had seen him, certainly, but she had not laughed. She knew that there was nothing she could do—indeed, she did not at the time realize the necessity of doing anything—and she passed on quickly in order that he might not see her watching him.

But she could not deny the helpless, frantic appeal in David's face when he looked up at her, or the utter dejection of his grotesque figure kneeling there on the walk. Since they had no lectures in common, she searched the halls between classes, and late that afternoon hailed him as he crossed the campus.

"Mr. Merrick, could I see you a minute?" she called.

David turned, startled at first by the girl's voice. "Why—why—?" he managed to stammer. He felt hot all over, and knew that he was blushing furiously. "I've got to get to work almost any minute now. I—I'm awfully sorry," he managed to blurt out, and started to turn away from her.

"All right, I'll walk along with you," she caught up with him and they took a few steps in silence. "Listen, Mr. Merrick, are you busy tonight?" she asked.

David, caught off his guard, said, "No."

She followed up quickly: "There's a movie over at the Plaza that I'd like to see. Why not come along with me?"

He hesitantly wanted to go with her more than he wanted anything in the world but, without knowing why, protested that he must study, that there was work he must do at the shop that would keep him too late. But she won him over before they had come to the end of the block, and he promised her that he would meet her at her sorority house at seven-thirty. So engrossed had he become, he did not see Huntley and two other upper-classmen approaching them until his attention was caught by the cry: "Fresh!" What did he tell you about talking to upper-classwomen?

David and Edith both looked up quickly. Edith caught her breath. She had forgotten that during the hazing season a freshman was not allowed, under threat of dire and ingenious punishments, to talk to a senior girl on the campus. She turned on Huntley.

"Aren't you being childish, Mr. Huntley? Mr. Merrick has as much right to talk to me as you have to interrupt us." Huntley was not daunted. He had

never liked Edith Manners. She always gave herself airs and thought she was better than his crowd. But now he had her in a fine spot. Her and her superior attitude! Hell! She couldn't even get a grown man to talk to. With what he fondly thought was a most condescending graciousness, he said:

"You forget, Miss Manners—or may I call you Edith?—that this young man has commanded the crowd. But now he's on in one day. I'm sure we don't want to punish him, do we, fellows?" His companions, Tom Mason and Blackie Vance, shook their heads sagely. "But the school demands that we enforce its oldest traditions—we've been elected to that trust." And besides, he continued now in a blindingly personal tone, "there must be drier specimens than this for a young woman of your talents."

David had stood by without a word. But at Huntley's last remark something snapped in him, and before he realized what he was doing he had leaped at the upper-classman. Stunned by the sudden attack, Huntley fell to the ground, David sprawling over him. David, almost as surprised as Huntley, tried to get up, but Mason and Vance were on him immediately and held him tight while Huntley, puffing like a young bull, got to his feet and addressed Edith.

"I think you'd better go, Miss Manners. We can take care of your little friend without help."

There was nothing she could do. Casting David a last glance, her eyes a study in helpless concern, she said under her breath, "Remember what you promised," and before he could shake his head in dissent, she was gone.

When one of the sorority pledges came to her room to announce David at seven-thirty, she did not keep him waiting long in the reception hall. Pulling on her beret she ran downstairs to find him pacing the hallway. A piece of adhesive tape was over his left temple.

"Here I am," he said simply. "I'm glad," she answered, and led the way out of the house.

She felt that if she could make David talk about what was being done to him, she could make him see its triviality.

"Did you have a rough time of it?" she asked.

He glanced at her sharply to make sure that she was not making fun of him. Instantly he was sure she was not, and answered: "Kind of."

"You wouldn't like to tell me about it, would you?"

"Oh, you wouldn't be interested."

"But I would."

He was silent again and she could get nothing more out of him before they reached the neighborhood theater. They both sat through the program without a word.

While they were inside a low-hanging fog drifted across the city. It deadened all sound but the crunch of their feet on the walk and shrouded them in a veil of intimacy. Edith, since she could not make David talk about himself and his problems, spoke of her own life and what she wanted to do with it, told him that her eventual aim was to write.

She had at last found a topic that interested him. He told her of his struggle for an education, of his mother's ambitions for him. And suddenly, without realizing why he was doing it, he found himself relating the tragedy of his youth.

The story fell from his lips in a vivid torrent of words, and that he was telling it in the whole picture flashed across his brain in jagged clarity: his

father in the flapping white nightgown surrounded by crowds of men; his father stripped naked in the flickering firelight; his father covered with molten tar and feathers on a rail surrounded by a maddened mob; his father dying in a wheelbarrow trundled by his mother . . .

Then he told her how his mother had wanted him to have an education so that he would never be like the men who had killed his father.

"But did you really want to come to school yourself?" Edith asked.

"Sure. Yes, I wanted to come. You see, I promised I would," he said.

"Then you've got to put up with the things they do to you," Edith pursued. "Don't fight those young idiots who turn up your pants legs and make you scrub walls."

"But I didn't do anything. I didn't do anything at all."

"Of course you didn't. But that makes no difference. The more you fight back, the more fun they'll have with you."

"But I couldn't help what I did," David protested. "I had to knock that boy down, no matter what happened."

"You mustn't, Dave. Because they've just started, and this goes on for weeks. They can hurt your body, but they can't really injure you. If you pay no attention to them, do what they tell you to do, they'll forget about you and turn to somebody else. Can't you see? They're trying to get your goat. They want you to get mad and fight."

He was silent, and she wondered what he was thinking.

During the next week Edith tried to keep a close watch over him, but after the first few public exhibitions before the coveys, a great many private, peculiarly masculine practices of the hazing custom were revived, refinements that Edith had never even heard of and that David could not describe to her.

But it was not the individual incidents themselves that terrified David so much as the rumors that reached his ears of the torments yet to come.

From the start of the hazing season, David heard whispers of the final day's ritual, a procedure beside whose embarrassments all the others were said to pale into insignificance. It had come to be known as "Bloody Wednesday." No freshman was a genuine son of his Alma Mater until he had lived through it.

During the week-end preceding the final hazing, David's mind was driven to the consideration of diabolic and fantastic tortures that might be in store for him. The color drained from his face over the contemplation of peculiarly exultating scenes that he lived, and probably would live, only in his mind. Yet he did not want to talk to anyone, even to Edith.

So he kept to his room at his boarding house and, though he came down to his meals, left most of his food untouched. Monday morning he tried to get up and go to his class, but he fell back on the bed. Mrs. Sawyer, his landlady, found him there at ten-thirty when she went upstairs to put his room in order. He refused to let her call a doctor, but she brought him some beef broth and he felt better, so that by the middle of the afternoon he could go to the store to work.

Tuesday morning, nervous and jumpy from lack of rest, he went to school at eight o'clock, though the lecture did not begin until nine. The halls were empty and his footfalls echoed in a frightening monotony until he turned into the classroom. He tried to study, but he was cold from the damp chill in the air and the nervous dissipation of his energies;



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each footstep that he heard outside tensed his muscles.

But they did not come for him that day, and he spent the hours in dread anticipation of what would happen tomorrow. He did not know until eleven o'clock that morning, when he overheard two young men comparing notes in Chemistry Lab, that he had escaped the rite preliminary to "Bloody Wednesday." After he had heard the details he stood looking straight before him for ten minutes. He knew that he couldn't have stood what the others were describing so hilariously as they rubbed their bruised sections. He didn't know what he would have done, but he couldn't have borne it.

After classes he tried to work. But at five o'clock Huntley came into the store. He went straight up to David and asked him where he had been hiding out.

"At—at school," David stammered.

"Funny I haven't seen you," Huntley went on. "I've been looking for you."

David wasn't fool enough to ask "What for?" He knew.

"Yes, we've missed you," Huntley reflected. It was so fascinating to him that he could, by the intonation of his voice, convey a thought to David which was unspoken, that his enthusiasm ran away with him. "We'll be expecting to see you tomorrow morning around nine, Merrick. And you'd better be there if you know what's good for you."

After Huntley had gone, David put the goods within the show cases in order—the golf socks here, the shoes there. But he did everything mechanically, for the blood pounded in his ears and a fever raced in his brain and body. What would he do tomorrow? He had to go to school, but he had to do something to protect himself.

He left the store that night at six. As soon as he was safe inside his room he bolted the door and looked at the revolver which he had brought with him from the store. Neither Huntley nor anybody else could do anything to him now. He was safe! They wouldn't dare touch him!

In his delirium Wednesday morning, David changed his strategy and arrived after chapel had commenced. The halls were again empty, but their emptiness was alive with the throbbing of the organ and voices from the auditorium.

Giddy with a sense of security and bravado, hands in his coat pockets, books under his arm, David hurried past the closed doors leading into the auditorium and turned into the long gallery connecting the administration and commerce buildings.

As David advanced down the hall, the passage seemed to narrow ahead, and he had a vague premonition that he must hurry before he was trapped. He quickened his pace, turned to the right at the end of the hall and sprang up the steps. Opening one of the double doors before him, he searched the lecture room to make sure it was empty, and closed the door quietly behind him.

In the early days of the university this room had served as the chapel. Tier on tier of empty seats rippled back from the lecture platform.

David walked quickly to his accustomed seat in front of the rostrum. He sat down and opened a book in his lap, but did not try to study, though his eyes fastened on the page before him.

He did not know when he first became conscious of the faint rustle of shuffling feet in the hallway at the farther end of the building. The clatter of those feet approaching the door! The stirring of hundreds of feet trudging through the

stubble of the field bearing his father to his death! To David's tortured brain they were somehow the same sound. They were coming for him, for his father's son. They had killed his father; they were planning to kill him.

Those feet as they thundered rhythmically down the hallway, seemed to be treading on David's raw nerve ends. The books in his lap fell to the floor with a clatter as the crowd halted before the closed doors. David, as alert now as a cat in danger, heard a familiar voice say:

"Did you look in there, Mason?"

"Yeah. There's nobody there."

It was Huntley who answered. "Let's look again. I haven't seen Merrick yet."

A fist crashed against the doors before they flew open. David had heard that noise before, when a rock striking the side of the house had wrenched him from a sound sleep. Now the sound electrified him and, as he whirled, his hand shot to his right hip and pulled the revolver from his pocket.

It was a moment before the crowd of boys (there must have been twenty of them) saw him, a lone figure at the opposite corner of that immense room, aisle upon aisle of empty chairs facing him, the dusty pipes of the old organ towering behind him. Huntley, as always, leader of the mob, stopped short now in the center of the doorway, flanked on both sides by the startled faces of his companions. He caught his breath with a sharp whistling sound.

No one moved for a long second. Then Huntley said, with all the assurance at his command:

"Drop that gun, Merrick!"

But David stood immobile, and Huntley realized that he could gain nothing by futile orders. Still holding David's eyes with his own, Huntley whispered something to the boys backing him up, and slowly, inch by inch, they advanced through the doors, then spread out fan-wise in the rear of the room.

Knowing that he could not force David to lower the gun, Huntley tried another method while his reserves lined up to his left and right.

"Put the gun down, Merrick," he said quietly, his voice trembling. "We aren't going to hurt you. We're your friends. Put the gun down, and we won't tell anybody about this, will we, fellas?"

No one answered. Each man was too intent upon the gun.

David's arm had begun to tremble now, and his eyes left Huntley's for a moment to sweep the fan that had spread out in the rear of the room.

It suddenly occurred to Huntley that the gun wasn't loaded. Of course not! That was it. The kid wouldn't dare; he was putting up a bluff. It was funny he hadn't thought of that before. Huntley suddenly believed it so completely that he said: "Come on, fellas! The gun's not loaded. Rush him!"

Huntley leaped forward and charged down the aisle nearest David. But the others stood still. And before Huntley realized his loneliness, an explosion crashed through the room and rumbled deep in the organ's throats. He stopped short, grasped his right shoulder and collapsed on the floor.

For a moment no one moved, not even David, who stared stupidly at Huntley. In the charged silence came the overtones of laughter and hurrying footsteps in the half-chapel was over and lectures were about to begin. Then slowly David's arm fell to his side, and as it did so, Huntley's companions, neglecting him, rushed toward David down the aisles, over the backs of seats—anything to get at him and tear him to pieces. David made no attempt now to fight

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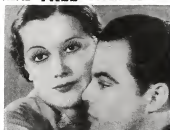
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back. It was as if he had somehow avenged his father, as if that shot had released his soul from the terror of anything anybody could do to him.

Edith did not hear of the incident until three o'clock that afternoon, when she was summoned to the president's office.

"There's a young man, a Mr. David Merrick, in the infirmary who asked to see you, Miss Merrick," President Campbell said gravely. "He's been—hurt."

"What do you mean?"  
"A most unfortunate occurrence. He shot my ward, Mr. Huntley, in the arm, and before I was notified, Huntley's companions had taken out their feelings on him. Perhaps you'd better see him."

Edith turned quickly and started out the door. Campbell stopped her.

"Please, Miss Manners, not a word of this to anyone. It's most important. We can't have this in the papers. I've sworn every young man in the group to secrecy. I know they will betray their trust."

Without answering, Edith ran from the room. She brushed past the attendant in the consulting office and into the white room where David lay. Trying not to show her dismay at his appearance, she walked quickly to the bed and took his hand in both of hers.

"See you so sorry, David; so sorry. What can I do?"

"Nothing," he said. It was difficult for him to speak. "It doesn't matter any more. Nothing matters." He was so very young, and so very much hurt.

"But it does," she protested. "They won't do anything to you. They can't. Their hands are tied. They can't have this affair get into the papers. If it did, all the million-dollar endowments would be cut off tomorrow. Campbell would

find himself out—the whole administration under investigation. You see, David, you're not really to blame for what you did. Campbell knows it, and will protect you."

She looked at David's discolored face. His eyes, surrounded by puffed patches, were dull. She could see that he had not been listening to what she had said, that his mind had been wandering off somewhere in a void which she could not penetrate. When she stopped talking, his gaze returned to her face, but there was a heavy look in his eyes as if he were not really seeing her.

"What will you do now, David?" she asked quietly.

He understood that. "Go back to Texas—where I belong—I reckon." Suddenly his eyes filled and the tears ran over. But it was only his body that cried, for when she had wiped his eyes dry, the luster did not return.

It all happened as Edith had predicted. David was expelled quietly and, to get him out of the city, the authorities gave him enough money to return to Texas, where he still owned the land his mother had left him.

Edith was the only person who went with him to the train. He did not seem to care very much whether anyone went with him or not. Edith could hardly believe he was the same young man whose soul had spilled over onto the pages of their mutual songbook two short months before. While they waited for the train, she tried to talk to him, to find out what he planned to do. He seemed undecided, unwilling to confide in her or anyone.

"I'll get along," he said over and over. And he would get along, probably—most men do. Somehow.

## Kipling Was Right (Continued from page 21)

grueling hard work on less food and drink than any other people in any other part of the world.

Please keep this fact in mind. It is of the utmost importance if you want to understand what follows. For now we go back to our map, and we once more take our ruler and our pencil and draw a second straight line, this time from Honolulu to Manila.

Manila is the capital of the Philippine Islands. When Magellan found them on his unfortunate voyage around the world, they were just a group of islands ruled over by a number of independent native chieftains, one of whom murdered poor Fernando.

The Spaniards, however, recognized their value as a commercial center for the products of the entire East. They made Manila the great export-and-import harbor for all the materials which they bought from China and Japan, and they fortified the town until it was well-nigh impregnable.

For almost two centuries the Philippines fulfilled the dual rôle of being the European bulwark against China and Japan and the gathering point for the plunder from the Orient. But then the Chinese trade got definitely into English hands. And the Dutch, by means of their curious little settlement on the island of Deshima (a small open window through which the Dutch were able to draw Japan's slender gold supply hundreds of years before Admiral Perry made them unlock the front door), took care of Japan.

Today, Manila is once more back at her old job. Not entirely, for it will never again become the world's most important center of the Chinese and

Japanese trade. But once more it is a bulwark against Oriental aggression or, rather, it is one in the long chain of fortified points that support the line which we are drawing across our little map and which we now continue by picking up our ruler for the last time and filling in the remaining gap between Manila and Singapore.

The line, which now stretches from Panama to Singapore, and which for good measure you might supplement by another straight line from Panama to Cape Nome in Alaska, is the *Mason and Dixon Line of the year 1934*. This is the line which separates the East from the West, and which bids the East stay within its own bailiwick. The Japanese will deny that such a line has ever been drawn, and the English and the Americans (and for good measure, the Dutch and the French, for they too are deeply interested in this matter) will violently object when one calls attention to the existence of such a line of demarcation between the yellow and the white races.

But there it is, and if you doubt it, have a look at the fortifications that have been built to anchor this line definitely to its present moorings, and then you will agree with me that these were never constructed with the sole underlying idea of providing President Roosevelt with a safe and sane fishing pond.

The vast sums of money that have been sunk into these piles of armor would never have been passed through Congress (which after all holds the purse strings) with such speed and lack of debate if our representatives had not had no doubt recognized the urgent need of this terrific expenditure for the sake of our national safety. Nor can it be

said that England today is in such a position of abundance that it would waste millions of pounds upon the base at Singapore, if the vast majority of the English people were not convinced that without this "insurance" their lives would not be worth twopence.

Of the measures that have been taken in the Dutch East Indies to turn the heart of Java into a formidable fortress, one hears little in this country. But the Dutch realize that their possessions in the East Indies constitute a secondary line of defense (in case the line between Honolulu and Singapore should give way), and though it is difficult for a country of 12,500 square miles and 8,000,000 people to turn a colonial empire of 735,000 square miles with 60,000,000 people into an adequate state of defense, the government at Batavia disposes of a sufficient number of submarines and airplanes to make this basic part of the new Mason and Dixon line something which no Oriental statesman dares to overlook.

I shall not here indulge in any astonishing revelations about the comparative strength of these many *points d'appui*. To be perfectly honest, I do not know a thing about them except what I have seen from a very long distance and what I have heard here and there.

But I know that the gun experts of Europe become very solemn indeed when they hold forth upon the caliber of the guns that defend the Panama Canal on the Pacific side. This is of tremendous importance, for the canal makes it possible for us to have one navy instead of two. The excellent way in which the locks are handled lets us move the whole of our fleet from the Atlantic into the Pacific, or vice versa, in a day and a half. (Belboa walked it in twenty-four days, in case you are interested in such details.) And furthermore, from a purely engineering angle this canal is more vulnerable than most.

It is not (as so many people still seem to believe) a big ditch dug across the narrow strip of mountainous land that connects North and South America. It is really a second-story lake that carries the ships from one ocean to the next by the way of the attic. Instead of digging a deep ditch across the isthmus, our engineers dammed up two small rivers and created two vast artificial lakes. They then cut through the narrow mountain ridge that separated these two lakes and constructed a number of gigantic locks which carry the vessels from the Atlantic tidewaters to the artificial lake, away up high between the mountains, and which drop them just as gently when the time has come for them to go back to the other sea.

A canal like that depends for its efficiency upon its locks. Once one of the locks has been destroyed or even seriously damaged, the canal is as helpless as an automobile without gasoline. Hence these far-reaching guns that protect the entrance to Balboa, and of which no layman ever catches a glimpse.

The same goes for Diamond Head, the volcanic promontory which you see in the distance when you approach Honolulu. These old volcanic remnants, if I may use a rather unpleasant simile, look exactly like the hollow teeth in the mouth of some ancient European peasant. And Diamond Head looks exactly like any number of low hills that you might see in the Marquesas or the Samoos.

The military authorities in the Hawaiian Islands take no chances, and only the men who are actually detailed to this particular job are allowed access to the interior of the crater where the

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guns are kept, well out of sight of both enemy and friend.

Please keep your atlas ready at hand, for we are not yet through with our little dissertation on the subject of applied geography. But this time you will have no need for your ruler. Please keep your pencil and fish an old envelope out of your pocket. The back of it will do nicely for a few vital statistics.

First of all, put down the density of population of China—290 per square mile.

Then that of Japan. It is 433 per square mile, for Japan proper, and 348 for the whole of the Japanese Empire. This is a very high percentage and only surpassed by a few countries like Java, where it is 860 per square mile.

Then take that of America. It is 41.3 per square mile.

Then take that of Canada. It is less than three people per square mile.

But Australia is even lower, with 2.1 per square mile. New Zealand has 14.6 per square mile, but even that is nothing compared with the 433 per square mile of Japan.

Place the statistics for the Orient and the Occident in two corresponding rows and write four words underneath: "Nature abhors a vacuum."

Nature, in this case, is represented by the ever-increasing population of a strongly united island empire which long ago was obliged to hoist the sign of "Standing Room Only" for its subjects, and which today cannot guarantee even that most unpretentious minimum of comfort which is definitely associated in our minds with the idea of standing room.

I have no personal prejudices in the matter. From a vast number of angles (artistic and social and economic) I can see no reason why industrious Japanese farmers and fishermen should not occupy the neglected wastes of such countries as Australia. But I am a historian. It is not my business to describe the world as I would like it to be. I have to interpret it to you as it is, and we all know that white people, once in power, will not tolerate the presence of people of another race or color in any vast numbers, just as within a very few years the people of that other race and color will no longer tolerate the presence of the white man.

I think that as a nation we are not merely vaguely interested in the Japanese as a people possessed of a high degree of culture, but that our interest usually goes easily beyond a mere sense of pleasantly surprised curiosity and is apt to grow into a sincere feeling of friendship. We realize, however, that that friendship would not survive an intermixture of the two races. We know it so well (and so do the English and the Dutch) that without ever saying so openly all these white nations have joined forces in drawing a very definite Mason and Dixon line across the Pacific Ocean and have laid down the law which bids the Oriental nations to remain permanently within the confines of their own half of the Pacific.

It will be another twenty or thirty years before Japan will be able to turn China into a fighting nation which together with Japan will constitute the most formidable opposition the white race has had to face. During these thirty years there must be breathing space and elbow room for the coming generations. The Anglo-American Mason and Dixon line prevents expansion in the direction of America or Australia. With the road toward the south and the east blocked, it is necessary to find another means of escape.

Therefore, will you please add one



more bit of statistic to that little list on the back of your envelope. "Mongolia, density of population one person per square mile. Then look at your map and see where Mongolia is situated. It lies due west of Manchuria, where the population before the Japanese occupation was about seventy people per square mile, and where Japan erected the first of her reservoirs for her surplus citizens. And take one final look at the atlas. North of Manchuria and Mongolia lies Siberia. As part of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, it is difficult to find separate statistics for that particular part of the world, but population density is probably less than twenty persons per square mile.

Nature abhors a vacuum. Japan needs more territory. The biggest contemporary vacuums are in Canada, the United States, in South America and Australia. An impassable Mason and Dixon's line of American and English manufacture makes this part of the world "forbidden territory" for the people of the Orient. Those who are obliged to expand their territory will have to look somewhere else.

That "somewhere else" in this instance lies right off the coast of Japan, and is either entirely defenseless (for China cannot commence to defend one-hundredth part of all the land it claims as its own) or it belongs to a nation which must administer and rule it from a base that lies three thousand miles to the west, right in the heart of old Russia.

Now I notice that we are much upset in our newspapers whenever Japan makes a further advance into northern Asia. But I must confess that after having contemplated the events of the last few thousand years with the same care and as unprejudicedly as I possibly could, I have come to the regretful conclusion that charity not only begins at home but also starts right there for a long time afterward. The new Mason and Dixon line, having been well established and being defended by a competent navy, protects us from the trouble that not so long ago used to menace us from the side of the Orient. Manchuria, Mongolia and northern Siberia, enjoying no such line of defense, are rapidly being swallowed up by those who formerly cast longing eyes upon our own territory.

From our own point of view, that seems an admirable solution. For if this happens, without firing a single shot and merely by squandering a few million dollars (and what are millions between friends in this day and age?) we shall have safeguarded our own territory definitely and for all time from further aggression on the part of the Orient.

The flood has turned from east to west. We had built ourselves too strong a dike and the flood was diverted. I am (in a purely academic fashion) sorry for the others who are now getting the deluge. But Man is a predatory animal, and those who for sentimental reasons prefer to overlook this fact do so at their own risk.

The political and economic Mason and Dixon line which so sharply defines the European and Asiatic spheres of influence in the Pacific Ocean is something concrete, something tangible and visible.

But there is another barrier which separates the East from the West, and which is even more important because it bears no relationship whatsoever to the practical affairs of the day. This second line of demarcation is not to be found in any atlas.

I refer to something for which we do not even have a word in our own language. The Germans come pretty close

# Who Has a Husband Like Mrs. Kistler's

## ... "Mum" on Meals?

BY Betty Crocker

If I were to go by the thousands of letters I receive, I would almost—but not quite—become convinced that no matter how good a cook one may be, the hardest thing in the world is to get the average husband to praise his wife's cooking. The following letter helps explain why I am—but not quite—convinced.

Dear Betty Crocker:

On many occasions I have heard you say on the radio that the way to get a husband to praise one's cooking is to serve him a batch of hot Bisquicks.

Now it just so happens that I have been married to the same man for 21 years. And although we have gotten along beautifully together through all the trials and tribulations of raising a family, I had never heard my husband become very enthusiastic about food.

But, last night for the first time, I had hot Bisquicks for dinner. And all I wish is that you had been here. Really, my husband is still raving about hot Bisquicks. And this morning he made me promise to have them again tonight. So you can see you were right.

If you want to use this letter for advertising, you have my permission. I hope it will get many more wives to try Bisquick.

Yours sincerely,

MRS. LILLIAN KISTLER  
545 West 119th St., Chicago, Ill.

Now, you probably wonder what there is about hot Bisquicks that gets men so excited! Frankly, I don't know. I suppose it's the same reason that makes small boys always beg for anything hot out of the oven. Anyway, there is "something."

So, why not try a batch and see for yourself what an amazing difference they can make in a meal. I know you'll be glad you did. Especially since they're so simple and easy to make.

Remember—all you do is mix  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk (or  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water) with 2 cups of Bisquick. Then roll and cut out the Bisquicks, put them on a baking sheet and slide them into a hot oven to bake for 12 minutes. All of which takes you about 90 seconds by your own clock. And since Bisquick is "Kitchen-tested" for perfect results in the same way we "Kitchen-test" Gold Medal Flour, you won't have "bride's biscuits."

2 SIZES NOW



When you bake biscuits at home, use Bisquick to get perfect results. And remember—the easiest way to get delicious bread, rolls, cakes or pastry is to order them from your baker or through your grocer. For, with truly professional skill, your baker transforms wheat—the "staff of life"—into tasty, appetizing, wholesome, real-time delights. Get acquainted with your baker and his products.



Mrs. Lillian Kistler

**Send For My Free Gift.** When you get Bisquick from your grocer today, note the recipes on the package... how many marvelous things it makes—in half the usual time. You'll say Bisquick is as necessary to cooking as your vacuum cleaner is to cleaning. Now—to induce you to try Bisquick for making these other dishes—and for a limited time—we are giving away absolutely free and as a gift to Bisquick users the most popular cookbook we have ever created. The Book of 101 Delicious Bisquick Creations.

Beautifully illustrated in full colors and priced ordinarily at 25c a copy, it contains "101" time, labor, and money-saving recipes for making all kinds of biscuits, muffins, short-cakes, pies and pie crusts, waffles. And many smart, new novelty dishes for formal and informal entertaining. All sponsored by distinguished bookstores, movie stars and famous chefs. To obtain free, simply follow instructions in coupon below.

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Dear Betty Crocker: Enclosed please find One (1) top from one (1) package of Bisquick (either large or small size) for which please send my free copy of Bisquick Creations.

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to it with their *Lebens-Anschauung*. Freely translated, this means a philosophical point of view about life. Being a practical nation, we have never taken kindly to the idea that philosophy rather than cold economic facts might be able to shape our destinies. For better or for worse, all of us are doomed to go through life actuated by the particular philosophy which is our racial inheritance.

That does not matter, of course, so long as we stay at home. As long as we remain among people of our own kind, we may here and there notice minor and even major differences in our respective points of view, but we shall always be able to find some common basis for agreement. An Italian peasant and a Scotch Highlander and a Bolshevik "commissar" somewhere from the heart of Russia will be entirely different in their general outlook upon life.

But let these three worthies be fellow passengers on the same ship, wrecked somewhere on the coast of Africa or Asia, and behold! they will suddenly discover that with all their profound differences of opinion upon matters pertaining to dozens of subjects, they are at the same time possessed of enough ideas in common to allow them to act as a white man's unit in their relations with the black or yellow natives among whom they are now forced to reside.

And the same holds true of all other racial groups. Hindus and Mohammeds, unless the police of the British Raj keep them apart, are forever cutting one another's throats. And neither Hindu nor Mohammedan has the slightest use for the superior virtues of a true Buddhist, just as the Buddhist is forced to regard the Hinduism of his ancestors as beyond his own pale of understanding.

But when a Hindu and a Buddhist and an Indian Mohammedan find themselves shipwrecked on the inhospitable shores of Europe, they experience the same curious reaction as the three white men of whom I spoke a moment ago. For all three of them are part of the culture of Asia. Just as my Italian peasant, my Scottish ditto and my Bolshevik "commissar" were all three part of the general European philosophy of life.

In this day and age, when such vast masses of racial nonsense are being poured down upon our unsuspecting world, one almost hesitates to use the expression "race." I therefore hasten to add that I am not referring to round skulls or square skulls or straight noses or crooked noses or any of those purely superficial attributes which have long since been discarded by all serious-minded anthropologists.

But man is the result of his own geographical and climatological background, and the people who for tens of thousands of years have lived underneath the blistering sun of Africa or amidst the endless dusty distances of Asia or in the midst of the jungles of the Malayan archipelago are bound to be very different in their attitude towards the true inner purpose of life from the pale-skinned and blue-nosed inhabitants of the foggy marshes of western and northern Europe. They invariably talk past each other, even when they do their best to talk to each other and try as hard as they can to comprehend each other's point of view.

Thirty, or even twenty years ago, when we lived in the best of all possible worlds, this absolutely impassable spiritual barrier did not seem to bother us at all. Indeed, many people stoutly denied that such a barrier existed. Weren't we, all of us, brethren under the skin?

Came the war and the suicide of the

great European nations, and Asia and Africa sat up and took notice! Many of the natives had been forced to fight for the respective nations which during the peaceful "opening up" of the greater part of the world during the nineteenth century had taken possession of their own ancestral domains.

But four years at the front in a trench or a working camp and, in case the native happened to be a proud "citoyen" of France, ten or fifteen years of back duty in some provincial French town have taught the simple-minded native many things which (from the white man's point of view) it would have been much better if he had never even come to suspect.

The native is neither a saint nor a devil. He is neither worse than we are, nor better. It so happens that in a great many essential points of view about the "desirable life" he is entirely different from us, but in one respect he absolutely resembles his western neighbors: he would much rather be left alone than be told by an outsider what to do or what to think.

The modern missionary has learned by experience. He proceeds cautiously and slowly, and tries to make converts by his own hygienic and social and medical example quite as much as by explaining a system of ethics and morals which to the average Congo Pygmy or to the naked savages of the Marquesas or New Caledonia sound as preposterous and absurd as the code of head-hunting would sound in the ears of an Episcopal bishop.

No, the days of poking fun at the missionary as someone who merely spoiled a good native and turned him into a bad Christian—those days are gone for good and all.

Columbus did not cross the uncharted ocean for the sake of exercise or fresh air. He stipulated in his contract with his employers that, among other things, he was to receive fifty percent of all the treasures found. Cortez did not march to Mexico and Pizarro did not travel all the way to Peru to bring the inhabitants of those countries the blessings of their own Spanish civilization. They knowingly took their manifold risks that they might steal themselves into a state of riches of which the world had never yet dreamed.

Follow almost any nation into any foreign part of the globe and you will be able to recognize their tracks by the ruins of plundered native palaces and the charred remains of countless native villages.

Of course, I realize that sort of thing no longer occurs, or at least it happens much more rarely than before. But the native is possessed of a reverence for, and being a person of oral traditions (grandmothers are good at telling folk tales), he knows the details of the past much better than we do who depend upon dull books and not upon amusing grandmothers for our information.

The Oriental hasn't the slightest use for the white man's mode of life, or for his method of making a living, or for his ambitions, ideals, religious notions, or for anything pertaining either directly or indirectly to the white man's general philosophy of life.

He will accept the road which the white man has ordered him to build. He will ride in his train. He loves to ride in his motor cars. He will also upon occasion avail himself of the white man's skill at surgery, and he will peacefully allow him to make an end to those epidemics which used to decimate the ancient civilizations of India and China and the Near East with the regularity of our own gangs of tent-caterpillars

and boil weevils. He will do all this, and when hunger stalks through the land, he will even permit the white man to feed him.

But all these concrete blessings do not incline the brown man's heart toward gratitude or appreciation.

His entire conception about comfort and suffering, his whole idea about life and death are utterly different from our own. He will never quite understand our point of view, just as we will never quite understand his. We shall continue to call him an ingrate. He will reciprocate by calling us barbarians. Heaven forbid that I should here try to solve the problem. As far as I am concerned, I can only repeat Kipling. "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

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# To a Lady in Green



You were beautiful last night at the theatre. I sat across the aisle from you . . . an ardent but unknown admirer.



I liked the music of your laughter . . . the flash of your smile. I liked your glamorous hair, your beautiful eyes.



But when you walked down the aisle, I felt sorry for you . . . and I was disappointed. Please, Dear Lady, if you have a corn, use Blue-Jay.\* It's so safe, so simple!



\* Blue-Jay is a friendly, safe remedy for corns. It stops their ache instantly, removes them scientifically in 3 days. Every drug store sells Blue-Jay at a package. Made by Bauer & Black, famous surgical dressing house. Special sizes for bunions and calluses.

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## Lady Without a Past (Continued from page 73)

would have suspected that there had been an official signal.

And there had been: Mrs. Van Clyden returned to town.

With a sort of morose defiance, Lenore also went back to her house on Fifth Avenue—the house adjacent to the Van Clyden mansion. As she drove down to the city from Newport, she said over and over to herself that she did not give a damn. The statement referred to the possibility of observing Jock as he entered and left the house next door—and to the possibility of meeting him on the sidewalk.

She came back to New York on Monday night. His lights seemed to mingle for the purpose of making a billious glow. Looking from her draped front windows, she could see that all the people were pasty-faced and ugly. She went to bed.

On Tuesday Boris telephoned. She made him so welcome that he came over immediately. He showed signs of strain and fatigue. He said that he was working hard on the power-company deal. She thought transiently that it might not be prospering. But she forgot it in her own vast discontent.

On Wednesday no one called.

On Thursday some of the people whom she had met in New Haven with Jonathan invited her to go to North Carolina for a week of fox-hunting. She very nearly accepted.

On Friday Jonathan Oate sent her some flowers. "Just in case it happens to be your birthday," and General Copeley dropped in for a moment to inquire how the fight was going. Lenore tried to be cheerful. She was completely ostracized by the people whom she had chosen as her set. But, she said, she was continuing to live in her own house. The General told her to hold the line and departed worriedly.

On Saturday she went to the movies with Elyse.

On Sunday she went to the movies with Elyse.

On Monday morning, while she was patently drinking coffee in bed, a Mr. Stanton was announced to her. She had never heard of a Mr. Stanton. But he had a letter of introduction from her bankers. She had him sent to her father's den, and she appeared there after bathing and dressing.

Mr. Stanton was middle-aged and meagerly made. "I have come here on a rather delicate errand, Miss Hackett. I am representing Mrs. Van Clyden. I wish, however, that you would regard that information as a confidence."

Lenore glanced at the desk. Behind which her father had conducted his most private affairs. She had imagined what he would say! "Get on! What's it about? Don't sit and look owlish."

"What do you want?"

"Your bankers have told me that you are in sole charge of your—your father's—that is, your fortune."

Lenore was vexed. "Mr. Stanton, get to facts. What in hell do you want?"

"Pardon me, very well." He looked at her coldly. "Mrs. Van Clyden wishes to sell her home in Newport. She expressly insisted that it should not be offered to you. But times are bad and it seems to me that you are the only logical buyer, since you already own half the island."

Lenore was astonished, but her face remained impassive. "Why doesn't Mrs. Van Clyden want her place offered to me—if it's for sale?"

Mr. Stanton was uncomfortable. "I cannot say. Some personal reason."

"What's the price?"

"One million, two hundred thousand dollars, everything as is."

"Plenty," I should imagine." Lenore could think of no reason for this offer. A retreat from Newport, or anything that looked like a retreat, would be Mrs. Van Clyden's last wish. However, she believed that Mr. Stanton had been instructed not to make the offer to her. Therefore—and Lenore suddenly saw one shocking possibility.

She still kept her face unmoved. "I've heard, of course," she said, "that Mrs. Van Clyden is in greatly reduced circumstances. Flat broke, according to rumor."

Mr. Stanton flushed. "She assured me that no one was aware of the fact except her lawyer and her bankers. If that's common knowledge, it will make my work difficult, I fear. However, I might persuade her to sell—under the circumstances—for a million. I might."

Lenore's heart was hammering. Mrs. Van Clyden poor! It was unthinkable. She had a furious desire to say, "I'll buy"; to be the first to snatch at the material possessions of Mrs. Van Clyden.

Her father had once publicly offered Mrs. Van Clyden ten millions for her half of the island. Lenore knew about that. "One million for the real estate," he had said, "and nine for nuisance value." Now she could beat that price, and Newport would laugh.

She looked thoughtfully at Mr. Stanton. "How about her house next door? Can I get that?"

"Mortgaged—to the hilt."

"She has one in Palm Beach, I believe."

"Yes. Unencumbered, I think. It was her mother's."

"I'll think about it," Lenore said, rising.

She thought about it all that afternoon. She brought to the problem the hard self she was trying to create.

Mrs. Van Clyden was broke.

Now she could buy Mrs. Van Clyden!

She could set a price upon her enemy's houses and her paintings, her furniture and her automobiles. She could decerate them if she desired. By the uses to which she put them she could pay back every affront of the old woman. She could make Jock realize that what he represented was cheap. And Jock would be powerless to prevent the purchases.

Ten million dollars, her father had said.

I can get it all for five, now, the daughter whispered. The thought excited her so violently that she did not know it failed to make her happy. She did not perceive that in her knowledge of Mrs. Van Clyden's misfortune there was, for her, not one iota of true satisfaction. She realized only that in this grandiose opportunity to act now and with savage effectiveness lay an end to her suffering. For every instant of shame and poignant embarrassment and for every hour of solitude she could partake of perpetual public retaliation.

She would buy.

She wondered if Jeanette knew. Jeanette would be amused. Jeanette did not like her mother.

Lenore telephoned to Jeanette.

The voice of the tall blond girl was hysterical. It shocked Lenore. "Sure," Jeanette said, "come over. Why not?"

"What's the matter? If you're tired from moving—"

"Oh, hell, come over."

Lenore rang for Coughlin; asked for the limousine. Something is the matter with Jeanette! she was thinking as she rode through a cold, slick, light-spangled drizzle, over the streets black

and coruscant, inhospitable and sad. She rang the bell of Jeanette's penthouse, unannounced. A maid answered. She went in.

Jeanette was talking to Jock in the living room.

Jock!

He stood up, with fixed face and feverish eyes. "Hello, Lenore."

She gulped the pitiless wish that she had not come. "Hello."

Jeanette focused on this new situation. "Darling! Swell to see you!"

"You sounded so bitter," said Lenore. "I was afraid—"

Jock was staring at her, seeing her acutely, as if the gray dress she wore were a thing of inestimable importance to his mind; as if it were essential to commit to memory the exact curve of her legs for reconstruction in some fierce examination upon which his life would depend. Emotions clashed like unseeable electric currents.

"I was about to leave," Jock said. Lenore did not speak.

He crossed the room silently, on a thick carpet. He looked changed. Reckless, and yet studied. His blue eyes were melancholy, and the bright cleverness which had dwelt there under the shelter of his mother's patronage was gone in new depths.

"I still love you. I still feel as I always did." He spoke as one speaks of things irrevocably lost—things like youth. He kissed her on the forehead. He went to the hall. She saw his coat leap from a chair and encircle her shoulders.

"Hold hard, Jeanette!" he called. "Good-by, Lenore!"

The door closed softly. Jeanette had tears in her eyes. So had Lenore.

"Mother fixed Jock's breach-of-promise suit. Framed him," Jeanette said.

Lenore's knees buckled. She sat with a doll-like angularity. "Fixed!"

Jeanette nodded. "Jock made me swear I would never tell you. So I am."

Pain assaulted every fiber of Lenore. "Oh! Why didn't he tell me?"

Jeanette shrugged. "Ever hear of pride?"

"Pride!"

"Use your head. Even if he could stomach his own pride, how could he plead with you on the grounds that mother is—?" She used a whispered word, accurate, vile.

"He should have told me." Lenore's voice quivered with condemnation. Jock might be vindicated in his own eyes, but in hers, every instant he had kept secret the explanation of his betrayal, he had deepened her wound.

"He found out only this morning from the people who framed him."

"Then why didn't he come right to me? Why?"

Jeanette sighed in answer. "Jock's off his nut. So's Mother. So are you. So am I. So is Paul."

"Paul?"

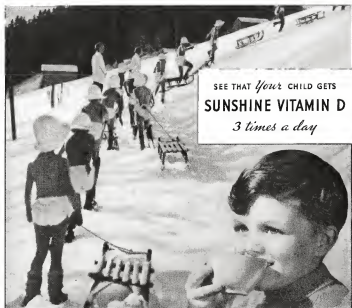
Jeanette rose. Her long legs carried her to a cabinet. She opened it and poured two drinks. She carried them back to the divan, tipped up her glass. "Paul's left me."

"Left you?" Lenore heard only vaguely. She was thinking about Jock—poor, weak Jock.

"Gone to live at the Diplomatic Club. Because of that girl—last summer. The one with the henna hair."

Lenore's churning mind brought itself to bear upon this new problem. "I thought you and he had an understanding about these things. I thought you didn't mind."

"So did I. But it seems that I do. I can't help it! I wish I could. Night after night when he was out I've prayed



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By A  
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*who brings up her four children very differently from grandma's way*

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"In olden days," she writes, "when my mother was a girl she was a delicate child. She tells me that at nine in the morning she was given a patent medicine for biliousness; at noon she took another for chronic constipation; and at three she took a blood builder. She has often told me people didn't know much about health when she was a girl.

"I often contrast my four fine, healthy youngsters with mother. We don't fill them up with medicines the way people used to in mother's day. Thanks to my doctor's directions we just use Nujol regularly. It has not upset their stomachs, and even when they had whooping cough they only had serum and Nujol.

"I could write a book about Nujol from my fourteen years of married life. My husband's father uses it, and at seventy-four he is well and takes long walks.

"The children are Bud, age thirteen; Royal, age ten; Elaine, age nine; and Joyce, age four. All of them are bright, active, and alert. They are advanced in school, and up to standard in weight and height. They love outdoor sports—hiking, swimming, and so on. We think we're pretty lucky to have discovered such an easy way to keep in good shape. You can publish this—maybe it will help some other families to keep well!"

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What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address: Stanco Incorporated, 2 Park Avenue, Department 17-1, New York City.

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that he wouldn't discover how I felt. It seemed to me that jealousy was like cheating. But today—I made a scene. The common, garden variety of domestic scene—screaming and tears. Words. I slapped him, and he walked out—disgusted." She began to cry.

Lenore felt a perverse desire to laugh. Here was the end product of her new religion. Here was the high priestess of modernity, the champion of infidelity, destroyed by her own cause.

Lenore wondered what was left for herself. The schoolgirl ideals she had brought to America had not been sufficient protection from pain. The hardness she had tried to attain in emulation of Jeanette had begun ridiculously with Jonathan Oate. Now that very quality had melted out of its strongest proponent: Jeanette flopped into a chair, distraught, heavy with self-reproach.

"I'm all right," Jeanette said suddenly. "Only, I love Paul too much."

Lenore thought that all people in love believed they loved too much and tried to wean themselves from that misfortune to prevent possible sorrow. She rose with weariness. "I'll tear along. You're be having in a very dull way, and I advise you to quit it. You remind me of Jock."

Jeanette smiled slightly. "That's true. I'll stop."

Lenore departed.

She was driven toward her house on Fifth Avenue. She could see into windows of brilliantly lighted hotels—fashionable places where gaudy people walked in glitter, walked in glamour, walked in the insecurity of their emotions. She had suffered enough confusion for one day. Jock had hurt her most grievously. Enough for one day.

But if all of her first week in New York had been vacuum, it seemed that this initial day of the second week was to be jammed with the shout and shuffle of human feeling.

Coughlin told her that Prince Boris was in the library.

"I'll be down in a moment," She went to her room to refurbish her person, to regain her composure.

She was vaguely glad that Boris had called. He had been friendly in the days of her distress. He had courted her, but always politely, always distantly. She had repaid him by encouraging him to go into business. Investment finance. Her only diversion during her voluntary imprisonment in her castle on Narragansett Bay had been to watch his corporation as it was launched; to read about it in the newspapers and to hear him tell about it.

She felt that now he might return her charitable influence by comfort of some sort. She knew his reputation was bad. She had feared him; tonight, however, her emotions were too congested to leave room for fear, or caution, or care.

But the dark-eyed man in the library was not there to counsel Lenore, to reassure her, or to rest her from the day's assaults.

Jeanette had predicted that the Red Metal Power and Light Corporation would collapse. Boris' partner, Spaulding, had inflated many bubbles, and collapse of this one was imminent. For, added to the unreliability of the two men involved, was a more disastrous factor. Because he and Mrs. Van Clyden were partners in the framing of her son, Boris had believed he could blackmail from her any sum necessary to meet "emergencies" which might arise in the corporation.

"Go as far as you like," Boris had said to Spaulding. "I have in my pocket the key to the Van Clyden millions."

Spaulding had gone far—past the bounds of business, of sense, and, thus

encouraged, past the bounds of the law.

Our corporation can represent its position as such and such, he thought, because on a day's notice we can add what we need from Mrs. Van Clyden's wealth to our portfolio. And as the need speedily arose, Boris dispatched himself to persuade Mrs. Van Clyden that it would be better to turn over a million and a half (temporarily) to his corporation than it would be to have the world know she had bartered her own son.

When she finally convinced him that she did not have a tenth of that sum, he went white-faced to his partner. In boom times they might have saved themselves. But in 1934, the Federal Government discountenanced such practices as theirs. Better men than they were in prison for lesser offenses.

They still had a few days of grace. Spaulding could not raise a sou.

Boris had only his personality. And Lenore.

She had returned his kindness with interest. In that interest was no affection, perhaps, but Boris was skilled in kindling affection. He had lived long and well by his maxim: the way to a woman's pocketbook is through her heart.

He did not know that on this evening her soul was in a tumult of struggle. A tumult that would end by sending her in one of two opposite directions. To save the girl she had loved, there was the fine side of her nature, her simple schooling and the shocking discovery that Jeanette's way of life had failed. To turn her into the untouchable and relentless person she was trying to become, there was the disappointment and insult and heart-break she had suffered in America, and added to that her disillusionment.

She came into the library. "Hello, Boris. I'm glad you're here." She sat down. "How is the power-and-light business?" She smiled. "I'm getting to feel like a partner in it."

He held his breath so that he would snatch gently at that. "Like to be on?" She shook her head. "Oh, no. I don't know a thing about it. I couldn't even pull switches." He was about to press the subject but she continued, "I've missed you since I came back to town."

"I've missed you." His words had a practiced sincerity.

"That makes me feel better. No one else misses me. It's been dreary here."

"I've told you that I could introduce you to thousands of people who would be delirious about you."

"I guess I'm stubborn." She laughed a little. "You always want most what's impossible to have." She thought of Mrs. Van Clyden's impoverishment. Her eyes narrowed, and she added, "Or practically impossible."

Behind Boris' lazy regard was vigilance. "You're in a strange mood."

She nodded. "I am. Very strange." "People ought to do things about their moods."

She realized with surprise that the statement was true. Her mind had traveled that day down aching, aching to utter confusion. There was no longer a philosophy or a code to which she could cling. "I'd like to do something about mine," she said a little grimly.

Boris pondered. "There's a place downtown," he said. "It's swell for moods. A balalaika orchestra. You drink champagne with brandy in it. You can dance, or you don't have to dance."

Lenore looked at him with an expression of rejection, and then she changed her mind. "I'll go! Buy me a dozen bottles of champagne! Let's get drunk! Let's ride around in horse cabs and look through telescopes for a nickel at the moon and forget all about—" She

checked herself. "Oh, Boris, I have so many things to forget I don't know any longer what to remember."

Boris murmured a little prayer of thanksgiving and hope. He smiled. "The best hat and coat. No. The worst. We're slumming!"

Two hours later, they were sitting at a small table. Lenore held her glass in both hands and drank deeply. Her eyes glittered. Her cheeks burned crimson. She said, "Boris, it was a divine idea!" and disbelieved it immediately and drank again.

A Cossack danced, wild, whirling, leaping; a girl sang. Then a violin brought a steppe wind into the crowded night club.

Lenore held out her glass. "More!"

Boris hesitated—and ordered again. "Don't want to be responsible for getting you tight."

"Not too tight, he thought. "Why not?" She laughed and leaned forward and put her hand on his. "Why not? I see why people want to get tight now. It's fun! I want to get tighter and tighter and tighter and tighter and tighter. I want to be like that Avery girl. I want to wake up in strange hotels and not know where I am. I want to have fun. I don't want to sit in my gloomy houses and worry about what an old woman thinks of me. I'll buy her and give her back to the Indians—that's what I'll do. Let's have fun!"

"Let's go somewhere else."

"Sure!"

In the cab he took her arm. "How about stopping at my apartment for a quiet drink and a glance at the roster of places to go?"

"Sure," she repeated. He felt her grow tense, as if she were on the point of changing her decision. But she said, "Sure," once more.

Boris' apartment was small, elegant, and rescued from effeminacy by a case of polo trophies and some hunting prints. She lay on a divan that was soft and yielding. The wine warmed her disconcerted into a tolerable pregnancy. Boris sat beside her and she felt cloyingly the attractiveness of his physical presence. Without much alarm she realized that her emotion could be quickly fanned into a feeling both blazing and immediate. She had never permitted herself the exuberance of that luxury.

He went into his kitchen and returned with a tray, a bottle of eighty-year-old brandy, some ice and a siphon. He was thinking as he approached her that it might be now or never. He had to have Lenore—or, rather, some of her money.

He made two drinks, and took her hand. "Lovely girl."

"Sometimes I think it's useless to be lovely."

"You torment yourself. You shouldn't."

"I know," she laughed. "It's 1934, and the old order has changed and repressions are worse than excesses—all that."

He ran his fingers through her hair, and she shut her eyes. "And now," he said, "you're going to torment me, too."

She said in a low voice, "I don't know."

Boris, of course, recognized his instant. He said, "Lenore!" and kissed her mouth.

She let her warm reluctance increase. Why not? Everything in her life was spoiled. Ecstasy is still possible to the unsuccessful. She liked his nearness, his hands, his hard weight, and perhaps best the acute knowledge that by merely being beautiful she had transferred him to a sudden insanity.

She did not know how sane he was, or how much of all his passion was acted.

Her voice shook when she said, "It's too bad I have to remind you that we must be even a little bit sensible."

He said, "Lenore! Capturously."

He kissed her for a long time, and very



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**LIFE SAVERS:** "Stepping out?"

**HIGH HAT:** "My good fellow, we're calling on the future Missus."

**LIFE SAVERS:** "Better take me along."

**HIGH HAT:** "And what will you do?"

**LIFE SAVERS:** "Take your breath away, ol' top."

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slowly, with an eloquent and lingering slowness, he took off one of her shoes.

Unnoticed by her in all that long and throbbing duration, her mind clicked thoughts—small, deep, distant. Jeanette would swear approvingly; Jonathan would be angry—Jonathan had saved her from herself once; Mrs. Van Clyden would sneer; what would Jock do?—nothing!

She wanted to be strong and independent and free—free especially of the anguish of love, love, love, love.

Suddenly she saw the room. All of it. A crystalline perception of chairs and tables and pictures and candlesticks. It was as if the wine and the brandy had precipitated the muck in her mind—or had led from it, leaving an acute and glass-like actuality.

The little pulses of thought leaped into one unanimous consciousness. Here you are, Lenore Hackett, lying on a divan in this rather pretty room, looking at that stranger with the dark eyes—lost.

Then she knew she wasn't lost.

Boris was thinking. She is the sort of girl who must be loved slowly, burningly, without violence. I'll soon confess my financial mistake. She'll be glad. Grateful. Thank God!

The bars of prison receded in his worried imagination.

Then Lenore sat up and said in a matter-of-fact voice, "I'd like a glass of cold water."

That sentence ended an era in Lenore's life. Probably the visions which send men on strange crusades, the miracles of enlightenment which bring about instantaneous conversions, are not very different from the abrupt clearness with which Lenore had seen herself and the world around her. But there was nothing occult about it.

The practical side of her mind, the honest side, the region of true and not artificial realism had begun to function. And in its first process it had showed her that she was embarked upon a course for which she was not created.

The further truths destined to arise from that quick return of sanity showered upon her and took her breath away. As soon as she realized that she could not possibly invest this relationship with any sincerity, she knew that she had wronged Boris in accepting his invitation.

She tried to explain herself. "I'm terribly sorry, but I've suddenly found out that I'm not like—the Avery girls. To be like that, you've got to be shallow, light-headed, irresponsible. I don't know—"

She looked at him. His eyes blazed. His face was dead white. "A coward," he whispered.

Lenore continued to talk in a quiet manner. "No, I'm less frightened now than I've ever been. It isn't that. I suppose it's hopeless to try to tell you what's happened to me."

The muscles in his face became individually visible and made a hideous pattern. "You cheap, vulgar, deceiving, hypocritical, dirty, rotten little skunk!"

"I'm sorrier than I can say. I—"

"Get out!" He yelled it. He leaped across the room, picked up her hat and coat and threw them in her face.

She left the apartment carrying her shoe, dragging her coat, with her rumbled hat perched lopsidedly on her head.

Boris slammed the door and stood behind it breathing hard. He started to call her back, changed his mind and poured out a large drink. He gulped it.

Lenore rang for the elevator and put on her shoe. She adjusted her hat. She donned her coat while lights ticked off the descending floors.

The street was cold and bright, with a fresh wind blowing. It was after midnight. She hailed a cab. A driver with

a heavy stubble of beard listened to the address of her home, glanced at Boris' apartment building, leered at her and started his car.

Lenore sat with her eyes half shut. She knew that she had found herself again. Brand-new thoughts shot through her mind: her father had been mistaken in the first place in attacking Mrs. Van Clyden; it was masculine and forceful and typical of him, but it was not right and he should never have done it; Mrs. Van Clyden had turned against him because, as the General had said, she was afraid of him—pitifully afraid.

Lenore considered her dreary days, and they fell into an incomprehensible nothingness. She should never have tried to follow Jeanette's plan of life. It didn't work even for Jeanette. It had resulted in Lenore's episode with Jonathan; only his aplomb had saved that from being a miserable memory. It had resulted in this regrettable scene with Boris.

By swinging back on a long ellipse to the original emotions of the girl who had come naively to America, she could understand everything. The quarrel between Jeanette and Paul—she smiled now. It was evident how Paul should have acted. A simple male deed, instead of a complicated series of follies.

Jock should have taken the same stand. But now it was too late. He was lost in his weaknesses. She would have to forget Jock in some far-away day.

She forced her thoughts back to Paul and Jeanette. It wasn't too late to do something about them. "I've half a mind—" she said aloud.

The cab driver turned. "Uh?"

"Take me to the Waldorf."

She called Paul at his club. "How about buying a late supper for a lonely girl in the big city?"

He appeared in a remarkably short time. Tall, pale, his brown eyes indignantly bright behind spectacles.

"They sat at a small table. 'Ambassador from Jeanette, I take it?' he said.

"No," Lenore displayed her most undecipherable smile. "From the early Puritans."

A waiter stood solicitously in front of them. Absently, Paul ordered one brandy-and-soda and a chicken sandwich.

"Meaning what?" he said.

"Meaning that I know, and you know, exactly what. You and Jeanette are in love with each other. People in love are monogamists. Meaning that. Meaning, furthermore, that all your systems of pleasant wayside straying are inventions to postpone making an issue of acknowledgment. They don't work. Look at her."

"She ought to feel uncomfortable. She behaved abominably."

"So did you. Pursuing that girl in Southampton because of Boris."

Paul's drink came. He took half of it in a gulp. "That's a very convenient defense for her. But really—"

"Think it over. If love doesn't mean that one person is enough, it doesn't mean anything. I don't say you might not err occasionally in a long lifetime. But—you've both proved it, haven't you?"

"Proved what?"

Lenore was still smiling. "You living haughtily at your club; Jeanette planning to run away."

"Where?" The question was instant.

Lenore shrugged. She expanded what she considered was a justifiable lie. Jeanette was planning anything but flight.

"Who knows? Egypt. India. Australia."

Paul's mouth became firm. "She can't get away with a hysterical performance like that!"

"No. Not if you go home and bawl the devil out of me and make her swear that she'll never have another Boris in her

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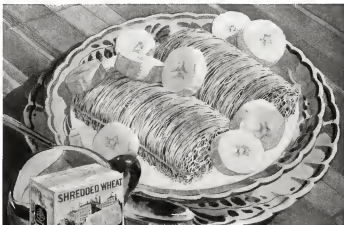
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life. Beat her moderately from time to time—or at least shake her. She's had too much freedom—and she's high-spirited."

"And I'd make the same promise," Paul murmured with rapt contemplation. Lenore shook her head. "The hell you would! She's a woman. You're a man. You can't run women by intellectual attitudes. Love isn't a concept like relativity. It's a feeling. Just tell her that she's got to stop being a hysteric, a chiseler and a feminist, and that as for yourself, your business is your own. She'll raise the roof, but in the end..."

"How'd you find out this?" he asked. Lenore did not answer immediately, and then she said as if to herself, "Sometimes the things you know most about in life are the things you'll never have for yourself. Wanting them badly gives them a peculiar clearness."

He was not listening. "By golly, it might work. But she'd be mad!"

Lenore grinned. "Furious!" Paul was signaling the waiter for his check. "Wild," he said and chuckled.

"Frenzied," Lenore also laughed.

He took her to her cab and said "Good night" so hurriedly that he forgot to thank her. As she drove from the hotel canopy she heard him shout his home address to a taxi driver in stentorian tones. He added, "Make it snappy!" There was nothing snappy in Lenore's repression of herself. She knew that it would not bring back her lover. It would drive him farther away, for it made his conduct seem vividly stupid and aimless. It would not lead her into society. On the contrary, it would give sharp perspective to the emptiness of that society; to its pointless existence.

But she was like a person who had been wandering amid external doubts and disappointments and to whom suddenly came the signal discovery that strength comes only from within. Now she could accept tragedy. Now she could find some use for her life and her fortune. Now she could think correctly.

In the morning the sun moved along the floor until it touched Lenore's face. She roused and automatically summoned the shadows into which she had wakened for so long. Then she remembered the reversion of herself to herself. She stretched languidly and afterward leaped from the huge bed. She started her bath and she climbed into it, singing.

She heard a car murmur through the driveway next door, and that turned her thoughts to Mrs. Van Clyden. She slowly stopped her ablutions and her brows knit.

Lenore had envisioned part of what was happening to Mrs. Van Clyden in the house next door—although not all.

Jock, at that exact moment, was facing his mother in her breakfast room. Her face was pale, withered, frightened. His was alert and purposeful.

"I don't wish to refer to the fact that you hired Boris to frame me, either, Mother. Never again. I understand, in a way, the perverted motive behind it. I should have had better sense, anyway. That to go out with those people, especially the girls. I thought at the time they didn't look like former business associates of Dad's. We'll forget that." It meant forgetting Lenore. He winced.

"But this power company. I'm going after it! I'm going to get Spaulding, and Boris and a lot of other people. A year in the clink will be a lesson to Boris. And there are some bigger men than Boris who ought to have the same experience. I'm sick of this crowd. I'm sick of the way they do business."

His mother's lips trembled. "You realize, Jock, that if you do undertake to

prosecute these people it will embarrass me seriously."

"I'm sorry. I can't help it."

"And you also realize that we'll be penniless afterward. Penniless!"

"Yeah. And I'll be working. I'll have made a reputation for myself."

"By tramping upon the bodies of your own mother and your own friends!"

He shrugged. "Even if it were true, there would be a certain justice in it. But it's not. After I've handled this case I'll be getting one hundred dollars a week. We can live on that."

The old woman tried to catch the lost reins by which she had controlled her son. "You cannot do this thing! There is a far finer way out of this."

He looked at her questioningly. "You can marry," she said. "There are dozens of girls who would welcome an opportunity to weld their fortunes to ours."

"Finer!" Jock's voice was savage. "Weld their fortunes to ours! That's a pretty piece of self-deceit. I'm telling you. They offered me the job because I know all the people. Fat, smug slob. Rich old fools. I'll stick the lance in them for trying to rob the people this time."

"I never heard you talk like that in your life."

"No," Jock said. "You never did. Get used to it!"

He left her.

Mrs. Van Clyden sobbed for a moment after he had gone. She thought of herself as a poor and lonesome woman, betrayed by her son. The word "poor" took on meaning. She straightened up. She could not be poor. The idea was nauseous to her. There must be some solution.

Lenore Hackett.

Rather than lose her houses and her chauffeur and her vast credit; rather than eat in cheap restaurants. She scarcely understood the bare outline of life on five thousand dollars a year.

She rose quickly and dressed. She went downstairs.

"The car is waiting," said her butler.

She astounded him. "Never mind. I'll walk." She did not tell him that she was going to the house next door.

And if she had waited for ten minutes, Lenore would have come to her.

For Lenore had also dressed. And she had reached a decision: she would go to Mrs. Van Clyden and offer to lend her money necessary to carry her over this crisis until her properties had been decently liquidated and she could reestablish herself. Lenore did not understand her own motives. She felt it would repay what she now knew was her father's original wrong. It would balance things. She felt sorry for the old woman, Mrs. Van Clyden with millions was different from Mrs. Van Clyden a broken human being.

Lenore would insist that Jock knew nothing of the assistance—and she felt sure that the old woman would keep that secret from her son.

But now, as she was preparing to call on Mrs. Van Clyden, Coughlin announced her. Instinctively, Lenore knew that she was going to be used, insulted, abused and perhaps at the same time flattered. The feud was still being conducted by the old woman. Mrs. Van Clyden had come to give up the struggle but for a price. Lenore's humanitarian impulse

retreated.

"Tell her to wait," she stood in her sunlit bedroom, pondering. How her father would have laughed.

She was angry, disappointed. The fact that Mrs. Van Clyden had come begging made her reluctant to give.

Mrs. Van Clyden waited silently. In the last analysis, it became evident that



her money, her position, her power and above all her selfish luxuries were more important to her than her principles, her feud, or her son.

Lenore came into the room. A young and lovely girl in calm possession of herself. Her eyes were enigmatic. Her gestures were formal but hospitable. She sensed that surrender was at hand. There was no longer any pleasure in victory.

Mrs. Van Clyden said, "I'm afraid I've been unjust and unkind to you, my dear." She smiled.

A General presenting his sword, but a General, one might have thought, whose armies were marching secretly around the flank to violate the peace.

Lenore replied, "You have had no opportunity to judge me—and I quite understand your prejudice."

The white-haired woman saddened. She took her lorgnette in uneasy fingers but she did not lift it. That glass barrier was down. "I am an old woman. I have given my life to maintaining my husband's name. I may have made mistakes, but we all make them." She tried changing the subject. "Your house is very lovely, my dear."

Lenore wondered if she coveted it. Probably she did, none that her own mansion was imperiled. "It's almost exactly as my father left it."

Mrs. Van Clyden's cheeks reddened in two angry spots. But she said, "From the day of your arrival I wanted to be your friend. An old and unfortunate misunderstanding made it difficult."

"That misunderstanding," Lenore answered slowly, "has made it difficult for me to have any friends at all."

"Then let me be the first ambassador of the good will of all of us."

"Why?" It was a quick, lashing question. It went to the heart of Mrs. Van Clyden's reasons for her surrender. It was a question such as Lenore's father would have asked—direct and demanding a direct answer.

Mrs. Van Clyden had the skill to answer directly. She was as shrewd in human affairs as she was selfish in her private life. "Because," said the old woman, "my son loves you."

That took Lenore's breath away. It almost cost her her poise. She had expected social surrender. She had imagined that Mrs. Van Clyden in this extremity might attempt to sell her house—but not her son.

There was a long silence. "I don't love your son," Lenore said finally.

"You're so young, dear. How could you be sure of your own heart? He loves you desperately."

"So desperately," Lenore said bitterly, "that he asked another girl to marry him not five days after he had begged me to be his wife—in spite of you." She added that last word proudly. Then she waited. Would the other woman confess?

Mrs. Van Clyden almost told the truth. "That accident was the result of deliberate blackmail. He was trapped."

"Why should I believe that?"

"Because it is true."

"Why didn't he tell me?" Lenore asked the question that burned within her.

"Because he was too proud."

"And what do you want me to do?"

"I want you and my son to share the happiness you so richly deserve. Ever since that miserable misfortune he has been hopeless, lost, despairing. He loves you. He has told me so repeatedly."

"Told you so?"

"Of course, dear. He has no secrets from me."

Lenore understood. The formidable Mrs. Van Clyden was stripped naked at last, and in her nakedness she was ugly. She was offering her son to preserve the

## Men do not lose their hearts to lost complexions!

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marry you—at once. It was a simple transaction. We both had a charming time. She agreed to deliver you," Lenore continued fantastically, "and I thought a minute ago she had sent you over."

Jock stood up and glared at her. "You're sweet!" he said softly. "Swell. But what on earth made you think I'd marry you? What made Mother believe it? I wouldn't marry you if doomsday left us alone on the earth together. You! You come to America mouthing little-girl platitudes. You pretend to be sweetness and light. But you go yachting with Oate, and tie yourself up with a crooked gigolo."

"You use your millions to tear my mother into little pieces, and to cheat law and decency. On top of that, you continue to maintain your holy attitude, and you wind up with the notion that you can buy me like a string of beads! Well, you can't! I'm defending the people now—against parasites like you!"

Lenore said nothing.

Jock took a breath. "You wrapped me for a while in your warm and charming half. But when I had an unlucky and malicious break, you dropped me like poison. Let me sit in town here for months, suffering. Your own life wasn't hurt, however. The hard half of you went into operation. You just moved along from one boy-friend to another."

Lenore burst into tears.

Jock stared at the ceiling with an anguished expression. "You're a heel," he said. Lenore looked up. "Why didn't you tell me that before?" she sobbed.

"Because I hoped you'd have sense enough to find it out for yourself," he said with less violence. "Only, you didn't."

"You're horrible!"

He laughed. "Horrible! That doesn't begin to define me! But, so help me, I'm not a damned little hypocrite!"

He knew the accusation was false.

She knew that he did.

Fight was ebbing from her. She tried to be valiant. She understood instinctively now, though, that he would hold out longer than she. He would go on for hours, weeks, maybe even years. Someone had to give up. She sniffed.

"I'm sorry," she whispered.

"Sorry!" His voice was again so loud that she flinched.

"Please don't be so angry about me. Couldn't you be at least nice, since you've got to sit here all this time?"

"No. Not to a girl like you. I could be to a woman who wanted to settle down and love her husband. That's the kind I want. Not your kind; not Jeanette's. I've looked at more foolishness in the past ten years—and finally I've made up your mind. Now, where in hell is Coughlin with that coffee?"

Lenore meekly climbed from bed. "I'll get it for you."

He grabbed her. "You're not going to reach a phone by tricks! You stay in that bed!"

"All right. You're hurting me. Let go."

But he didn't let go. He turned her around. She held her head down. He shook her so that it fell back. He kissed her . . .

A long time afterward it occurred to Lenore that being in love was instinctive. You didn't plan. You didn't select the proper hour and circumstances. You didn't think about what to do; you knew.

Dawn was leaking through the curtains. The coffee-pot was empty. Jock was asleep on the chaise longue.

Lenore went to sleep.

She dreamed about bells ringing in a great church and people in magnificent clothes watching for the bride; about a young man vehemently talking in a courtroom while she listened proudly and

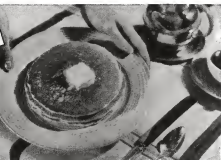
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obscurely in a back seat; about romantic places far away with soft seas breaking and a great moon, and in her dream she heard children laughing. She was happy. She had discovered at last the world she had yearned for long ago.

There was a tap on her door. It was Coughlin. "Telephone," he whispered.

Lenore slipped from her bed without waking Jock. She hurried into the hall.

It was Jeanette—Jeanette with a marginal voice. "I'm so happy I couldn't sleep. I wanted to thank you. Paul said you told him—"

"Oh, yes," Lenore wanted to talk about her own ecstasy. But a thought checked her. "Say," she said loudly, "did Paul call Jock yesterday by any chance?"

"Why, yes, I believe he did, darling. Why? Talked to him for a long time. I didn't listen. I was so—"

"Sure, you were so happy." It was Paul, then, who had explained to Jock the tactics she had suggested. Lenore felt angry and cheated. She hung up. She sat on a stool, rubbing her silk-clad legs. All he did was what I told Paul to do. What I told him to do!

Then Lenore smiled. Perhaps that was the function of women—to make their men learn indirectly; to guide them.

It was the ultimate wisdom Lenore required—a pleasant wisdom. I'll make him know she thought, that I want him to wake up and realize to my way the indirect method of pulling his nose!

THE END

## A Philosophy

(Continued from page 75)

mind and pocketbook are benefited. If it becomes necessary to let go a sock from the ankle, one should do it but not stew about it. Do it, and go whistling on! Also bide your time.

The love of books, one of the greatest sources of pleasure in my life, was also acquired. I have always been an enormous reader, but I used to read haphazardly. Grandma called me a "skimmer." The saying that good books are treasures struck me as another of the epigrammatic inanities.

But I know better now. No one can possibly read Shakespeare, Thoreau, Chaucer, Thackeray, Robert Louis Stevenson or later-day O. Henry and Frank Norris slowly and absorbently without learning the wisdom of the "bookworm." Not until I was forty did I read Kipling, Conrad, Hardy and Boswell's amazing record of the good Doctor Johnson.

Had I only known the fascinating lure of excellent literature in the long ago, how richer would be my purse and how poorer the prey of false pleasures. No one knows better than I the difficulty of impressing the young with such philosophy, but there is no harm in trying.

In all my acquaintance with younger people—and my life is cast largely with them—I know but two who are true walkers and who appreciate the art. The rest know absolutely nothing of cross-country walks—the open sky, the lashing rain, the majesty of hills. Taxis, subways, motor cars, airships, elevators and escalators have almost wrung them dry of locomotion.

With the settled sobriety that I am certain is coming to the muddled world, I'd like as one already settled to do a little cheer-leading for the simpletons, the copybook formula and such. It is going to be heaps more pleasant than those who are just sprouting their pinfeathers suspect. So cheerio! And as grandma used to say: "Stay away from those poolin' alleys!"

## Woman Overboard

(Continued from page 29)

other. As he told you, when you have your divorce, we plan to marry."

Caroline folded her lips into a thin line. "You must understand, Lissa," she said, "that all married people quarrel."

"I've heard that," Lissa said.

"The quarrels don't necessarily mean anything, my dear."

"This meant something to Alec," Lissa said. "Alec wouldn't run out of a bargain, no matter how bad, unless he'd been cheated. You see, I've known him for fifteen years."

Caroline said stiffly, "Let's not be cross about this."

"I don't mean to be cross," Lissa said. "You came here to hear what I have to say. I'm seeing you to hear what you have to say. If you don't care to discuss the matter on my terms, we can always stop and talk about the weather."

The maid brought tea. Lissa poured one cup. "Sugar?"

"Thank you, no."

"Milk? Lemon?"

"Lemon, thank you."

Lissa poured her own tea.

Caroline held her teacup in one hand and gestured eloquently with the other. "I'm only trying to save you misery, my dear," she said. "This business of being seen around with Alec is causing talk."

"I love Alec," Lissa said. "It seems to me that the person you might have saved misery is Alec. Why didn't you?"

"Lissa, I can't discuss my personal affairs with you."

"You came to discuss mine."

"Alec is my husband," Caroline said. Two pink spots appeared on her cheek bones. "One has a right, I suppose, to make an effort to save one's marriage?"

"If you'd made an effort to save your marriage before, you wouldn't be making futile jabs at it now."

"There are some things you can't possibly understand."

"I can't possibly understand why a healthy woman refuses a man children, for instance," Lissa said.

"The doctors agreed—"

"The one honest doctor you consulted told Alec that you could have a child. You never went back to him, did you? You held your delicate constitution over Alec's head to get the things you wanted," Lissa said. "You made a road house out of his home. You inflicted Ronald Crake on him when you knew he loathed him. You did everything to make him miserable, and nothing to make him happy."

Caroline stood up, white and trembling. "This is unforgivable!"

"You decided that marriage was a one-way ticket to freedom, and then the trains stopped running. That's not so, and nothing you can say to me or to yourself will make it so. And now you want to cripple his one chance for happiness. Well, you can't!"

"Alec told you these things?" Caroline demanded, shaking with fury.

"Alec has told me nothing," said Lissa.

Caroline flung across the room and put her hand on the doorknob. She said bitterly, "Perhaps Alec will see things differently after I talk to him."

"You've taken the last ace out of your sleeve," Lissa said. "Alec's learned to watch that sleeve."

The door banged behind Caroline, and Lissa drew a deep breath. She went to the window to watch Caroline's departure. Now she foresaw one of the humiliating scenes between Alec and Caroline which Jake described. She was sorry for Alec.

The telephone at her side shrilled in

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the dusk and she felt for the receiver. Alec's voice said, "Lissa, something has come up."

"Caroline?" Lissa said.  
"I've been summoned. She called here at the club."

"She just left here," Lissa said. "She was very angry and she looked beautiful and I'm afraid you're in for it, darling."

"Oh, Lissa," Alec said, "she's going to be terrible. I know the tone."

"My poor Alec," Lissa said.  
"I'll be late at the Starretts, probably."

"I'll go on with James Stuyvesant," Lissa said. "You meet me there."

"Yes, darling."

"If you see Jake," Lissa said, "tell him to stop by and we'll all go together."

"Don't fall in love with him, Lissa."

"No, darling."

"He's very handsome," Alec said. "And witty on occasion, and he loves you very much."

"You'd better go," Lissa said. "Every minute you put it off, Caroline's getting madder."

"Yes, Lissa. I love you."

She laughed. "Go along, Alec," she said. "Get it over."

Alec found Caroline wearing a powder-blue tea gown and completely surrounded by her thousand-dollar silver tea service. The moment he entered the family sitting room a pall of misery recollections swept his mind. How many times he had endured her cheap theatrical gestures and speeches in this room! She had bullied him here, cajoled him, threatened him, defeated him. If he balked her in the smallest wish she had battered her way through to victory, using weapons against which he had no defense. And even so, with all his contempt for her methods, when he saw her sitting there, bitter and defiant, he felt a pang for the picture he had once had of her.

"Good evening, Caroline," he said. She gestured in the direction of a chair. "Sit down, Alec. Don't prowl. It makes me nervous."

Alec sat down obediently. "It's a little late for tea," Caroline said, "but I had Elsie bring it, anyway. Would you prefer a cocktail?"

"I would," Alec said.

She poured a cocktail and handed it to him. "Then she regarded him with cold disfavor. "How much longer are we going to continue this farce, Alec?"

Alec said, "You know we can't go on, Caroline."

Caroline stared at him. Presently she burst out, "You can't forget everything we've been to each other, you and I."

There was a flicker of pain in Alec's eyes. He remembered days before they were married and the short period of their honeymoon when she had been everything he thought her. As a rapidly thumbed series of sketches make an impression of changing outlines upon the retina, so that part of his mind now saw swiftly every ugly change that had taken place in her. From a sweet and ardent companion she had become a whining, self-centered and unreasonable woman. Even now he could see her face twisted in fury, the blazing, hate-drenched eyes fastened upon him.

In that second he remembered the times her bedroom door had been locked against him as a punishment, a penance. He had a sharp, almost photographic recollection of the night he had arrived unexpectedly from the club to find his blond Caro in the ardent embrace of Crake. He could still see her, hair disarranged, face flooded with color, crying, "Alec, don't be ridiculous. You've kissed other women since our marriage, surely. This indignation belongs to the 'nineties!"

He hadn't believed him when she told her he had kissed no other woman since their marriage, and her very disbelief had made her, in his eyes, cheaper than ever before.

Forget what they had been to each other? Salt rubbed in a raw wound. Forget?

"I wish I could," he said, low-voiced. Caroline poured herself a cocktail and drank it quickly. He hated her gesture of desperation, and losing control, said, "You shouldn't drink. Alcohol is injurious to the heart. Particularly since you've been especially appointed by God to have heart trouble."

"Oh, you're beastly," she said. "Beastly!" She rose and paced the room in hot rage at his inaccessibility.

"I know how beastly I am," Alec said wearily. "But what's to be got by pacing about? We came to an end. When two people reach such an end, there isn't anything to do. You're plenty of money; you're young; you're quite beautiful. Your life's ahead of you. My life is ahead of me. Can't we leave it at that, Caroline, and part friends?"

"Why can't we start again?" she cried. "On what?" Alec said. "People never really start again, Caroline, not when they've gone as far as this. It's not within human power to put aside all the humilities, all the resentments we've had against each other. I want children. You don't. I want a home. You want a perpetual social function. I don't want Ronnie Crake. You do. Don't you see how impossible it is?"

She said tensely, "I'll give up my friendship with Ronnie."

"You said the last time," Alec said, "and broke your word. You said you'd consult Peters about having a child. You did. Then you decided he'd been over-hasty. You're full of promises, Caroline. Besides, things have changed now."

"Changed how?"

Alec said simply, "I'm in love with Lissa. She said the last time, 'You're real,' and 'You're honest. You're beautiful, and everything that's decent.'"

"Was it so bad?"

"Where's Jake?"

"He's off finding a butler who has two beautiful drinks. One for him and one for me. But you may have mine."

Jake looked up and thrust a drink at her. She handed the glass to Alec, who took it without protest.

Jake said, sitting down, "It's a family conference, I'm in."

"Alec's just come from seeing Caroline," Lissa told him.

"I know," Jake said. "I tried to persuade him to take a hatchet, but he wouldn't. Well, how was it?"

"Frightful row," Alec said. "It was as though I'd never gone away; as though I were going to spend the rest of my life sitting there, a part of it."

"And what, darling?" Lissa said.

"I'm a beast and a rotter, and she's the world's most abused woman. And she faints, but she didn't faint, because people who faint, I'm told, always faint forward. She fainted backward—oh, very

gracefully, and I caught her in my arms."

"Did you pour ice water down her neck?" Jake asked hopefully.

"No," Alec said. "I carried her to her bedroom and placed her on the bed. Then I massaged her wrists."

"Too bad you didn't, just happen to be holding a razor blade," Jake said. "Imagine missing a chance to douse Caroline with ice water!" His voice trailed off on a mournful note.

"And then she revived," Lissa said. "What does one say to a person who hasn't fainted but comes out of a faint?"

"I think I said, 'Do you want a drink of water?'"

"Why?" Jake asked.

"I was expected to."

"Oh."

"Then I had to sit," said Alec. "I've been sitting there beside her bed for five solid hours going over and over everything we've ever said to each other, everything either of us has ever done in anger, in love, in pity, by accident or with forethought. My family tree has been torn branch from branch; my character is a smirch on the escutcheon of humanity. I am at once the man she loves more than anything in the world and the man who is most despicable of all animal life. I am a paragon of husbands, and in the next moment I am an inhuman fiend. She will get a divorce. She won't get a divorce. She is reconciled to being a lonely, unwanted woman. She is not reconciled to being a lonely, unwanted woman. She will not stand in my way. She will stand in my way, and I will pay for every moment she has suffered through my beastly behavior."

Jake sighed. "I think I'll get another drink." He rose and ambled off into the shadows.

Lissa put out her hand, finding Alec's. He gripped it tightly. "Darling," she said, "I'm going to try to be everything you want me to be forever and ever."

"You're so beautiful inside," Alec said huskily. "That's where you're loveliest, funny-face."

"Jake thinks I'm pretty," Lissa said. "He told me so."

"Oh, Jake," Alec said teasingly.

Jake scuffed back down the terrace carrying two wineglasses. "Taking me lightly again," he said, as he came up. "I can tell by his tone." He handed Alec one glass and kept the other.

Lissa said, "Where's mine?"

"Couldn't carry three," Jake said.

"Make Alec give you some of his."

"Here, pet," Alec held the wineglass to her lips. "This proves I love you more than Jake does. He won't offer you his."

"If she were engaged to me," Jake said loftily, "I would give her the whole glass. But there's no justice in your having the girl I love and all the wine." He grinned and lifted his glass. "Here's to the cruise."

"We'll make this a loving cup, Lissa," Alec said. "Drink to the cruise, angel, and pray away the tornadoses."

"You are a scholar and a gentleman, Alec," Jake said, "and I must say it's a pleasure to number among my friends such an unselfish person."

Alec said, "After we're married, he's going to be at our house all the time. I can tell."

Lissa murmured, "Jake's a scholar and a gentleman, too, and we'll all live together and name all our children Jake." Suddenly she looked into the shadows and said, "James Stuyvesant's looking for me." She called, "Here I am! Here we are, darling."

Her father came across the terrace. "There's a horsewoman in there," he said testily. "She keeps following me around. Let's go home, Lissa. I don't like women



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Lissa rose and put her arm through his. "Good night, darlings. Tomorrow night at what time, Alec?"

"She's set to sail at midnight. You and James Stuyvesant come at ten."

"No horsewomen," James Stuyvesant said.

"No horsewomen who bring horses on boats," said Alec.

"We'll be there," Lissa and James Stuyvesant went toward the square blotch of light which was the door, and Jake said to Alec, "You lucky swine. What did you ever do?"

James Stuyvesant was feeling testy. He stared grumpily at the full moon from the bow of the steamer. "Probably won't get off until dawn," he said.

"Don't grumble, darling," said Lissa. "It will all be jolly, and there's champagne. I heard Alec order it."

"Champagne's bad for me," said James Stuyvesant.

Lissa was waiting to hand them up on deck. He wore a dinner jacket and a new coat of freedom which had suddenly plastered itself all over his face.

"James Stuyvesant's in a bad mood," said Lissa. "You cheer him up, Alec."

"Your cabin is third from the right, below, Lissa. I'll try to talk James Stuyvesant out of the dumps. If you'll hurry, we'll all have a glass of wine before the others come."

When Lissa came back up James Stuyvesant was grinning and manipulating the cork of the champagne bottle. A sharp, satisfactory pop was the result, and Lissa, "Champagne's bad for me, but I like it." They went out on deck and leaned over the rail.

Suddenly Alec straightened. "The tender's putting out."

The sound of the boat motor rose to a sharp, grinding whine, and after a moment they were able to see the one occupant. "It's Jake, isn't it?" Alec said. "Looks like him," said James Stuyvesant.

"Tell him he's sharing my cabin," Alec said. "I'll go below and make room for his bags." He disappeared while Lissa and James Stuyvesant watched the tender drag alongside.

Jake clambered on deck. Lissa said, "Hi, Jake."

"Lo, Lissa. Where's the skipper?"

"He's clearing the way for your baggage, darling. Here's a glass of wine."

"Later," Jake said. "Is he in his cabin?"

"Yes. What's the matter?"

"Matter enough," Jake said darkly. "I've got to see Alec."

He bounded off, found Alec below. "Trouble," he said cryptically.

"What trouble?"

"Caroline," said Jake. "Over at the club. Raising merry hell, she is. She's been drinking."

"How do you mean, raising hell?"

"Grabbed me," said Jake, "told me how modern she is and how life was hellish. I said it was but that didn't help. She enlarged, expanded. Seems life is worse than hellish. Then I got away and she grabbed somebody else and I heard her telling him."

"That's too bad," Alec said. "Caroline really shouldn't drink. It makes her morose and funny."

"The whole crowd is there but they're afraid to come over because she swears she's coming, too."

"Who?"

"That was Lissa, standing in the cabin doorway with James Stuyvesant."

Caroline, Jake said.

"Oh," said Lissa. They all stood and stared at one another.

James Stuyvesant cleared his throat.

"Just like her mother," he said. "Elvira Tarrant belongs in a padded cell."

"The point is," Lissa said, "that she has a perfect right to see us off."

"That's the point she's making," said Jake.

From above came a halloo in a masculine voice. "Hey, Alec! Alec Blount!"

Jake said with a grimace, "That's Carter Delano. Caroline had him in tow."

"He wasn't invited," Alec said.

"What difference does that make to Delano? Neither was Ronnie Crane, but I'll bet he's with her."

"I'll go up first," said Alec. "You come along in five minutes."

He went up to the bar, paused in the doorway. "Hello, everybody. Hello, Caro. It was nice of you to come."

"Hello, Alec." He saw that her face was flushed from drinking and her eyes were bright and hard. "Since I wasn't honored with an invitation, I came on my own. Old friends and—wives—shouldn't stand on ceremony, do you think so?" She was backed against the mahogany bar holding a brilliant ringling.

Alec could hear Lissa, Jake and James Stuyvesant coming along the deck. He wished violently that he were somewhere else. His faint hope that it might be all right had been dispelled the moment he caught sight of Caroline. It wouldn't be all right; it would be all wrong, and Carter Delano's appearance would merely cloak out a veiled allusion to the situation in which a prominent young millionaire sportsman found himself late last night when his (according to Dame Rumor) estranged wife appeared on the scene of a sailing party.

Alec sickened. He looked at Lissa standing in the doorway, smiling that unbelievably calm, sweet smile of hers, saying, "Hello, Caroline. Hello, everybody. May I have some wine? James Stuyvesant, may I have some wine?"

"Have a drink with me," Caroline said. She finished the remains of the light amber fluid in her glass and waited while Carter Delano silently supplied her with more. She stood there holding it, staring obliquely at Lissa.

Lissa went toward Caroline and took the glass that James Stuyvesant held out to her. Alec saw Jake move closer to Lissa.

Lissa raised her glass, still smiling. Caroline's arm shot out and caught

Lissa's hand, holding the glass away from her mouth. "We have to drink to something," she said.

"By all means," Lissa said evenly. "Let's drink to happiness."

"Whose?" Caroline asked.

"Everybody's," Lissa said. She had gone a little white.

"Because I won't drink to yours," Caroline said.

"All right," Lissa said. "Drink to everybody else's happiness."

"Moonlight," Caroline said harshly.

"Southern seas, the Southern Cross—romance under the Southern Cross. Appealing, isn't it?"

"You make it sound anything but appealing," Lissa said.

"Dance, Lissa," Jake said.

"She hasn't finished her drink," said Caroline.

"Sorry, Jake," Lissa said, white-lipped.

"Alec's handsome, isn't he?" Caroline said.

"I've known him too long to know," Lissa replied.

"But not too long to be affected," said Caroline.

Lissa put her wine, untouched, on the bar and walked away.

Jake's eyes wandered to Carter Delano. He stepped softly over to him. "I'm coming back," Jake said quietly. Delano

shrugged. "I mean," Jake said, "that just because the Lechivay pulls out to-night, I don't get cut off from the world. Neither Alec nor I. We're quite a pair. Alec and I are, when we're roused. And mail comes ahead. Newspaper clippings in letters; things like that."

"Going to punch my nose again?" Delano asked, grinning.

Jake said, "No, my good man. I might sneeze you all over the club steps."

Caro, white with rage, stood glaring at Lissa. Alec reached out to take her glass, saying, "Come on, Caro, let's dance."

Suddenly Caro smashed her glass against the bar and broke into jerky sobs. "Humiliating me before—a all my friends; making me a laughingstock. I won't stand for it! I won't have it!"

Ronnie Crane sprang to life out of the middle of the crowd and clawed his way through to her, saying, "Caro, come home. Let me take you home."

She flung around on him in a fury, screaming, "Leave me alone! Don't come near me! I hate you!"

Ronnie paused in the center of the room, a grotesque picture of a humiliated man, his hands dangling at his sides, his handsome weak face quivering.

"Caro," Alec said, "come along. Come out into the air." He guided her, still sobbing, out of the door and to the deck.

Lissa came over to Jake and took his arm. Her hand was trembling. "I'll dance with you now," she said.

Jake patted her arm. James Stuyvesant asked Thelma Verity to dance.

Richard Starrett had picked up a wine bottle and offered it around. Everybody accepted with alacrity.

A few minutes later, Alec came to the door and said quietly, "Lissa, may I see you for a moment?"

She went out on deck with him. "Caro insisted," he said. "I'm terribly sorry. Hold your temper if you can."

Caroline, gripping the deck rail, said, "I want you both to hear what I have to say. Alec's not going to do this to me. I won't stay here in New York to be laughed at."

Lissa said, "I think you're mistaken, Caroline, in thinking that people would find you humorous. Why don't you put off sailing until tomorrow, Alec? We could go somewhere with Caroline and settle this."

"It's going to be settled here," Caroline said. "Here and now. You're going to give Alec up, Lissa."

"She can't give me up," said Alec. "I won't be given up."

"Alec, I can't bear it! Do I mean nothing to you?"

Alec said coldly, "You can't make a cheap drama out of Lissa's life and mine, Caroline. I've had enough of this. You've a right to do what you will with your own life but not with ours. Please go home now."

Caroline's eyes grew wide, insane. "I'll kill myself," she said. "If you go away with her on this cruise I'll kill myself."

"Again?" Alec was maddened beyond endurance. He remembered six different suicide threats, the causes ranging from his displeasure at her constant association with Ronnie Crane to a thing as small as his refusal to attend a dinner party with people whom he disliked.

"I warn you!" Caro said, her voice trembling.

"I'll call Ronnie," Alec said. "If we can't talk sensibly, there's no point in talking. Come, Lissa." He turned.

Suddenly Lissa, looking back, cried, "Caroline! Alec, stop her!"

Alec whirled sharply. Caroline, poised on the deck rail, balanced there for a brief moment apparently trying to regain a handhold on the vertical bar at

"Thanksgiving again!"

Umm, big spread, Betty?"



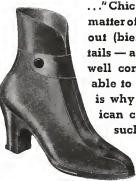
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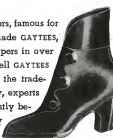
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her side. Alec sprang toward her, grabbing for a hold on her frock.

But in that fraction of a second she lost her balance and plunged downward, screaming. Lissa stood frozen. A chiffon frock billowing outward; the look of ghastly horror which had spread over Caro's face...

Alec said, "Tell them to get a boat over!" He pulled off his coat, his shoes.

Lissa started to run. She collided with somebody, clutched at him, and gasped. "Mr. Blount—there's a woman overboard — Mrs. Blount. Mr. Blount says put a boat down quickly. Hurry!"

"Yes, miss." The man plunged away into the darkness, and Lissa ran on around deck. Jake put out his hands and stopped her.

"Caroline!" she gasped. "Alec—they're out there in the water."

"Lissa, listen." Jake shook her. "Be quiet. Alec's shouting down there. If he can shout he's all right. Do you hear me? He's all right. Stop shaking."

Lissa's teeth chattered. She dragged away from Jake and hung over the rail with the rest of them. "I can't see him!" she cried. "I can't!"

Jake said, "The boat's down. See, there's a light. Here, somebody—has anybody gone for blankets?"

James Stuyvesant said, "Peters went. Thank God. Blount invited a doctor. Lissa, stop it!"

"Stop what?"

"Stop saying the Lord's Prayer," Jake said. His hands clasped her arms from behind and held her safe, quiet, secure.

"Was I saying—That water's cold. Oh, why don't they find them?"

Nancy Starrett's voice came plaintively from the deck rail beside Lissa.

"Richard—where is my brother?"

"I'm here," Richard's voice said.

"Let me hold your arm, Richard."

"Damn it," Richard said, "you needn't clutch so. They're all right. They're hauling them in."

"Both of them?" Jake asked quietly.

"Yes."

"Thank God for that," said James Stuyvesant.

Lissa crawled, limp and shivering, into Jake's arms. He patted her gently, staring over her head to watch the progress of the small boat toward the yacht.

He could see Alec alone in the prow, slapping his wet shoulders to keep warm.

The other figure, its white shimmering cut off by the coats of the crew, lay motionless on the boat floor.

James Stuyvesant came out of the cabin, muttering, "Whisky. Where does that young fool keep his whisky?"

"Peters has whisky," Jake said.

"I know Peters has whisky, damn it!" James Stuyvesant said. "I want some for myself."

"Third door on the left under the bar," Jake said.

Arms were outstretched now to take Caroline. Somebody handed Alec up, and he stood there slapping his shoulders.

"Take her to my cabin," he said.

The dark wet bundle was carried out of sight, blankets being wrapped around it as they went.

James Stuyvesant plunged out of the shadows thrusting the whisky at Alec.

Lissa and Jake waited while Alec tipped the bottle and drank. Lissa said faintly, "All right, Alec?"

"Hell of a job finding her," Alec said.

"Hope you didn't worry, Lissa."

"Oh, no," Lissa said. "We—we knew you were all right."

"But better go down." Alec's teeth were chattering.

They all followed Alec downstairs. At the door of his cabin a quiet group had

gathered. Their faces were strained and



white. Alvin Peters stood in the middle of the group looking unnerfed.

Alec said, "Is she all right?" He started to go into the cabin. Over his shoulder Lissa saw a white cloth in the place where Caro's face should have been. She screamed.

Peters put out his hand and stopped Alec. "Don't go in, old boy," he said. "Caro—didn't come out well."

Alec stared at him unbelievably. "She'd been drinking pretty heavily," Peters said. "The sudden shock—I think she died before you reached her. The fall—the shock of cold water."

Alec looked at Jake. He looked at Lissa. Nobody said anything. And then Alec said, "Oh, my God!" and went into a cabin and shut the door.

Lissa fumbled for Jake's arm; felt her father take her arm. Together, they propelled her to her own cabin, placed her in a chair and closed the door.

Somehow, there were a great many things to be done, and these things entailed the scuffling of many feet in the corridor. Once there was a knock at the door, and Alec stood there when it was opened, his face white and drawn, a look of grim disbelief in his eyes. Lissa started up. He said, "Sorry, Lissa. Darling, are you all right? Please go home and try to rest. Take care of her, will you, sir? Jake..." And Jake went out into the corridor. When he came back he also wore a grim, disbelieving expression.

"You see, Lissa," he said, "there are a lot of things to be..."

"I know," Lissa said. "I thought I'd better stay in case he needed—"

"We'll wait a few minutes," Jake said, and she knew what he meant because his face turned green as he spoke.

"How awful!" Lissa shuddered. "Jake, I—one can't help remembering her face."

James Stuyvesant said firmly, "Stop, Lissa. I won't have it. Forgive me if I seem blunt, but Caro dead has no more virtues than she had alive. Don't lose your head, Lissa."

"I'm not losing my head. I'm feeling funny. I'm feeling scared. I've never been scared before. I mean—"

"Look," Jake said, "tomorrow all hell will break loose. You know that, I suppose."

"Tomorrow? It's broken loose now, I should think."

Desperately he cried, "Can't you see the newspaper? This is going to be tougher than you know, Lissa."

"I see," Lissa said. "I hadn't thought. Lissa Grant, heiress, love-thief. That's a new angle."

"One," Jake said slowly and calmly, "Caroline Tarrant was an inferior person. Two, Caroline Tarrant Blount used every rotten weapon against Alec that she found at hand. Three, the weapon she used tonight proved a boomerang, only that. Four, Caroline Tarrant was a liar and a cheat and an unfaithful wife. I know that and you know it and James Stuyvesant and Alec know it. But we have to keep our heads and remember it. If we don't—" He broke off and stared at Lissa anxiously.

Lissa held his eyes for a long moment. She smiled slowly, took his hand. "We'd better go now, I think. The tender left a few minutes ago. I heard it."

The deck was deserted. They waited for the tender to come back. Presently they heard it whining.

Ruddled in the stern, with James Stuyvesant's topcoat over her shoulders, Lissa tried not to think of the burden the boat had carried but a few minutes before.

She did not sleep that night but stayed in her room watching the dawn come up. Now she wished that she hadn't sent

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Jake away; that she had kept him there to hold her steady, keep her mind from describing its bright, fevered circles; to keep her from remembering Caro's face as she pitched into space—and later, the white cloth which had covered that same face, stilled forever, perhaps fixed in that look of indescribable horror and fright.

At eight the telephone started ringing, and at eight-thirty Jake pounded up the steps and rang the doorbell. He was admitted to Lissa's sitting room. She clung to him, gasping, "Newspapers have been calling since eight o'clock! There are reporters outside."

"I know. Had to wade through 'em to get in."

"Oh, make them go away!" "Lissa, sit down and be quiet. Have you had coffee?" She shook her head, dumb and numb with misery. "Ring for it. Where's James Stuyvesant?"

"Still sleeping." "Good. Let him sleep. Ring for your coffee."

Lissa rang for her maid. When she appeared Jake said, "Bring Miss Grant's breakfast up here. A pot of strong black coffee, two boiled eggs, toast, orange juice."

The girl had seen the morning tabloids and Lissa was not quite real to her. Her wide eyes testified to her inability to accept tragedy in connection with the household to which she was attached.

Jake went to the window which overlooked the street. He stood there for a moment, and then, without turning, said, "Have you seen the papers, Lissa?" Her voice husked out through a dry, aching throat. "No, I've been afraid to read them."

"Don't," he said. "They're hellish." "What do they say?" she asked. "It's a high-society scandal. You're the goat. Caro is a tortured wife. Alec is a shadow, protesting that you had nothing to do with it. Your picture is placed around all poses where you're laughing. The party was an orgy on a yacht. You'd better get out of town. I'll see to everything. You pack."

"No," Lissa said. Her eyes felt like marbles; her throat ached and burned. "I've done nothing. I won't run."

"Daring, please. Please listen to me." She said, "I won't run away."

James Stuyvesant came in wearing a dressing gown. He gazed narrowly at Lissa, and she knew he had seen the papers.

She smiled, a thin, wan little smile. "Don't worry about me, darling."

"Who's worrying about you?" said James Stuyvesant. "Jake, isn't there some city ordinance which will clear a man's front steps of reporters?"

"Maybe," Jake said absently; "I don't know. Perhaps you'd better see them, sir, and give them a statement."

"I'm damned if I will!" James Stuyvesant settled into a chair. "I want some coffee. Better pack your bags, Lissa."

"No," Lissa said. "I just told Jake no and it goes for you, too. I haven't done anything. I won't run away."

"That's the Grant in her," said James Stuyvesant.

At nine-forty-five Alec called. "Lissa, how are you?"

"I'm all right, Alec. How are you?" "Lissa, they're doing horrible things to you. I've talked myself hoarse but it hasn't done any good."

"Alec darling, nothing matters to me but you. You know that."

His voice was sodden with weariness. "Lissa, I can't come there. I wish I could be with you, but you know what it would mean."

"I know. It's all right. I'll be all right. Don't worry about me."

"If I could only stop them!" he groaned. "Please, Alec. You and Jake and James Stuyvesant know what sort of person I am. What does it matter what anybody else thinks or says? You're the only ones who matter."

"You can't live the rest of your life with three people," he said. "Lissa, my darling, I have to go away for a few days. I have to go out West with the—with the—"

"I see," Lissa said. "Mrs. Tarrant—I talked with her, long distance. She insisted that—Caro—be brought out there."

"I see. When—when will you be back? Shall I see you before you leave?"

"I haven't, for your sake, Lissa. I'll come back—after the funeral when things are—well, you know, settled."

A week later James Stuyvesant tipped into Lissa's sitting room. She was stretched on the chaise longue. Her loss of weight and the dark shadows in her cheeks had worried James Stuyvesant. He prowled irritably about the room and finally came to a halt in front of her.

"You need air," He snorted. "Cooped up here for days; no exercise. No wonder you're feeling awful."

Lissa said, "Is there any mail?" He shook his head. "Jake call?" she asked.

"Yes. He'll be around at five."

Lissa nodded, trying to see through James Stuyvesant's Sphinx-like expression. "Has he heard from Alec?"

"I think not."

"Well, it's four-fifteen. I guess I'll shower," Lissa said, but she undressed until it was warmly red and burst out, "Oh, James Stuyvesant, why doesn't he write?"

"Well, now, Lissa," he said miserably, "you know how tied up people get. Alec wired you, didn't he?"

"Arrived safely. Well. Don't let this thing throw you. Love, Alec," Lissa quoted word for word. She sighed. "Yes, he wired me. She rose and went into the bedroom. James Stuyvesant cursed.

Jake came in at five. James Stuyvesant said to him, "Lissa's cracking up." Jake nodded. "Have you heard from him?" This time Jake shook his head. "Better wire him, Jake."

I did. When Lissa came out from her bath Jake kissed her cheek gently and said, "Hello, Jezebel."

"Heard from Alec, Jake?"

"No." Jake regarded the tip of his cigarette thoughtfully. "He'll turn up in a day or two."

"Yes, darling," she said wearily. "A day or two—year or two—what's time? Nothing, unless you're waiting for something."

"It's dying down," Jake said. "It'll be over in a few more days. There was another kidnaping yesterday."

Lissa laughed sharply. "A few more kidnapings and I'm set," she said. "Go out and commit a murder, Jake, as a favor to me. Get Lissa off the front pages and she's all right. Everything's going to be all right. Alec's going to turn up in a few days, and they'll get married and live happily ever after. I know."

"What you need is—"

"Exercise," Lissa said. "Fresh air. Distracting thoughts. Murder me a few distracting thoughts, Jake. Make me laugh and forget myself."

"Cracking up, are you?" Lissa said. "The home-wrecker repents. Your sin will find you out. Murder will out—in the newspapers—with Lissa Grant the charming, Lissa Grant the vicious, Lissa Grant the heiress in the leading rôle. Jake, I have to leave from Alec. Can't you understand that?"

"Sure I can understand it," Jake said. "I can understand anything but your going off the deep end this way."

"What do you think I'm made of?" she said bitterly. "The fine tradition of the Grants? Tradition is fine but I can't live on it! A Grant never lets anything get him. No Grant ever faced the firing squad and flinched." She paused and went on after a moment, "I'm sick of being good, strong Lissa. I'm sick of having people say, 'Lissa will be all right. Lissa can stick anything because she's a Grant.' I'm sick and tired of—"

"Lissa," James Stuyvesant said, from the corner of the room.

"I'm sorry." Lissa turned away and buried her face in her hands.

Another week passed. On Friday of that week Jake Drummond pushed through the doors of the Calumet Club, said, "Hello, Leo," and went through to the bar—to Alec.

Jake said to the bartender, "Hello, Frank. A brandy and soda," and then looked at Alec. "Hello, Alec."

"Hello, my fine friend." Alec sipped at the drink before him. There was a moment of thick silence. "How did you know I was back?"

"Tremont saw you last night. Told me today at the club. Fine mess you're making of things," Jake observed.

"Fine mess I've made of things," Alec corrected him gently.

"What are you going to do? Loll here until everything's worse?"

"I've been thinking," Alec said.

"For how long?"

"I came back four days ago."

"So you've been thinking for four days. Would it be too much to ask that you tell me what you've been thinking?"

"I've been wondering, for instance," Alec said, "if it hurts to drown."

"Sometimes it hurts worse when one doesn't," Jake said.

"I've been wondering about that, too."

"I knew a girl once," Jake said, "the finest girl I've ever known. She was in love with a guy about your size. Externally, that is."

"Externally in love with him?"

"Externally he was about your size."

"How big was he internally?"

"I've been wondering that for the past twenty-four hours. Ever since Tremont brought you to mind by saying he'd seen you. It started me thinking about that other fellow."

"What did you decide?"

"I haven't decided. I thought maybe you could help me."

"Sorry," Alec said. "I never knew the chap."

"This girl loved him so much she took an awful beating without whimpering," Jake said. "She kept her head up and believed in him, and she bore the brunt of everything that had happened to both of them. It was tough to watch. I know because I watched it."

Alec gulped, "How is she, Jake?"

"Why don't you find out for yourself?"

"What am I going to say to her? Jake. I've spent these four days trying to find something to say that doesn't sound too mawkish."

"Throwing Lissa to the wolves, Alec?"

"God, no!" Alec said.

"Do you love her?"

"Of course I love her," Alec said. "I love her more than—than anything in the world."

"Then go up there and marry her."

"I'm not so eager to marry Lissa and put her through the rest of her life having people look at us and say, 'His first wife committed suicide over that marriage.' I'm not louse enough for that."

Jake ordered two more highballs and

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sat down. "Tell me about the West," he said. "Is it still God's country and all?" "I got out there at midnight," Alec said wearily. "There was a hell of a scene. You know Mrs. Tarrant?"

"I did once," Jake said. "She's sort of faded in my mind. Only her characteristics remain alive. Caroline kept those fresh for me."

"She called me a murderer," Alec said.

"Then there were flowers and organ music, and you lost your head."

"Now, look," Alec faced him, and Jake noticed the fine drawn lines around his mouth and eyes. Lines of sleeplessness and inner torture. "I know what you're thinking. You're thinking I'm weak, and I was carried away by sentimentality. I wasn't. All through it I kept thinking, 'This doesn't change me or—Caroline—or Lissa.' I kept thinking that and holding to it like grim death. But somehow, Jake, when you face death that way, when you see a woman lying—He broke off shuddering.

"All right, skip that," Jake said.

"And I thought, 'I was perfectly right. Lissa and I were perfectly right. This has nothing to do with us. If Caro hadn't been drinking that night—'"

"Let's leave Caro out of it, too," Jake said.

"That's it!" Alec cried. "She can't be left out of it. She put herself into it—forever and ever." He bit his lower lip savagely. "Her mother had letters from her," he said. "She'd written her mother all about it. I saw the letters. They were hysterical and—well, damn near crazy, some of them. She said she loved me. And then she gave me the letters; told me to keep them."

"And did you?" Jake said.

"No, I burned them. But they'd burned me first. I don't know what to think. I know she didn't love me, and yet . . . She said things like, 'Do all women suffer this way?'—she'd said that to me, too. But then I could see her work her way into a fine dramatic frenzy, trying to get at me, trying to break me down so she could get her own way about everything; trying to put me in the background, solid, a shadow of a husband who lent respectability to her peccadilloes. Again he paused, staring into space. "I didn't know," he said presently. "I'm awfully muddled."

"You can't be muddled about Lissa," Jake said. "It's not fair to be muddled about Lissa. And let me tell you something else. If you are, some day you're not going to be and you'll be sorry."

"What a fine John Alden you make," Alec said with a bitter smile.

"If Lissa'd marry me," Jake said, "I'd leave you here in this bar and pay your liquor bills for the rest of your natural life. But she loves you. When a girl like Lissa loves a man, there's no second choice."

Alec turned his highball glass around and around on the bar. Suddenly he broke out. "You think I'm being a swine and a fool. But I'm not. I'm thinking of Lissa—Lissa and the rest of her life. I love her so much I'd die for her."

"Fine," Jake said. "You go see Lissa and tell her that."

"I'll go to Lissa when I can see her without making a fool of myself."

"Have it your own way," Jake said.

"But do it soon, will you?"

And three days later Alec Blount waited in the library for Lissa. When she came down he said, "You're looking thinner, Lissa darling."

"I'm feeling thinner," Lissa said. She stood across the room, her arms straight at her side, her head tilted suddenly, and her gray eyes dark with apprehension. All the life and joy had gone

out of his face. Looking at him, she couldn't find the essentials of Alec. He stood there, but he was shut away from her by a wall which was invisible but very actual.

They sat down and Alec lit a cigarette, exhaled before he spoke.

"Well," he said finally, "here we are."

Lissa felt the thin lace of the handkerchief she was twisting give a little. She forced herself to stop twisting it and sat with her hands inert in her lap.

"Yes," she said, "we are, aren't we?"

"I couldn't come before," Alec said.

"I know, Alec," said Lissa. She wanted to cry out and fling herself at his feet, but she sat and stared at him. "I know you couldn't. I understand perfectly. It's all been pretty horrible for you. I've wished that somehow I could help you. But I couldn't, of course."

"No, you couldn't," he said. "Everything's pretty bad, Lissa. I mean—"

Lissa swallowed the lump in her throat. "You needn't explain that," she said. "I understand that, too."

"I expected that, and I wouldn't have wanted you even to think of it. I'm glad you feel that way. We'll just go on. We'll be friends again, the way we've always been, and when the time comes everything will be all right. You didn't even have to tell me that. And, yes, I'm saying it for you so you won't have to hurt yourself any more than you've already been hurt."

She heard the words tumbling from her mouth in a swift torrent, tried to talk more slowly, to make her meaning clear. "I don't see anything terrible had been put into your mind, and other things have to take its place before you see me clearly again. I feel that way, too. We'll go back to what we were before you even asked me to marry you. You and Jake and James Stuyvesant and me—the way we were before. And then somehow we'll have to get together again, and then later—afterward—"

"There can't be any afterward, Lissa," Alec said. "There just isn't any afterward." He leaned forward. "Oh, Lissa, my darling, don't look that way! I'd do anything—anything to save you this, Lissa, please."

"I'm not looking any way; I'm not looking at you at all," Lissa said. "It's just that I can't believe it. I can't see my way clear. I can't see anything. It's like the time I got the announcement of your wedding at school. I couldn't believe that you were out of my life. You were my life, even then. All of it. And now it's gone again, and it makes me feel the way I felt then."

He rose, jamming his hands deeply into his pockets. "Newspaper stories. News photographs. They'd include us in their yellow Sunday sections among famous marital tangles—love jigsaw puzzles. Your picture, your name spread all over the country. The whole thing kept fendishly alive for years."

"It's public opinion standing between us, then," she said.

"Darling, darling, it's you. Do you think I care for myself? Do you think I don't want you as much as I ever wanted you? More—a million times more. Do you think I willingly relinquish the only thing in the world that means anything to me?"

"If you're being a coward for my sake," she said quietly, "you needn't be."

"I can't think of you besmirched," he said. He came to her side, enfolding her two cold hands in his large ones. "Can't you see? I couldn't bear having you look at me in years to come and tell me for something that somebody else had said unwittingly or intentionally."

If that's cowardice, then I'm a coward." "Do you think I ever would?" she said. "You don't know!" he cried. "You've always been so sheltered, so beyond reproach. You can't know what they'd do to you; perhaps to our relationship. I can't risk you. I could not bear having you, and then losing you. The whole set-up licks us before we start fighting. We'll have to find some other way."

She sat forward in her chair, gripping the arms tightly. "Alec," she said, "try me. Try it with me. Don't let go so easily. Don't let's give up. Let's go on with our life as though she had never existed. You've no right not to give us a chance."

He drew a deep, unsteady breath. "All right," he said. "If you say so, we'll have a go at it."

She started to cry in great gulping sobs. He held her in his arms saying, as he had when she was a little girl, "Sh-h, little Lissa, sh-h—little Lissa."

That night, dining quietly at a mid-town restaurant where they'd often gone before, they ran into Thelma Verity with Alvin and Greta Peters. Alvin insisted that Lissa and Alec join them. The atmosphere was strained with avoidance of the subject uppermost in everybody's mind. Alec noticed that the eyes of other diners were fixed with unmistakable curiosity upon them.

Once, Thelma blundered into a sentence which would have led inevitably to a reference to the night of the tragedy. In blundering out again she made it worse. Lissa said into the silence, "This is the first time Alec and I have been out since that night. Please don't feel that you can't refer to it."

Greta said, "Of course it's best forgotten. Alvin and I have felt terribly for you, darling."

Alec noticed, with growing uneasiness, that a small crowd had gathered at the door of the restaurant. They peered curiously over the curtain which stretched across the middle of the plate glass.

Thelma, Greta and Alvin had seats for the opening of a play. They finished their coffee and brandy hurriedly. Ready to leave, Alvin said, "Why don't you come along? We could probably get seats for you at the box office."

"I think not, tonight," Alec said. "Can we drop you somewhere?"

"I'm having another brandy," Alec said. "You'll have to hurry if you want to catch the curtain."

"Let's get together soon, then," Alvin said.

Lissa watched them disappear through the draped door to the street. She took Alec's hand. "What's disturbing you?"

"Nothing," Alec said. "Want a brandy?"

"No, thank you."

He lingered over the brandy brought by the waiter. When it was finished, Lissa picked up her gloves and slipped into her coat. Alec said, "Wait a minute, darling," and got up from the table. Around a projecting nook, he caught a waiter's arm. "Any side entrance to this restaurant?" he said.

"No, sir."

"Back?"

"No, sir; except through the kitchen."

"I see. Thank you." Alec went back, caught his things up at the check room, flipped a quarter into the tray on the check-room table and joined Lissa.

He preceded her through the doorway, shielding her with his body and the top-coat which hung from his left arm as she passed through.

A young man wearing a gray fedora tilted back on his head stepped forward. A battery of flashlights went off. Lissa gasped. The young man in the gray hat said, "Miss Grant, will you give

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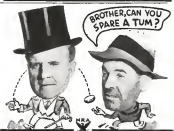
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me a statement for the Chronicle?"

Alec propelled her through the crowd. "Miss Grant is not making any statements," he said. A taxicab drew up at the sidewalk, and he shoved her gently in its direction.

A rising murmur of recognition went through the group of people who had been waiting, idly curious, for a celebrity to appear. Some of the remarks were audible.

"That's the Grant girl. His wife committed suicide over her."

"Blount, his name is. Drowned herself right off his boat."

"Shameless enough. Think she'd stay at home."

"You know how these society folks—"

Lissa was stumbling over the cab step when one woman cried, "Murderess!"

The cab drew away from the curb. Lissa sat, very white and very quiet, in the corner of the cab. Alec's mouth was compressed, the muscles of his jaw showing white ridges. "Please don't mind so, Lissa," he burst out finally. "I can't bear your looking that way."

"I don't mind," Lissa said. "I'm all right." Her voice broke, and he laughed harshly.

"Well," he said, "that's that."

"Alec!" she cried.

"Lissa, my darling, it's hopeless. Can't you see how hopeless it is? I'll never forgive myself for letting you be hurt so tonight. I knew better."

"It doesn't matter," Lissa moaned. "Nothing matters so long—"

"—as we have each other." He finished it for her on a note of derision.

An hour later she crept into James Stuyvesant's study. Her face was white. She said, "Alec isn't going to marry me, ever. Not ever. I feel funny. I feel light and funny as though I were laughing. I'm not laughing, am I?"

"No," James Stuyvesant said. "You seem to be crying."

"That's funny," Lissa said. "Crying, and I don't know it." She wiped away the tears. "He's going away. He's going on the cruise. He's going to take Jake with him. He—he thinks it will be better if we don't see each other again."

She broke off and tried to keep her chin from quivering. "You see," she went on slowly, "he'll never be able to be my husband and not think that people are saying—well, about Caro and that night, and blaming me. He'd be miserable and he thinks I'd never forget it, and that maybe now—this way—I'll forget it and marry somebody, but he hopes I won't."

"He hopes you won't forget it?" James Stuyvesant said, aghast.

"He—he hopes I won't marry anybody else," Lissa said, "not for a long time, anyway, until he's had a chance to get over loving me and—"

"Lissa," James Stuyvesant said, "I'm your father and I love you. It's foolish for me to say I'm sorry but I am. Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes," Lissa said, "you can look up some nice glittering travel booklets and get me a nice glittering boat. Get me a boat with gold-plated decks and a resident Southern Cross. Get me the bridal suite. I'll have my honeymoon alone with the Southern Cross."

Jake came over the following day to say good-by. He looked tired. "It's all scenery," he said. "I've been up with him all night."

"Packing?" Lissa said, smiling fixedly. "No-o," Jake said. "We weren't packing. We're packed, as a matter of fact. Sailing tonight."

"Well," Lissa said, "I hope it all comes out right."

"What?" Jake said.

"The cruise, of course. Hope there

aren't tornadoes and typhoons and tidal waves."

"They all begin with t," Jake said. "That's funny, isn't it? All tropical disasters begin with t!"

"Hurricane doesn't," Lissa said.

"We'll leave that out."

"There's tempest," Lissa said thoughtfully, "but that's not quite fair. Anything can be a tempest. Anything can be a squall, too, can't it?"

"I don't think so," Jake said. "I think a squall's a squall. Sort of a minor, quick disturbance. For instance, one or the other of them has a funnel-shaped cloud. Now I don't think a squall has any kind of cloud except a big one—"

"Oh, shut up, you blessed fool!" Lissa choked. "What do I care what a squall is? What do I care about tornadoes?"

"You brought it up," Jake said glumly.

She stood up. "Darling Jake," she said, "it was nice of you to come and say good-by and try to make me think nothing matters. You'd better go now because it does matter frightfully that you and Alec are going away and that I shall see either of you—and—"

"If you want me to," Jake said earnestly, "I won't go with him. I'll stay here. I thought perhaps you'd rather have someone along on the cruise who knows what he's all about."

"I had," she said. "You go, darling."

"And you?"

"I'll manage," Lissa said.

"May I see James Stuyvesant?"

"Of course. He's in his study."

"I'm going to give him the itinerary, just in case," Jake said.

"Just in case of what?" said Lissa.

"Just in case he wants it," Jake said. But when he said to James Stuyvesant in the study was, "In case Lissa needs us."

"Lissa will be all right," James Stuyvesant said.

"Yes, sir, but if she isn't—"

"She will be," said James Stuyvesant.

"Yes, sir," Jake said.

James Stuyvesant wandered into the library. "Well, when are you off?" he asked.

"Any time now," Lissa said.

"I'll suggest Capri," he said.

"Why?" Lissa said.

"Then where?"

She sobbed, "Where they go. Where Jake and Alec go. That's where."

"This isn't like you, Lissa."

"I know," she said.

"Perhaps you'd rather stay here with me."

"I have to get hold of myself," she said. "Get reservations for Florence."

"When can you be ready to leave?"

"A week from today."

James Stuyvesant saw very little of her for the next four days. His inquiries brought forth the information that she was shopping. Packages arrived at the house; hatboxes poured in.

She chattered at dinner and dragged him upstairs every night to see her new acquisitions of chiffon, lace and velvet; paraded like a little mannequin for his benefit, chattering ceaselessly. "I'm going to be a sensation in Naples, darling," she said. "What a sensation!"

"You're going to Florence," he said dryly.

"Then I'll be a sensation in Florence," she promised brightly. "I'll make a smart, smart marriage. It'll dazzle them. I'll wear red heels and dance on hearts. Won't that be fun?"

"It will be a change from dancing on your own," said James Stuyvesant, "at least."

Lissa stopped in the middle of the floor. Her mouth drew slightly downward. "I guess I'm not very good," she

said. "If that's not light-heartedness, I can't register it."

"Well, that's not light-heartedness. You'd better stop acting and go to bed."

"Yes, James Stuyvesant."

He rang for her maid, kissed Lissa good night and went downstairs to pour himself a stiff drink.

The day before Lissa's boat was scheduled to sail Nancy Starrett dropped in. Lissa was packing. She kissed Nancy and cleared a space on the bed for her to sit down. Nancy's smart black hat covered one eye, but the other one was wide and wise. "Where are you going?"

"Florence," Lissa said.

"You've been avoiding us," Nancy went off on a new tack.

"I've been busy," Lissa said.

Nancy leaned forward. "You're not kidding me."

"I'm not trying to kid you."

"You have some friends, after all, Lissa. We're not ripping you up the back. We were—we were all there. We know what happened. You oughtn't to shut us off this way."

"I'm not, darling," Lissa said.

Nancy stared critically at the tip of her smart street shoes. "Alvin Peters is giving a party tonight," she said.

"Is he?"

"Don't be idiotic," Nancy said. "Why do you suppose I pushed myself past your butler? I don't fight my way into houses unless I want something."

Lissa said, "What was it you wanted, gate-crasher?"

"We want you at the party."

"You're all sweet," Lissa said.

"Alvin sent me. I'm not to come back without an acceptance."

Lissa's eyes lifted suddenly. "I won't be felt sorry for," she mumbled.

"Who could?" Nancy snapped. "A lucky, rich wench like you?" She rose.

"I'll tell Alvin you're coming," she said. "At seven, for dinner." She breezed out, and the door slammed behind her.

At seven o'clock, cold with apprehension and sick with self-consciousness, Lissa was ushered into Alvin Peters' drawing-room. Nancy said, "Look! Lissa! Darling, how perfectly gorgeous you are! Is it new?"

Greta Peters sipped a cocktail and a small plate of hors d'oeuvres from the serving table and thrust them at her. "Eat, drink and be merry," she said, "for tomorrow we all go to Havana."

Lissa stared and said, "Havana? Who's going to Havana?"

"All of us," Thelma Verity said.

"Nancy and Richard and Alvin and Greta and me. I've scads of tropical clothes now and I'm determined to use them. After all, we'd all planned on a—"

She faltered, gazed miserably, guiltily, at Lissa.

Lissa said, "A cruise."

"Well, yes," Thelma said lamely. "So we've decided to go."

"How nice!" Lissa stared at her cocktail glass. Alec and Jake would be there about now. If they stayed over a few days as they had planned, the two parties would meet. Suddenly she was swept by a sickening desire to see them. "Maybe you'll run into Alec and Jake," she said.

The butler announced dinner. Through dinner Lissa could think of nothing but seeing Alec and Jake. Nancy said, "I don't see why you want to barge off alone to Florence. Florence is all very well, but traveling alone!" She shuddered.

"I wonder if they fish for sharks in Havana," Alvin said.

Greta sighed. "I can see where I plow around Havana alone," she said, "while Alvin wrestles with sharks during the day and goes to sleep at dinner."

"What I mean is," Nancy said, "there's

no reason on earth, with a nice group of people like us going to Havana, why you should plunge off to Florence alone."

There was a short silence, and then Alvin said, "We tricked you, Lissa. We wanted you with us, and we knew if we called up you'd say no."

"But," Nancy said brightly, "if we got you here for dinner and plied you with wine we thought maybe you'd say yes."

Greta said breathlessly, "Do come, Lissa. Please come with us."

"We're leaving on the special tonight," Alvin said.

"Compartments all in a row," Nancy said. "Wine icing right now for a lovely party."

"All in a row," Richard said blissfully, "right down the center of the train. It's going to be right gay, Lissa."

And Lissa kept thinking, "To see Alec and Jake; to have them say suddenly, 'Oh, come along with us, Lissa.'"

"You're packed," Nancy said.

"We've reserved your compartment," Greta said. "Right in the middle. Alvin and I on one side, and Nancy on the other."

Lissa thought, "This is madness, utter madness. But I must go. I must go." She was trembling. "I'll go," she said.

When she burst into the house an hour later she encountered James Stuyvesant, clutched his coat sleeve and dragged him upstairs. "I haven't much time. I have to pack and talk at the same time, darling. I'm going to Havana."

"Why this sudden change of plans?"

"They're all going. We're taking the special. I'm to meet them at the station."

"But Lissa! Alec and Jake are in Havana."

"I know it."

"This can't do any good, Lissa."

"I have to see Alec," she said. "If

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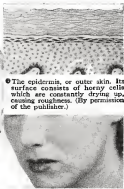


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"I can't believe that this is you," James Stuyvesant said. "You've usually more courage than this."

She said, "Courage doesn't really matter to me any more, darling. Alec is wrong. I—somehow I'll be able to show him he's wrong. I know I shall."

"It's too soon," said James Stuyvesant. "Darling, I have to go. I've got to make him see. If I don't my life isn't worth living—and neither is his."

"But you're throwing aside the future, Lissa. It's too soon, I tell you. Four days isn't long enough to haul Alec out of his convictions!"

"Four days is a long time, James Stuyvesant."

"Not long enough," he said. The telephone rang. Lissa said, "You take it, darling."

She heard him say, "Yes, yes. Well, I don't know. She's going away with Doctor and Mrs. Alvin Peters. No, I'm sorry. No, I'm sorry, but she can't go anybody at the moment." He hung up and turned to her. "It's started. That was a reporter from the Chronicle."

"How did they find out?" he said. "How do they find anything out?" he said. "I don't know."

She put her hand on his arm. "I promise not to make a mess of it," she said. "Can't you trust me?"

"I trust you implicitly," James Stuyvesant said. "But I can't be expected to trust newspapers."

A day and a half later, in Havana, when the party stepped out of the plane from Florida, a familiar figure disengaged itself from the group of bystanders and sauntered over to meet them.

"Hello, Carter," Richard Starrett said. "Heard you were coming in on this plane," Carter Delano said. "Thought I'd meet you and see what was up."

Nancy threw a quick glance at Lissa. "What are you doing here?"

Delano smiled lazily. "Vacationing. I've got a car waiting. I'll drive you to your hotel. Made reservations yet?"

Alvin said shortly. "We've made reservations at the Seville."

In the car, sitting facing Lissa, Carter said, "Everybody's at the Seville. Alec and Jake just put into Havana yesterday."

"And you?" Lissa said. "Yesterday," said Carter. "I'm at the Seville, too."

"Fly down?" Lissa asked. "Yes," Carter said. "It's quicker."

Lissa nodded. She stared out at the Prado with its narrow island of palm trees, drenched by a white, too-close sun. What now? Delano was there to witness the meeting of the lovers who had caused a woman's death and were now sneaking away to meet in private.

She drew a deep breath. "You say Alec and Jake are here?"

"Yes," Delano said. "Didn't you know?" She lied valiantly. "I didn't know they had a fixed itinerary." She could feel his eyes on her without looking at him.

He said, "Thought you all might be joining them to go on down to Barbados."

"No," Alvin said firmly. "I'm here to fish for sharks."

Once registered, they all gathered in Lissa's suite at the Seville. Delano stuck as close as a leech, said over his first highball. "We ought to round up Jake and Alec. Regular reunion. They're around somewhere."

"We'll run into them," Lissa said sharply.

When the others were ready to leave Delano said to Lissa, "Mind if I stay and finish my drink?"

"Not at all," she said, with a fixed

smile. She dared not tell him to go, remembering the necessity of keeping Delano from suspecting that she was eager to hear Alec's voice.

"This whole business must have been pretty bad for you, Lissa," Delano said, when the others had gone.

"What business do you mean?"

"Well, Caro Blount and—the whole thing."

"It was unpleasant for all of us," she said.

"But particularly for you and Alec," "Particularly for Alec," Lissa corrected. "But—"

Lissa flung around and faced him. "What do you want to know? What are you trying to get me to say?"

He made a soothing gesture with his hand. "Don't get me wrong, Lissa. Naturally, we all wonder if you and Alec are going to marry."

"Naturally," she said bitterly. "So you flew down to witness the ceremony; is that it?"

He shrugged. "You make reservations for Europe and then suddenly change your mind and come here. I was coming next week anyway. Thought I might as well be here with people I know and like. It's more fun. You know how it is."

She nodded. "I know how it is. You want to cable the news that there was an ecstatic meeting in Havana. You're in a good spot, Carter. We can't tell you to mind your own business because we've known you for years and we've put up with your column when it knifed people we didn't know or care about. Now we're the ones being knifed, and we can't turn indignant because we're ladies and gentlemen. If we'd cut you long ago when you first started, before you began spying on us, we'd be able to throw you out of our houses. But not now."

"Come now, Lissa. I've never done you any harm. I wasn't responsible for those stories."

"I don't want to talk about it," she said sharply.

Alec and Jake sat side by side at Sloppy Joe's. Alec looked at his watch. "The plane's in," he said.

"You wait," Jake said. "Delano met that plane."

"I have to see her."

"You don't have to see her alone."

"I can't bear seeing the others."

"I'll go with you."

"No."

"Why not? I'll turn my back and plug my ears with cotton while you talk."

"Don't be an ass. It's not that I've changed my mind, Jake. It's that I want to see her, be in a room alone with her, look at her. That's all. Neither of us would be at ease with you there."

"The moment you walk up to that room alone, the press is going to bust wide open."

"They can do us any more harm than they've already done," Alec said.

"Oh, God," Jake said, "why did I ever take this car? Why didn't I just quietly go to Alaska and sit in an igloo until you came to your senses and married her in spite of hell and the newspapers?"

Alec finished his drink and straightened his coat. "I'll wobble along and say hello to Alvin and Greta and the Starretts. Meet you in the lobby later."

They walked in silence to the Seville lobby. Alec went to the house phone and asked for Lissa's room. Jake stood beside him staring at a potted palm.

Carter was saying, "Of course, when Sally pulled that boner I was through. I said to her, 'If we're going to spend the rest of our lives waiting for my aunt to die—' when the telephone rang."

"That's probably Nancy," Lissa said through the open door of the bedroom, where she was busy unpacking. "Answer it and tell her that her small bag is here. She must have mine."

"Hello?" Carter said. "What? Yes, she is. Who is it?" He cupped his hand over the mouthpiece. "It's Alec," he said. "Shall I have him come up? I'll cut along and visit around for a while."

Lissa felt the blood draining from her face. He'd cut along and leave them alone. She could ask Carter to stay but that would be just as bad. She said as calmly as she could, "Tell him you're just going and that I can't see anybody just now. I'm tired and I'm going to—"

Carter was saying into the telephone, "This is Carter, Alec. Lissa's putting me out, and she's too tired to see anybody right now, she says."

"Tell him I'm going to take a bath!" Lissa cried. "Tell him I'll see him later."

"He's hung up," Carter said, and replaced the receiver.

She dared not call him back at that moment. She came to the bedroom door and said, "I really do want to take a bath and dress. I'll see you later."

When the door closed behind him, she ran to the telephone and called the operator. "You just put a call through to this room," she said. "Did it come from Mr. Blount's room or the lobby?"

"I'm not sure, miss. I'll ring Mr. Blount."

Agonizing moments passed while the telephone rang in an empty room. The operator's voice cut in. "It must have been from the lobby, miss."

"Page Mr. Blount in the lobby, then," Lissa's voice was strained.

Alec had turned from the telephone and said, "Come on, let's go."

"Wasn't she there?"

"She was there. She was too tired to see anybody."

"Lissa told you that?"

"Carter Delano told me."

"That explains it," Jake said.

"Yes," Alec said. "I shouldn't have come in the first place."

"Don't be an ass," Jake said.

"I'm not being," Alec said. "I'm going over and have a drink at Joe's. You go ahead and see the Starretts. If we miss each other you come aboard. I'll have John pack and pay the bill."

Jake caught his arm. "Don't go barging off until you see Lissa."

Alec said wearily, "What's the use? None of us will be able to make a move with Delano around. We might as well shove off. It will make it easier all around. I'll leave her a note. It's better that I don't see her. There's dynamite in staying here. Delano would be watching everything we did, listening to everything we said."

He plowed off through the lobby, and Jake went with him. Outside, Alec paused. "I think I'll go straight aboard," he said. "I'll send John over with a note. Want to come now or later?"

"I'll come along."

The operator came back on the wire after a long time and said to Lissa, "He's not in the lobby, miss."

She waited in the room as long as she dared, hoping that he would call back. Then she went down to join Richard and Nancy in the lobby. Before they left the hotel, she went to the desk clerk. "If Mr. Blount comes in, will you ask him to join Mr. Starrett at Sloppy Joe's?"

At Sloppy Joe's she watched the door nervously. Alvin and Greta came in after a while. Then Thelma Verity and Carter Delano. He kept watching her. She watched the door.

Why didn't Alec come? The panic in her breast was too hard. She thought,

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please don't go out," she said. "I've always wanted to know somebody who was in the thick of a revolution, but I don't want it to be you."

"How about Carter?" Lissa said as she sat down.

"He'll do nicely," said Nancy. "Deal her a hand, Richard."

"Deal me a hand, too," Carter said, sitting down. "If you think I'm going out to play cowboy and Indian with these Cubans, you're crazy."

Lissa said to Carter, "You're a newspaperman, aren't you? I should think your duty lies outside."

"I'm a society columnist," Carter said. "The duty of a society reporter is to play rummy during revolutions."

Just then Greta and Alvin came in. Greta said, "Alvin's mad. The rumors are that he shouldn't go shark fishing. What is this—rummy? We can play rummy at home."

"But not to the tune of rifle fire," Richard said pleasantly. "I'll deal you in after this hand."

"If all revolutions are as quiet and orderly as this one," Nancy said, "I think I rather like them. I'd like to go for a walk, Lissa."

"So should I," Lissa said. "That's what I started out to do, as a matter of fact, until I met up with the scourge of New York here."

Richard snorted. "Well, you're not going for a walk, either of you. I don't fancy watching them dig bullets out of Nancy's back."

"They wouldn't fire on an American!" Lissa protested.

"A stray bullet doesn't know an American from a brick wall," Alvin said, picking up the hand Richard had dealt him.

Thelma Verity came bustling in excitedly. "When are we going?"

"Going where?" Richard said. "Sit down and take a hand on this deal."

"They're saying out there at the desk that it doesn't mean anything," Thelma said, "but if it's really a revolution I think we ought to go home."

Alvin said, "We don't know yet what it is, Thelma. It may blow over. Sit down."

They played until tea time, and then went to the patio for cocktails. Thelma was all for calling the American consul to find out just what was happening and how many warships the United States would send if it really was happening. Lissa got up every now and then to peer hopefully out of the window. The streets were peaceful and drowsy, strangely deserted. The game room and the patio were filled with chattering Americans.

When they left the patio to go upstairs and dress for dinner the snatches of conversation which Lissa heard were concerned principally with the advisability of taking the next boat for the States. She said to Richard as they walked toward the elevator, "I always thought that revolutions were exciting."

"Maybe they are," Richard said. "Maybe we're in the wrong part of town."

"What are they fighting about?" "I suppose they want another president."

"What's wrong with this one?" "They tire of them," he said. "Here we are. We'll pick you up for dinner."

Fifteen minutes after Lissa had closed the door of her room, the brooding peace of the day was shattered by the explosion of several heavy and volleys of rifle fire in an adjacent street. She went out on the balcony and looked but could see nothing. Her phone rang a moment later. It was Alvin Peters. He said, "Are you frightened, Lissa?"

"There isn't a bullet mark in the room," Lissa said. "And revolution or



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no revolution, I intend to have a bath."

"Right ho," Alvin said. "Thelma's scurrying for our room. Thought maybe you'd want to scurry too."

"Thanks just the same," Lissa looked out of the window again and then went to take her bath.

At dinner Alvin and Richard seemed to take the situation more seriously. "Well, I'll tell you," Alvin said in answer to a question put by Nancy, "there've been some people killed and there will be more killed. I don't think it's going to be healthy around here."

"I'm packing," Thelma said.

"Perhaps we had better make reservations," Nancy looked worried.

Richard said, "We'll talk about it after dinner."

Later in the evening all hell seemed to have been unleashed. The hotel doors were closed. This measure but slightly muffled the racket outside. Automobiles whined past at terrific speed, their occupants firing at random. Three bombs exploded in the vicinity, and faint rumbling sounds in the distance spelled havoc in the city. American women sat all night in the lobby and the lounging rooms, clutching at their escorts each time they heard a volley of shots. Everybody looked up boats.

Lissa sat calmly in one corner of the lounge and said to Richard Starrett, "Look at those fool women clawing and flopping about. Do you think they'll bomb the hotel?"

"No," Richard said, "I don't."

"Then I'm going to bed," she went upstairs and lay awake until dawn, when peace descended once more.

The next day Alvin told her, "I've made your reservations for tomorrow."

"I'm not going," Lissa said.

"No, going?" Nancy squealed. "We can't go and leave you here!"

"Why not?" Lissa said.

"Oh, come now, Lissa," Alvin protested.

"I've cabled James Stuyvesant twice," Lissa said. "He knows I'm all right. This will blow over in a day or so. It always does, the manager tells me."

"If you stay, I stay," Richard decided. "I'd rather you didn't," Lissa said.

Thelma fluttered her hands in distress. "We won't sleep a wink, my dear, thinking of you down here with rifle bullets and machine guns and all those awful things all around you! Why, this hotel may go up in smoke any minute!"

"Then I'll go to another one," Lissa said, smiling.

Carter Delano came through the door wearing a cablegram. "Listen," he said. "Listen to this. I have to stay in this hole. I have to get ten thousand words on the revolution for a city editor who can step out of his office and into a bar at any minute without risking a shot in his back. What do you think of that?"

"I guess it's fate," Lissa said, sighing. "Do you suppose I'll ever again be without you, Carter? Do you think that maybe the position of the stars at our birth had something to do with this Damon and Pythias arrangement between us?"

"What do you mean?"

"Lissa insists upon staying," Richard said.

"Well, of all the fools!" said Carter. "At least I'm being paid for staying." He mopped his forehead and looked around. "There must be a few eyewitnesses right here in the hotel," he said thoughtfully. "I think I'll see if I can dig up ten thousand words in the bar." He went away.

The day Lissa's party and the greater

number of tourists fled to the first American boat a number of policemen were killed and there was a serious riot in the public square, which resulted in more bombings and another night of terror. Lissa went out that night. She walked five blocks, and approaching the sixth, saw a man being beaten by a group of six other men. She hurried back to the hotel and said to the desk clerk, "A man's being beaten six blocks from here. Can you do anything about it?"

"No, Miss Grant," the clerk said.

Lissa went to bed and again stayed awake until dawn. On the day that President Machado declared martial law, the city regained a semblance of order and Lissa ventured out once more. Sol-

"A man!" she gasped. "A soldier. He was just staring there not doing anything at all and they shot him. He fell right over and he was dead. I—I saw him fall over, and I picked up his hand and he was dead." She collapsed against Alec, shivering.

Jake took one of her arms and Alec took the other. Together they propelled her back toward the hotel. "Been looking for you for hours," Jake said. "Where've you been?"

In that crucial moment it seemed quite right and fitting that Alec and Jake should pop out of nowhere and offer sanctuary. "Been walking," Lissa chattered. "Just been walking around, and everything seemed quiet and all right. And then I went down to that drive—that place—"

"Malecón," Jake said.

"And then I leaned over the wall and looked at Morro Castle, and then I came back and they shot him and—"

"What you need is a drink," Jake said.

"Don't cry like that, Lissa," Alec murmured. "Poor little Lissa, so frightened. We're here now. There's nothing to be frightened about."

Lissa stopped stock-still. "Why did you come back?" she demanded.

"Later," Jake said. "The soldier stood still and he got himself shot. Let's keep moving."

They kept moving and pushed through into the hotel and from there to the patio, where Alec ordered a straight brandy and two whiskeys and soda.

"We came back, my dear precious Lissa," Jake said, "because there's a revolution. Alec has all the modern conveniences on the Lochinvar. Sometimes a radio's a nuisance; sometimes it's a modern convenience. We were sitting on deck drinking and—"

"Wait a minute," Alec said. He turned to regard Lissa. "You've heard there's a revolution?"

"There have been rumors," she said. "Knowing you," Alec said, "we weren't at all sure you'd heard."

"We knew, of course," Jake said, "that the Starretts and the Verity and Alvin and Greta would scuttle."

"They're born scuttlers," Alec said. "But you," said Jake, "are a plain born idiot. We knew you'd be here."

"And now you're here," said Lissa. "Now we have to decide what to do with you," Alec said.

Lissa sat there loving and hating him all at once. It was bewildering and disturbing. "If you'd gone on to Barbados you wouldn't have had to decide."

"Didn't know how you'd act in a revolution," Alec said.

Jake looked at him queerly. "We came back because we love you."

Lissa kept on looking at Alec. "Or because Alec thought you might have something to reproach yourselves with if you didn't come back?"

"I get the rap," said Alec.

"Only a couple of skunks would run out on a girl without saying hello," said Lissa. "A nice little trip to Havana just to see a revolution."

"Oh, God," Jake said, "do we have to fight, too?"

"She's right," Alec said.

"Of course she's right," said Jake. "She's always right."

"You bet I am," Lissa said. Alec was sitting beside her again. She could touch him if she wanted to. She realized with an inward start of surprise that her

## Next Month—don't miss

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complete in the December issue—an exciting story of college and football and of a girl who changed a young man's life

hated for his cowardice was being replaced by the old tenderness.

Her eyes wandered across the room. Carter Delano was in the corner sipping an amber-colored drink.

"Delano's still here," she said idly.

Jake's and Alec's eyes followed hers. She saw Alec's brow knit a little.

"Of course you might put on a false beard, Alec," Lissa said. "Or you might arrange to use a back entrance to the hotel. He wouldn't be likely to run into you there."

"This is bad of you," Alec said miserably.

Jake said, "What's got into you?"

"What do you think?" Lissa said.

Alec said, "We'll go aboard the Lochinvar and get set. I hope they'll let us clear port."

Lissa was surprised to hear her voice, quite steady, saying, "I'm not going aboard the Lochinvar."

"What do you mean? We came back for you, Lissa."

"That's all very fine and noble," Lissa said, "and I appreciate it, but you made your mistake in going away first."

Jake said, "Lissa, you're making things awfully hard."

Alec twisted in his seat restlessly. "It won't do any good, old man," he said. "When she takes that tone you might as well try to move Gibraltar with a toothpick. All right, we all stay and get shot, maybe. That will be a change."

Delano looked up and saw them and waved. He came toward them, weaving slightly, and pulled a chair around. "Come back, did you?" he said.

"No," Jake said, "we're just an unspoken wish sitting here in your fevered imagination."

"What was the idea of pulling a stunt?" Delano said. "That doesn't help any. Things get out, somehow."

Alec stared at him across the table without saying anything. Jake said, "Better talk about something else, Delano."

"All right," Carter said. "How do you like the revolution?"

"We like it all right," said Jake. "How do you?"

"I like it all right, too," Delano said, "except that I have to make ten thousand words out of material for two thousand. Nobody seems to know much about what's happening."

"Why don't you go out and find out what's happening?"

"I might find out and meet a bullet and it wouldn't do me any good," Delano said. "You see, I figure it this way. If I get shot, ten thousand words of information are wasted. On the other hand, if I go out and don't get shot, I might be too nervous to write the information I get. Now, if I stay here in the bar, get some information and make a lot of it, I get paid, I don't get nervous and I don't get killed."

"Suppose you get the wrong information?" Jake said.

"Then I get fired," Delano said morosely. "Any way you look at it, I take a chance. It's just a matter of weighing out the chances and deciding which one to take."

"Smart guy," Jake said.

"All men are smart," Lissa said.

"On behalf of all males," Alec said, "I thank you, Lissa." He was getting angry. Lissa hated herself for wanting to say, "Don't be silly, Alec. I didn't mean it." She hated herself for wanting to close her eyes to the whole thing and say, "All right, I'll go with you. You ran out on me and left me here when you knew people would feel sorry for me—but I'll go. I'll go and forget it. If you won't get angry at me, if you'll just



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love me, I'll give up every idea I've ever had about what a man should be— Her throat ached with the pressure of tears. And the more her throat ached, the more she hated herself for the cowardice of not completely hating Alec for his cowardice. It was all so mixed up.

She said, "Excuse me a minute; I'll be back," and pushed her way blindly through to the ladies' lounge. She stood in front of a mirror, fumbling in her bag for a compact. Her face, white and strained, eyes large and darkly gray and sick, stared back at her. She rubbed a small down puff over her nose and around the soft dark circles around her eyes, outlined her wide mouth with a streak of crimson and went back to their table. Alec and Jake were alone again. They stood up and she sat down. Then they sat down. They had ordered another drink in the meantime.

"Want one?" Alec said. Lissa shook her head. "What do you want?" said Alec. He wasn't looking at her.

"I wish to God I knew," Lissa said. "Don't let's be foolish about this thing, Lissa," he said, then.

"No," Lissa said, "let's be wise and canny. Let's weigh all the consequences and act accordingly."

"What has changed you so? What's come over you?"

"I have to see a man about a revolution," Jake said. He got up and went away from the table.

"What's come over you?" Alec repeated.

"I'm beginning to see the value of wisdom," Lissa said.

"Everything I've done I did for you, Lissa," said Alec. She stared across the room at Jake, leaning forward to collect a highball from the bartender.

"We'll go aboard and start for Barbados," said Alec. "We can talk it over. You're hysterical now, and strung up."

"We don't have to go aboard the Loch-Invar to settle it. It's settled."

"Lissa," Alec said, "I love you."

"It's too late," Lissa said. "It's 'way too late, Alec."

"I love you more than—there isn't anything—"

"Don't," she told him. "I can't—I won't cry here in a bar."

"Name our course," Alec said, "and I'll steer it."

"I named mine once, and you steered your own," said Lissa.

"I'm here," he said. "I thought you needed me and I came back, Lissa. I'd always be on hand, you know that."

"You came back to keep me from getting hit by a falling brick or a bullet," Lissa said. "But there are other things. I'd never know when you were going to run." She signaled to a waiter. "The gentleman leaning on the end of the bar," she said to him—"the one in gray. Ask him to join us, will you?"

The waiter went away. Alec said, "All right, if it's penance, I'll do it. Seven years in the vineyards, Rachel."

"You vacillate, don't you?" she said. "It wasn't so long ago that you were never going to marry me."

"I can't live without you. I've found that out."

Jake came over and sat down. "I won't referee," he said. "You make your own decisions, you two."

Lissa took the highball from his hand and sipped at it. "Four years ago you started asking me to marry you, Jake," she said. "You didn't stop asking me until a few months ago. Does the offer still hold good?"

"Lissa!" Jake said.

"Does it?"

Jake looked at Alec. Alec's eyes were

closed, and his knuckles showed white where they gripped his glass.

"Lissa," Jake said.

"Alec's mouth opened and a tortured sound emerged. He stood up. 'Marry the lady, Jake,' he said. 'We might as well keep her in the family.' He started away. Jake jumped up."

Lissa said, "Sit down, Jake."

Jake said, "Lissa, darling, you don't know what you're doing." He went after Alec.

Alec paused in the doorway, Jake's hand on his arm. "You always said you'd marry her if you could get her," he said to Jake.

Jake said, "I would, you know that. She's hysterical now. She doesn't mean what she's saying."

"Lissa always means what she says."

"It doesn't help any for you to get hysterical, too," Jake said.

"Hysterical!" said Alec. "What am I expected to do, grin like a boy at a picnic when my life is being yanked out from under my feet? You want a lot, Drummond—'a lot' of eyes twisted into a pattern of thin, pained lines."

"I want you to come back and settle this," Jake said.

"I've done enough to her," Alec murmured. "All along I've told you what she means to me. I'd die for her. I just haven't had the breaks, that's all. She's right. You'll make her happy. I haven't any right to sit around and make her unhappy. I can't stand seeing that look in her eyes—hating me; hating the things I've put her through. It wasn't my fault. God knows, but if it hadn't been for me, none of this would ever have happened. Now the best thing I can do for her is to clear out and give her a chance."

"Where are you going?"

"To the boat."

"I'll bring her to her senses."

Alec shook his head mutely. "She hates me," he said. "I can see it in every line of her face. Let me get out of here."

Jake went back to the table. "You didn't mean it, Jake said."

"I meant it," Lissa said. "All at once, I remembered things. When I needed Alec, you were there; you stood beside me when he should have been beside me."

"You mean, you love me?"

"Of course I love you," Lissa said.

"Oh, Lissa!" Jake said.

"Don't you want to marry me, Jake?"

"I haven't wanted anything else for years."

"I suppose you should kiss me," Lissa said gravely. "It's customary."

Jake leaned forward and touched her cheek with his lips. "We'll take the next boat back to the States," he said.

"Oh, darling!" Lissa's voice caught in her throat. "I'll try to make you a very good wife."

"This isn't at all as I'd pictured it," Jake said. "I'd thought it might come sometime, after Alec—well, after—Caro and all—but I hadn't pictured it just this way." He seemed bewildered and confused, and kept watching her face.

Lissa said bravely, "It will all straighten out, Jake dear."

"Yes, of course," he said.

"Order some champagne," Lissa said.

"I think I need some."

Carter Delano came weaving in again and rolled in their direction. "I found an officer," he said. "Two thousand words more or less away."

Lissa laughed. "Sit down and have some champagne," she said.

Carter sat down. "Where's Alec?"

"Alec's gone," Lissa said.

"Where's he gone?"

"I don't know," Lissa said.

The waiter brought the champagne and uncorked it. Lissa took a glass. "I'm

going to marry Jake, Carter," she said. "Let's drink to it."

Delano brought the half-raised glass down from his lips. "Jake!"

"Drink your drink, Carter," Jake said. Carter stood up awkwardly and raised the glass to his lips. "To happiness," he said, and then tried clumsily to think of something else to say. After a few abortive efforts he abandoned it and escaped, saying, "I have to go."

Jake reached out and took Lissa's hand. She pressed his hand and smiled at him. "I'll make you very happy," she said.

"Lissa," Jake said, "what am I going to do?"

"You're going to make me happy, too." "You love Alec, Lissa. You'll never love anybody else. It's no use."

"I love you," Lissa said. "I respect you."

"If you could see yourself, gritting your teeth against him!"

"Don't Jake."

"Lissa baby," Jake said, "we're only ordinary guys, Alec and I. We're not romantic figures. In a story, a fellow is handed a problem and he always knows what to do. And it's always right. He has to be noble. We make mistakes, fellows like Alec and me. We do the best we know how. Maybe it's not right, but it's the best we can do. Alec did what he thought was right. He loves you, Lissa."

"You'd better stop now," she said.

"You were his whole life. That night, when we packed for the cruise, he walked the floor and cried like a baby."

"I won't listen," Lissa said, white-faced.

"You're being unfair!"

"There isn't anything I wouldn't do," Jake said. "If I knew I could marry you and make you happy, I would, and Alec could go to Barbados or hell and I'd still be happy knowing I had you; but if I didn't have you, where's the percentage? Lissa, you have to listen to me."

"I'm listening," she said. "You don't have to marry me. It was only a suggestion."

"Whenever I touched you," Jake said, "I'd know that something curled up inside you and you were thinking of Alec."

Lissa sat there twirling her glass. She could feel herself curling up inside now.

"I'm not being noble and renouncing you for the sake of friendship," Jake said. "I just don't want to marry a woman who's in love with somebody else."

"Very level-headed of you," Lissa said.

"See, there are a lot of years ahead of us," Jake said. "There'd come a time when you'd be seeing Alec around, and all at once you'd say to yourself, 'I was a fool, and it didn't matter that much. Then I'd be in the soup. And you'd be in it, too, and Alec. And you'd both say, 'Good old Jake. We can't hurt Jake, and your pity inside you would be worse than your hatred, and the hatred would come. I know. I couldn't stand it.'"

"The lady proposed and was turned down flat," Lissa said, smiling. She felt as though a soap bubble were turning around and around under her feet and she was balancing deftly on its upper side. Underneath, there was a growing, empty horror.

"Don't be a fool," Jake said. "If you can look at me just once and say 'I love you,' and mean it—I'll keep that love, but if I haven't anything to start with, I won't have anything to keep, will I?"

"No," she said, low-voiced.

"Loving a man like a friend or like a brother doesn't mean that you could stick being his wife. Look at me, Lissa."

"It's no use," she said. "You're right."

Jake put his hand over his eyes, and then said, "And now I'll kick myself for

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years and years and years." He looked up and smiled. "Let's go for Alec. He can't have cleared yet."

Lissa shook her head. "I've followed Alec for the last time," she said.

"Then let's have dinner."

"Where it's quiet," Lissa said. "I can't stand this racket."

They went upstairs, and he ordered dinner brought up to her suite. She kept thinking: "Alec's pulling out now. He's standing on deck, leaning back. I could have been standing there with him."

"We'll grab the next boat back," Jake said.

She said: "I'll be glad to be out of here."

"God's sake, darling," Jake said, suddenly agonized, "radio him."

She shook her head.

"Stubbish little fool," Jake said.

They had dinner and another bottle of champagne. The wine made her feel better.

There was a terrific explosion. Lissa jumped, and Jake took her hand. He said, "Guess they do all their fighting at night."

"I wish just tonight they'd all get tired and go home to bed," Lissa said.

Another burst of deafening noise, a volley of shots, an agonized scream out there in the dark, and then silence. Jake said, "They got somebody."

Lissa shuddered and crept closer to him. Jake put his arm around her.

Thinly, more in terror than pain, the voice raised itself into the room again.

Jake got up. "I can't stand listening to that!" he said. He went out to the balcony and leaned over the rail.

Lissa followed him out. She said, "Jake darling, be careful. There might be shooting."

"Look at the poor devil," Jake said.

A man plunged through a thicket of shrubbery and ran across the grounds, headed for the corner of the building. His hand was covering a part of his chest. They could see it, side against the white blotch of his shirt front.

Jake leaned out farther and said, "They're waiting around the corner, too."

Jake could see what the fugitive could not—two men lurking in the shadow of the building. The pursuers behind the man were running fast but not as though they were tired. Jake started for the door.

Lissa said, "What are you going to do?"

"Stop them," he said over his shoulder.

Lissa ran along beside him down the staircase. "This isn't your war, darling."

"You go back, angel," he said. "Please go back." Heaved for the side entrance and plunged into the darkness.

Lissa tumbled for the door as it swung shut, plunged out over a step and turned her ankle. Jake was running to the left. She limped along behind him as fast as she could toward the sinister, silent figures waiting in the shadow. Jake came up on them from behind. She saw the man whirl; saw the man in the white shirt make the corner and stop, turn to run again.

She started screaming, "Jake—Jake!"

A sharp report came, and another. The men were all mixed up. She couldn't see Jake but she was screaming and she couldn't stop. She flung herself into the midst of the group and clutched at Jake.

He had just hit somebody and his elbow came back and caught Lissa on the chin. Her teeth and her head ached from the blow, and it threw her off balance.

Jake panted, "Get out of this, Lissa!"

And she heard the impact of his fist against flesh and the grunt of the man he'd hit.

There was another shot, and another. The Cuban who had been pursued let

out a squeal of pain, and Lissa saw him fall and writhe. Then he lay still, as the soldier on the Prado had.

There were several men running up behind them. Lissa thought, "Oh, God, they'll kill us both!" but she stayed.

Then a familiar voice said, "Drummond; it's Drummond. Get out of the way, and Alec loomed up before her eyes.

A man took her arm, said, "Lissa?"

"Carter!" she gasped. "Make them stop. They have guns."

"Get around the corner," he said. "Here, come on."

Lissa's heels dug into the turf.

"I won't leave Alec and Jake," she said.

Suddenly she was shaking all over and her knees gave way and the ground came up and hit her in the face, and as she fell, she thought, "This is fainting. Or maybe it's dying," and when she came to, it was over. Carter Delano was leaning over her head.

There were two men lying on the ground. The man in the white shirt was lying quite still. She heard Alec's voice saying, "Damn it, can't they hurry! Carter, is Lissa all right?"

"I'm all right," Lissa said. "Alec, what is it?"

"It's Jake," Alec said. "I've sent them for a cot to carry him in."

Lissa got to her feet and knelt down beside Jake. He had a dark, wet stain on his side. Lissa started to cry. Alec's hand came out and took hers, and she gripped it convulsively. "How bad is it?" she whispered.

"He's breathing," Alec said, but the way he said it wasn't reassuring.

The men brought the cot and they got Jake in the back way and up to a first-floor room, and Alec and Lissa stood beside the bed while the doctor examined him and said he didn't know.

Delano waited in the room outside. Alec and Lissa came out and waited while the doctor dressed the wound.

Lissa said to Alec, "Shouldn't we get him to a hospital?"

"The doctor says the less we move him the better," Alec said.

The doctor brought a nurse in, and she said, at twelve o'clock, "You two might as well go to bed. You can't help him any."

"We're going to sit here, if you don't mind," Alec said. They were sitting on opposite sides of the bed.

"I don't mind," the nurse said, "but it seems silly." She went out of the room.

Lissa whispered, "Why did you come back? How did you happen to be there?"

"I couldn't clear," he whispered back.

"I heard you yelling like a banshee. I didn't know it was you until I came close. Carter and some other fellow followed me. How did Jake get into it?"

"He saw them chasing him, and he chased them, and then he got shot."

Alec shook his head and closed his eyes.

Jake didn't move for hours. He just lay there, very white, and breathed hard. The nurse came in every now and then and took his pulse. Once during the night, Alec said, "He can't die."

Lissa jumped. "Don't say that word!"

He saw that she was looking tired, got up and took a pillow from his chair and put it behind her head.

Along toward dawn Alec slept and Lissa sat, wide-eyed, and watched him sleep. Dawn came, and everything was very quiet. Jake hadn't moved, but he breathed harder and harder, and the nurse took his pulse with the same professed air of not worrying one way or another.

Lissa said to the nurse, "Is he worse or better?"

"His condition is the same," the nurse said, and Lissa hated her for a moment. It was funny that she couldn't realize how every beat of that heart on the bed meant so much to them.

Alec woke shortly after dawn and said, "Lissa, I'm sorry. Is there any change?"

She shook her head. Alec said, "Darling, you're looking so tired."

"I'm not tired," she said.

He ordered coffee and orange juice in the next room and brought her out and made her drink it. Another nurse came on, and while the doctor was there Lissa fell asleep on the divan. She woke two hours later to find Alec sitting beside her.

"How is he?" she whispered.

"No change," Alec said. Tears of hopelessness and fatigue came to Lissa's eyes. She turned her head away and Alec took it against his shoulder and said, "Oh, Lissa, Lissa, darling, I can't bear seeing you suffer this way." And she suddenly realized, for the first time, that the man she was planning to marry lay in there dying.

She said, "Alec, he wasn't going to marry me. He wouldn't. I asked him, and he said no."

"Why?" Alec whispered.

"Because he said I loved you and I couldn't love him."

Alec got up suddenly and walked to the window. He didn't say anything. Lissa stayed on the divan and cried weakly. Alec came back and dried her tears and held her head on his shoulder.

That night at seven o'clock the doctor came again and said, "I don't think he'll pull through this time. I'm sorry."

At nine, Jake opened his eyes and looked around the room and at them, but he didn't recognize either of them.

At nine-thirty, Alec made her take a drink of brandy.

He said, "It's funny, isn't it, how everything seems so important beside this?"

"How long has it been?" Lissa said.

"I don't know. Twenty-four hours."

"People are dying all over the world."

"That matters," Alec said. "It matters horribly. Everywhere people are feeling the way we feel now."

"Yes," Lissa answered.

"Nothing else really matters," Alec said, then. "Nothing else, really. It's just life and death. If we're not dead, we're alive, and if we're alive, we have to live the way it's best for us." He looked down at her and said, "Isn't that so, Lissa?"

"I suppose it is," she said.

At twelve o'clock, Jake suddenly made a little moaning noise and opened his eyes. He said weakly, "Hi," and closed them again. Then, after a minute, "What's happened to me?"

"You're hurt," Alec said, "and you're not to talk."

"You're both here," Jake said. "That's good," and then he seemed to be asleep and they were frightened, but the nurse said that his pulse was stronger.

Another day passed, and the doctor said for them not to hope, but they hoped secretly and hard and sat watching and pushing the thought of death away.

On the fourth day the doctor said, "Go to bed and sleep. He'll pull through," and Lissa fell on the divan and cried wildly for a half-hour.

Alec took her up to her room. She was half hysterical and staggering with weakness.

Alec said, "It's all over now, darling. It's all over. Try to be quiet."

Suddenly, holding her that way, he

couldn't stand it any longer, and he buried his face in her hair. His mouth came down over her eyes and her cheeks and sought hers, and he was shaking, too. Lissa clung to him.

"Lissa," Alec said, "nothing matters. Nothing ever has mattered but the fact that we belong together." Lissa was silent, holding onto him. He shook her a little. "Does it?" he said. "Lissa, does anything else matter? That, and one of us dying—or somebody we love dying? Answer me!"

"I c-can't," Lissa said. "I c-can't talk."

"You can tell me you love me."

"I've a-always l-loved you," Lissa chattered.

"When Jake's well enough—" Alec began.

There was a knock at the door. It had been left on the latch. Carter Delano pushed it open and came in. He said, "Oh, excuse me." Then he looked at Lissa standing there with Alec's arms around her and said, "I heard that your future husband is going to live. Lissa. I came to congratulate you."

Alec said, "Lissa's going to marry me, Delano."

Delano said, "I'm sending Carson a cable this afternoon. Either of you want me to say anything special?"

"No," Alec said.

Delano looked at Lissa. "Don't you want me to square this a little?"

"Square what?" Lissa said.

"I've already cabled the news of your engagement to Drummond," Delano said.

"We don't need you to square anything," Alec said.

Delano shrugged. "For Lissa's sake," he said, "I hope she doesn't change her mind again. It looks funny."

Alec let go of Lissa so suddenly that she had to catch herself by the back of a chair to keep from falling. Alec had Delano by the coat collar, propelling him toward the door. He was saying, "I've been aching to do this for so long," and opened the door and shoved Delano through it.

"The rest of our plans are as follows: When Jake is well enough, Lissa and Jake and I will embark on an unchaperoned trip to Barbados aboard the Loch-invar. Now print it. And if you want a statement from the principals you can print this. Lissa Grant and Alec Blount have decided that the most important thing in life is happiness, newspapers and society editors and city editors to the contrary! And after you print it, Delano, don't come within reach of me because if you do you'll spend some time in the hospital!" He slammed the door.

He said to Lissa, "I'm sorry, darling."

"Don't be," Lissa said. "It was grand."

He laughed and came toward her. "Wasn't it?"

"He'll say awful things," Lissa said, as his arms went around her.

Alec said warningly, "There's a watchword from now on."

"What is it?"

"Nothing matters," Alec said. "Nothing but us. Jake's alive. We're together. That's all we want, isn't it? Kiss me, angel. You're the sweetest and the most beautiful and the best of everything."

"I'll have wrinkles some day," she said.

"They'll be beautiful wrinkles."

"I'll be cross and fussy," she said.

"And I'll be crotchety," Alec said.

"I might even get hay fever," Lissa said.

"No, darling," said Alec. "don't get hay fever. I don't think I could stand it."

"But would it matter?" Lissa asked, laughing.

He kissed her and said, "No." Then he kissed her again and said, "But try not to, won't you?"

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C-1334

## Hollywood

*(Continued from page 55)*

confidence. The unhappy girl finally told her story. It was the age-old drama of a love that had the usual tragic consequences. Her lover had walked away when he learned of her plight.

Marion put a hundred dollars into the girl's hand, called a taxi and sent her to the hospital. She then instructed her secretary to pay all the girl's expenses until after the birth of the baby.

The look in that child's eyes when she knew that she was to have the shelter that her parents and her lover had denied her was something I shall never forget. Marion's friendliness gave the girl confidence to go through with her travail.

This girl, who has more troubles poured into her ear than anyone I know, never loses her sense of humor. She is a born mimic, and when she has had a full day listening to the woes of the world, she forgets them all in the joy of staging an amateur play at her beach house.

I particularly remember last Easter Sunday at Marion's house. She had been working on a picture, but at the eleventh hour she sent out word to her friends that she would be at home. On this short notice, fifty or more people came to the informal buffet supper. It was one of those spontaneous parties that happen once in a lifetime. Ted Healy, who appeared in "Operator 13," sang and danced. Marion did her famous imitations. She can out-Garbo Garbo and look more like Lillian Gish than Lillian herself. "There isn't anybody in the film industry Marion cannot impersonate and she always does it in such a manner that the person himself, should he be present, laughs as heartily as the other guests.

One of the stars who took part in Marion's amateur show was Charlie Chaplin. He recited a selection of his own creation. He did a bit of Hamlet and he acted a part from one of his own pictures. Charlie is always amusing when he can be prevailed upon to do this drawing-room number.

All the Davies' activities are not confined to amateur theatricals. Marion is an ardent collector of art. Her collection at her beach house is one of the finest in America.

I could write a whole book on Marion Davies. She and Bebe Daniels and Mary Pickford are three of my best-loved neighbors.

While we're calling on Marion Davies at Santa Monica, we can walk down the road about half a block and call on Norma Shearer, whose home is the most attractive modern house in all Hollywood.

Norma is a good wife and an excellent mother. When we were rehearsing for our radio sketch, I used to get down to her house about four-thirty in the afternoon and work straight through until dinnertime. About six-thirty she would dash upstairs to read a story to her four-year-old son, Irving Jr. Nothing ever interferes with that bedtime story because, as Norma says: "When I'm working he doesn't see me, and it means so much to him to have me kiss him good night and tuck him in."

Norma said this simply and without any bid for admiration. She was not talking newspaper stuff. She was stating a fact.

I've known Norma for many years. I first met her when, as a plump young girl, she lunched with me at the Algonquin Hotel in New York. She has often laughingly told the story of how I

bowed to first one celebrity and then another and seemed to know the whole theatrical world.

"I made up my mind," said Norma, "that some day I'd know all those people, and then I'd invite you to luncheon and let you see me greeting them."

That dream has certainly come true, and today Norma has met famous people all over the world.

A small idea of Norma's character can be gleaned from her willingness to stay away from the screen for a year to nurse her husband, Irving, who has so often been called the genius of motion pictures, suffered a complete physical breakdown nearly two years ago. In the midst of his brilliant career as a producer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he was ordered to stop work. He was gravely ill, and Norma watched by his side, refusing to leave him even for a day.

When he was able to see his friends, I went to their beach house to call on them. He was worried for fear Norma's sacrifice had been too great, that her devotion to him had jeopardized her position as a screen favorite. During all those months she had never reported at the studio, nor so much as discussed plans for making a new motion picture.

But Norma didn't feel that she was making a sacrifice. When Irving's doctor ordered him to a cure in Europe, Norma went gladly and willingly. They were gone nearly a year.

"I wish people wouldn't say that I'm making a sacrifice," she told me. "Irving and I have never been happier. For the first time in his life he has had time to read to little Irving. We've had time to sit down and talk over things. It's been a beautiful experience, and it's drawn us closer together."

Leaving the screen at the time when she was one of the greatest artists in pictures must have been a hardship, even though Norma denied it. But her return picture proved that her year's absence had not hurt her popularity with the public.

Norma, in my opinion, is one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood. She has a style all her own, and I remember seeing her at a dinner given by Constance Bennett and thinking she was the most beautiful woman in the room. She wore a white satin evening gown, the trimming of which was set with rubies. Not real rubies, of course, but they gave the effect of being genuine, and they lent a stunning touch of color to the white gown. She wore her hair coronet fashion, and that was before this form of coiffure became popular.

Irving, who saw me looking at Norma, came over and sat beside me. "She's beautiful tonight, isn't she?" he asked.

"I've never seen her look so beautiful," I replied.

"And the best part of it is that she is as beautiful inside as she is out," he said.

Much has been written about Irving Thalberg's part in Norma's screen success. She herself gives Irving great credit for his selection of stories, his choice of directors and his insistence that every detail in her productions be correct. But Irving says that he couldn't have made a star of Norma if she had not had potential starrng ability.

Any success that has come to Norma has been through sheer hard work and perseverance. She made up her mind years ago when she was an artist's model that she would one day be a famous actress. And nothing ever deterred her!

Still farther down the beach, on the same street with Marion and Norma.



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live Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon and Barbara Bebe, their three-year-old daughter. Bebe is my godchild and she usually greets me with: "That's all today. See you tomorrow." She has inherited her mother's lovely voice, and she can sing twenty songs without being prompted.

Bebe has been my intimate friend for many years. When she decided to marry Ben Lyon, she told me the news first and asked my advice.

During the first summer that Ben and Bebe were married my husband and I were with them at their beach house. We had a grand summer, and for recreation we used to visit Ocean Park, Los Angeles' Coney Island, and gamble on winning a ham.

Bebe one night carried home two huge hams.

"Look at Bebe's prize!" Ben exclaimed. "It cost only eighty-five dollars."

Bebe is one of the best bridge players in the film colony. When the Culbertsons came to Hollywood to make a picture and to teach us to play bridge, I arranged a tournament at my home.

Bebe played with Culbertson and Joseph Schenck and Chico Marx were their worthy opponents. Bebe was extremely nervous, fearing that Culbertson would think her an amateur. He himself wasn't in his usual form and made several bluffs that proved disastrous.

In the end, he and Bebe scored the most points. "Remember," he told his partner, "it is the player with the aces and kings who wins."

Whenever a skillful bridge player comes to Hollywood, Bebe is immediately invited to play opposite the guest. She is a daring player and often takes risks, but in the end is usually the winner.

The Clark Gables, too, take their bridge seriously. Within the past few years Clark has blossomed out almost more than any other actor in Hollywood. He is level-headed, and never once has he let his screen success go to his head. The Gables live with extreme simplicity in a Monterey house in Holmby Hills.

Clark married Ria Langham, a comely widow with two children, before his success in the movies. When they came to New York from their home in Holmby Hills, no one was more astonished than Clark when women tried to steal his handkerchiefs and begged him for autographs. In Hollywood, where he lives quietly, he had no idea of this popularity.

Clark, who takes his work seriously, battled continuously for better roles. He was cast too often, he felt, as the scowling menace, a stereotyped characterization which irked him no end. He wanted to have a chance really to act, and he got that chance when he played the comedy part in "It Happened One Night." Then came "Men in White," which further proved that Gable was not merely a handsome man but an actor as well.

In spite of all his feminine admirers, Clark Gable is essentially a man's man. He has an adventurous spirit and he likes the things that most men like.

Not long ago there was a rumor that Clark had bet thirteen thousand dollars on the Kentucky Derby and lost. I doubt that he risked that amount of money. He is very conservative, and he was down on his luck for so long that he has learned to be careful.

Clark has some racing horses, among them one called Beverly Hills. All Hollywood was at the track at Agua Caliente when Beverly Hills raced to the post and won—and was his owner proud!

Away from Holmby Hills and the purple-topped mountains of Beverly Hills, in an apartment in Hollywood lives

George Raft. He does not belong to the old aristocracy of motion pictures. He is practically a stranger. He came from the bright lights of Broadway to Hollywood to become an actor.

When George took the fast train to Los Angeles, he left four clubs where he had nightly danced to the plaudits of admiring women. He said adieu to the audiences who had enjoyed his Argentine dance with Nacha Haimbova, once the wife of Rudolph Valentino.

At first he found it exceedingly difficult to get up in the morning when the sun was shining and the day was new. He had for so many years worked all night and slept all day that his whole scheme of life was upset. His friends say that he just couldn't get up in time to keep appointments with directors.

George doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke, and he has so modeled his life since he came to Hollywood that he is known as a young man with high principles and absolutely no vices—unless his many romances can be classified as such. For George has the ladies.

Hollywood was thoroughly amused when Mr. Raft first came here, to find him accompanied everywhere by a strong-arm bodyguard. Today, no one thinks anything of seeing a star or a star's children shadowed by a protector. Kidnaping threats have made it necessary for most of our stars to be sure of being safeguarded from this most horrible of all dangers. But four or five years ago, when George arrived in town, he had Sammy Finn, the only bodyguard in Hollywood. Finn advised him, walked with him, ate with him and kept him from all dangerous intrigues and rumors.

Then came a break. George and Sammy were no longer seen together in the Hollywood cafés, at the theater or on the streets. A mighty denizen of the Great White Way called "Mack the Killer" took the place formerly occupied by Monsieur Finn.

After paying a salary to a bodyguard all these years it was George who came to the rescue of the bodyguard when Mack got into a fight. The battle occupied the front pages of all the newspapers and then the truth came out. Mack had had his nose remodeled at the same time that George had had his ear straightened.

Mack's operation was suffered in the cause of beauty; George's, to remedy a bum ear which he received when he was a prize fighter years ago.

Mack's admiration for pretty blond Carole Lombard amounts almost to idolatry. He saved his money last year so that he could buy her a Christmas present. To him, Carole represents the kind of "sirt" he would like to marry, but he hasn't the exclusive rights to that emotion. There are plenty of others, right in the film colony, who are waiting patiently for Carole to say "Yes."

It is my opinion that Carole won't marry in a hurry. She is still fond of William Powell, her first husband. Of all the Hollywood divorces, her separation from the suave, polished screen boss vivant came as the greatest shock. There was no previous indication of a quarrel or any bitterness or any thought of saying a final farewell. It all happened on the Fourth of July. It happened because Carole, who is gay, lively, and who loves laughter and jokes, felt that Bill's outlook on life was becoming too serious. She walked out of the house, taking with her Madeleine Fields, her devoted secretary and a good friend of both Carole and Bill.

I asked Carole, when I saw her some weeks later at Lake Tahoe, where she had established a residence some miles



from Reno, the famous divorce mart, if leaving Bill was as simple as all that. She said positively there had been no anger, no harsh words and no quarrel. She had her career to think of, and Bill was always annoyed when she was working and he was free to travel and she couldn't go with him. He felt he was making enough money to support them both, but Carole, eager to succeed as a motion-picture actress, was not willing to be submerged as Mrs. William Powell.

While Carole was in Nevada, "serving her time," as she put it, Bill called her every day on the telephone. He was concerned over her health, for she has never been robust. He sent her sherry-wine tonics and gave her daily instructions about taking care of herself. And when Bill was sick with the flu last winter, Carole was at his house three and four times a day, in full charge of the nurses and doctors.

There is a sweet friendship between these two—and no hostess in Hollywood need be afraid to invite them to the same party.

Strange as this may sound, I really believe that any man that Carole marries will have his greatest rival in her ex-husband. In spite of the year's separation, Carole still looks upon Bill as her best friend. The Christmas after their divorce, he gave her a beautiful piece of jewelry and a new car.

Carole is one of the few stars who really live in Hollywood. Her home is on the edge of Beverly Hills and is almost directly across the street from the house formerly occupied by the late Ernest Torrence and his wife. The little house in which she lives has pink satin walls in the dining room, and pale yellow walls and blue furniture in the living room.

To Carole goes the credit for having given Hollywood's most original dinner party. Bill Powell wanted to give Ronald Colman a welcome-home party, and even though Carole was no longer Mrs. Powell, Bill felt that she was the one who could stage the most original affair. "Let's have something different," Bill said to Carole; "not the usual stuffy dinner party, but an affair that everyone will remember."

Carole got busy. She happened to be in a certain doctor's office (modestly forbids my mentioning which one). He was wearing a white coat, and the nurse who was with him was similarly attired.

"I've got it!" cried Carole. "Got what?" asked the M. D., thinking that she had developed a case of the mumps, measles or whooping cough.

"Why, an idea for a party that Bill wants to give in honor of Ronald Colman," said Carole. "I'll give a hospital party, and all you've got to do is to get me some enameled trays, some hospital gowns, forceps and all the other things you find in a doctor's office."

Carole's request was granted, and Bill's wishes carried out.

The night of the party, the guests were met at the door by a butler dressed in an intern's outfit. They were ushered into the library, where a nurse stood in attendance ready to take their histories. Bill, as the chief medico, gave the diagnosis. "Doctor" Powell listened to heartbeats, felt pulses and used a thermometer with vehemence.

Cocktails were ordered for all the sick. Hors d'oeuvres were served on white hospital trays. The fun started, and the hospital idea was carried out even to the dinner—which was served on individual tin trays with milk punch for the weak and weary. Surgical instruments took the place of forks.

Bill's party went down in Hollywood



*Two is company*  
(MAYBE FOR KEEPS!)

IF YOUR COMPLEXION STAYS  
MIRROR FRESH

LET him look at you with ardent eyes! You can stand the close-ups all evening long—if your complexion stays as clear and fresh, as free from shine, as the moment you left your mirror. And it will—if you're using Marvelous Face Powder, the sensational new powder perfected by Richard Hudnut.

Marvelous Face Powder actually stays on from four to six hours—and you can time it yourself. Through long hours of dancing, driving in the wind, you can count on looking your very best. Marvelous Face Powder contains a remarkable new ingredient discovered by the Richard Hudnut Laboratories—an ingredient that makes the powder cling as though part of your own skin texture. Yet Marvelous Face Powder never looks floury, never cakes

or clogs the pores. It is as light and fine a powder as science can make. The fifty-year reputation of Richard Hudnut, as the maker of fine cosmetics, is your assurance of its purity.

Marvelous Face Powder costs only 55¢ for the full-size box, at any drug store or department store. Yet so sure are we that you will like it that we will send you free trial packages in the four most popular shades. You may put it to the only convincing test—a trial on your own face. Won't you clip the coupon and mail it right now?

#### OTHER MARVELOUS BEAUTY AIDS

Marvelous Liquidizing Cream... Thermo Cream... Facelift Cream... Hand Cream... Silk Finisher... Rouge... Lipstick... Eye Shadow... Lash Concrete... Mascara Perpetuator... Dusting Powder... Only 55¢ each

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FACE POWDER NOW STAYS ON FROM 4 to 6 HOURS  
(BY ACTUAL TEST)

MARVELOUS Face Powder 55¢



*See*

Four trial packages of Marvelous Face Powder, in the four most popular shades—also Marvelous Make-up Guide, with authentic information on correct combinations of powder, rouge, lipstick.

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Please send me, free and postpaid, trial packages of Marvelous Face Powder and Marvelous Make-up Guide.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
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CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



And while the eyes of the world were focused on the shores of Lake Michigan, Wall Street put on a little show of its own. Allowing just four days for the Fair to gather momentum, the Street, on May sixth, staged as pretty an exhibition of collapse as the country has ever witnessed! The market was in ruins.

Naturally, a panic followed. By July, the panic in the West had approached a state of general bankruptcy. Mines closed; banks failed; factories shut down. Hundreds of thousands of workers were suddenly without jobs.

The railroads fared as badly. So far as Jim's business was concerned—there just wasn't any. Late in July, after making a flying trip around the country in a vain search for orders, he decided he might as well shut up shop.

With time on his hands and nothing to do but play, it was only natural that he should head for Chicago. All roads led to the World's Fair—the one bright light in a wilderness of black despair.

Lillian Russell was playing a sixteen weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theater. And it was there that Jim gravitated. Lillian was the reigning American beauty of the time, and the thousands of admirers who listened with rapt attention to her metallic singing of "La Cigale" must have wondered at the huge, red-faced fellow who sat in the front row at nearly every performance and received most of her attention. Naturally, it was Diamond Jim—the man possessed of A Way with America's Sweetheart.

And the secret of his success—what was it? The answer was corn—nothing but corn!

Steaming hot corn, plentifully dripping with bright yellow butter. Corn fritters, corn puddings, even corn muffins! Lillian had a passion for anything that was made from corn. Together she and Jim ate their way through a goodly part of the Kansas corn crop that season!

Jim stayed in Chicago until the corn season was nearly over, and then, feeling the urge for rest, betook himself to the peace and quiet of Old Point Comfort, in Virginia. There, in the faintly Bohemian atmosphere of the old Hygeia Hotel, he planned to take long swims in the ocean and pleasant naps on the sunny beach. This little jaunt was to be a health campaign, and women were definitely not to be a part of the picture.

But unfortunately, man proposes and fate disposes. Jim had not been at the hotel long enough to eat more than two or three hundred steamed clams and twenty or thirty broiled lobsters, when he chanced to stroll across the street one evening to the Chamberlain Hotel, which boasted a fine dance floor.

He made an arresting picture as he strolled into the brilliantly lighted ballroom. His evening clothes seemed to be molded on his tall, strong figure. And in his shirt front and at his cuffs gleamed the huge diamonds of his almost completed diamond set. Naturally the women smiled upon this impressive stranger.

One young lady in particular—a blonde, of the variety known then as statuesque—was palpably affected by the sight of Jim. She smiled only faintly, but that smile and the shy glances she sent him were far more potent than the nods and bows of all the other chaperons.

Her gown was of orchard-green, trimmed with apple blossoms, a single pink spray of them caught in her long blond hair. The rounding satin grace of her slender arms, sloping to opal-tipped fingers; the exquisite line from ear to shoulder strap; the tender pink and white of her fine skin; the dainty lift of her short nose—but why go on? All these allurements Jim inventoried with

**✓ CHECK YOUR SKIN TROUBLE**

- ☐ COARSE PORES
- ☐ BLACKHEADS
- ☐ DRY SKIN
- ☐ OILY SKIN
- ☐ TINY LINES
- ☐ SALLOW SKIN

## Nine Times Out of Ten "Paralyzed Pores" are the Cause!

by *Lady Esther*

Coarse Pores, Blackheads, Sallow and Muddy Skin, Excessively Oily or Dry Skin—practically every skin trouble to which woman is victim—is but some manifestation or other of "Paralyzed Pores".

"Paralyzed Pores" are due to nothing other than wrong method of skin care!

Ordinary methods are all right as far as they go, but they don't go far enough! They reach the surface dirt of the skin, but not the substructure. And it's that underneath dirt that causes all the trouble, leading, as it does, to "Paralyzed Pores".

### Everything but the Right Thing!

In our efforts to remove this underneath dirt we do everything but the right thing. We use hot and cold applications which shock the delicate pores and render them crippled. We use strong astringent preparations which do not remove the dirt, but only close the pores and seal it in.

We use creams which do not penetrate, but which have to be rubbed in and which only pack the dirt in tighter. Continuing the stuffing, the pores become enlarged and stretched to the point where they lose all power to open and close—in other words, "paralyzed".

When pores become paralyzed they become enlarged and conspicuous. Blackheads and whiteheads appear. The whole breathing and functioning of the skin is impaired and it becomes lifeless and drab and either too dry or oily. It is simply impossible to have a beautiful skin with "Paralyzed Pores".

### A Penetrating Face Cream!

Lady Esther Face Cream is unique for the

fact that it *penetrates*. It does not stay on the surface. It does not have to be rubbed in or massaged in, which only stretches and widens the pores. You just smooth it on. Almost instantly, and of its own accord, this face cream finds its way into the pores. Penetrating the little openings to their depths, it dissolves the accumulated grime and waste matter and shoots it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

### Also Lubricates the Skin

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin it also lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that does away with dryness, harshness and scalliness and makes the skin soft and smooth and flexible. For this reason face powder does not flake or streak on a skin that is cleansed with Lady Esther Face Cream.

### At My Expense!

I want you to try Lady Esther Face Cream at my expense. I want you to see the difference just one cleansing will make in your skin. I want you to see how much cleaner, clearer and more radiant your skin is and how much smoother and softer. Write today for the 7-day supply I offer free and postpaid. Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard, and by return mail you'll get a generous 7-day supply of Lady Esther Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard!)

Lady Esther (S)  
3300 Maple Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Face Cream.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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(S)

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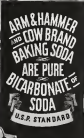
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# it relieves



Sodium Bicarbonate is probably prescribed by physicians as often as any other drug. Our Baking Soda, the same today as it was eighty-eight years ago, is pure Sodium Bicarbonate. This dependable Soda is marketed under two brand names, Arm & Hammer and Cow Brand, and is obtainable everywhere for just a few cents. It is a convenience to keep an extra package of this useful Soda in the medicine cabinet.

BAKING SODA RELIEVES



MAIL THE COUPON

# LAVORIS

Before All Social Engagements

a satisfied eye, and the longer he looked, the more enamored he became.

The problem, naturally, was how to meet this dazzling creature. Obviously the tactics of Broadway would be out of place in the ballroom of the Chamberlain. But a high official of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad presently came into the room, and lo! he not only knew the lovely creature in the apple-green dress, but her father and mother as well.

The problem of introductions was quickly solved. And from that moment, Jim went into action!

A turn or two about the ballroom for the sake of the conventions; a walk in the garden; a stroll down the beach to look at the moonlight on the water—and the job was done. For the first time in his life, Jim was in love.

Because she is still living and happily married, there is little point in divulging the identity of this beautiful lady who captured Jim's heart. It will suffice our purpose to call her by her given name—which was Lucille—and to say that she came from a fine old southern family.

In the days which followed their first meeting at the dance, the two were constantly together. To the girl, Jim was a source of never-ending interest. She loved him and wanted to marry him.

Jim's self-abasement, once he had won Lucille's love, is indicative of the masculine inconsistency of his generation. He spent many an unpleasant hour cursing the fates which had led him into his hitherto evil ways. He vowed he would live a different kind of life in the future!

It would be foolish to think for an instant that this strange metamorphosis could have continued for any great length of time. A fortnight after Jim and Lucille had looked into each other's eyes and called it love, he was summoned to New York on business. Once there, he fell into the old round of parties again. Yet something of the old punch was lacking in his roisterings.

He made periodical trips South, to the winter home of Lucille and her family, until the girl's parents began to hear reports about Jim of a type not calculated to do him any good. In a manner strictly in keeping with the best melodramatic traditions of the day, Lucille was spirited away from her home and taken to a quiet hotel in Asheville, North Carolina.

She was attended in this flight and subsequent incarceration by a mother who wept copiously whenever the name of "that odious Brady person" was mentioned, and a father whose mustaches bristled fiercely.

In the meantime, back in New York, Jim was going through the hell-fires of uncertainty. When four or five of his love letters had been returned unopened, he made a flying trip to the nameless southern city and found to his horror that neither bribes, threats nor pleading would assist him in determining the whereabouts of his lost love. Then he dispatched three trusted employees to the southern city, instructing them to spare neither ingenuity nor expense in discovering Lucille's hiding place.

The royal messengers disappeared into the Southland, and for a period of nearly two weeks nothing was heard from them. Jim was on tenterhooks. Finally, on the morning of the thirteenth day, all three of them appeared at his office.

"Well, we found her," said one of them.

"Where?" Jim shouted.

"In Asheville, North Carolina. At the Asheville Inn. Her father and mother are with her—and they won't let her speak to a soul they don't know."

"They'll let her speak to me!" he

roared. "Find out what time the next train leaves!"

Let us draw a curtain of charity over the scene that took place when Jim reached Asheville.

He never talked much about it in the years that followed. Just what happened there none of his friends have ever definitely determined. Undoubtedly, though, Lucille's mother showed him his position in her scheme of things in a few well-chosen words. It was a crestfallen Jim who took the next train to New York.

In the course of the next few months Jim spent many evenings at home with his mother. He allowed interested friends to bring about a temporary reconciliation with his brother Dan. And as a special reward to his sister for her work at her convent school, he took her to Europe.

It was the first time that either of them had crossed the Atlantic. They were met at Southampton by the pompous Little Sampson Fox, who insisted that his home was to be Jim's as long as the latter remained in England.

From England, Jim and his sister went to Paris, where their lavish spending did much to pay off the debt of the Franco-Prussian War. Paris proved to be a source of never-ending delight for Jim. Again the mercurial temperament of the brayards asserted itself, and from the depths of despair he rose to the shining heights of ecstasy. The Brady sojourn in the city on the banks of the Seine became something long to be remembered—by the shopkeepers at least.

Jim might have stayed in Europe indefinitely had it not been for the fact that back in Chicago one of the newly-fangled "horseless carriages" was waiting for him. He cut his visit short and returned home, hurrying at once to Chicago.

During the year of the World's Fair, three of these electric machines roamed about the streets of Chicago. They were made entirely by hand, and Jim, who had been one of the first intrepid souls to place an order, had to wait nearly two years before it was filled. Little wonder, then, that he hurried across an ocean and half a continent to be present on the delivery date.

William Johnson, a Negro mechanic at the Woods factory, was one of the few people in the city qualified to run the machine. Jim agreed to pay him the enormous sum of thirty-five dollars a week to care for it and run it.

Then he hurried back to New York on the fastest train and was waiting at the freight yards when William Johnson and the brougham arrived. Under cover of darkness, the machine was removed to a livery stable on Fifth-seventh Street, where the Edison Company, at Jim's orders, had installed a charging station for storage batteries.

On five successive nights, in the quiet hours between three and four o'clock in the morning, the machine was run along the deserted streets of the neighborhood. At the end of the fifth morning's run, William Johnson announced that everything was in perfect order.

"Then get into your uniform and be ready to take me for a ride tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock," Jim ordered.

The next day was Saturday, and he planned to make his initial appearance as a passenger automobile on the streets of New York at a time when the greatest number of people could see him.

The day dawned bright and clear. Fifth Avenue was dotted with strollers among the elect. Below Madison Square, the streets were black with Saturday-afternoon shoppers.

Promptly at three o'clock Jim arrived at the livery stable, where Johnson was

# THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT COLDS!

## Facts It Will Pay You to Know!

THE "COMMON COLD" yearly, directly or indirectly, takes more lives and causes more illness—and more expense—than any other single ailment to which human flesh is heir.

The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds.

A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an *internal infection*, resulting from a germ attack. In other words, a cold, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, is something lodged within the system.

### Everything but the Right Thing!

The failure of many people to recognize the internal or inward character of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing for the relief of a cold.

They employ externals of all kinds when you've got to get at a cold from the inside; they swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "good also for colds" when cold weather sets in.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't get at a cold from the inside which a cold, an internal infection, requires. The result often is that a cold may progress to the point where it becomes a serious matter.

Recognizing the apparent nature of the "Common Cold," it becomes

obvious that a cold calls for a remedy that is expressly a cold remedy and one that is internal in treatment.

Such a remedy is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine!

It is expressly a cold remedy and not good for a number of other things as well. It is internal treatment and it is complete in effect.

### The Four Things Necessary

First of all, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels gently but effectively, the first step in dislodging a cold.

Second, it combats the cold germs and fever in the system.

Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling.

Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold calls for and anything less is coming pretty close to taking chances.

### Harmless As It Is Effective!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine contains nothing harmful and is absolutely safe to take. For more than forty years it has been the standard cold and gripe tablet of the world, the formula always keeping pace with Modern Medicine.

Every druggist in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine, 30c and 50c. Good druggists won't try to sell you a substitute for the sake of a little more profit.



waiting for him, resplendent in his new uniform of bottle-green broadcloth and a hat that would have shamed an admiral in the Peruvian navy. Amid the whoops and shouts of the hostlers, the barking of dogs and the amazed cries of the loafers about the front door of the building, the two started off.

They reached Fifth Avenue without difficulty. They drove to Forty-second Street without making many people. But once they had passed the reservoir on the corner, the fun started.

The first hint of trouble came when a magnificent team of bays, drawing the victoria of a dignified old dowager, bolted and reared off the street. During the passage of the car from Forty-second Street to Thirty-sixth, it is estimated that five runaways took place!

Traveling at the high speed of eleven miles an hour, Jim tore down the avenue leaving consternation and terror in his wake. By the time he had reached Madison Square, news of his advent had been phoned ahead and crowds of people were lined along the curbs waiting for him.

Around and around Madison Square Jim and his car went. This was the triumphant moment he had been planning for nearly two years, and he was not one to have it pass too quickly!

The next morning's papers announced in two- and three-column leaders:

#### STARTLING HAPPENINGS IN MADISON SQUARE

JAMES B. BRADY DRIVES FIRST HORSELESS CARRIAGE SEEN IN NEW YORK

APPEARANCE TIES UP TRAFFIC FOR TWO HOURS

And then, in smaller type, the stories continued:

James Buchanan Brady, well-known gentleman sportsman, first nighter and man about town, yesterday appeared on the streets of New York in the first horseless carriage to be seen here . . .

What particularly thrilled Jim in these accounts were the words "gentleman sportsman." That was just what he would become—a gentleman sportsman!

It would be pleasant to be able to continue this narrative with accounts of Gentleman Sportsman Brady and his electric brougham racing through the park with the talylies of the Astors, the Vanderbils and the Goulds. But unfortunately, this did not happen.

Jim could still be a gentleman sportsman, however. All that was necessary for this was plenty of ready cash. He concentrated on this little matter.

It is interesting to note that in the year 1895—when business conditions everywhere were in a trough of depression comparable only to the dreadful year of 1932 in our own generation—Jim took a course of action directly opposite to the one everyone else was taking. For he steadfastly maintained that everything was going to turn out all right and believed it so firmly that he determined to carry out a daring idea. He would get

his ready cash by selling all his securities. Consequently, he ordered Haberic, his secretary, to sell the one thousand shares of Brooklyn Rapid Transit stock which he had been holding, and to deposit the resultant \$139,000 in three different banks.

This accomplished, he told Haberic, "Now, no matter what happens, I've got enough to keep me going for three years—and I'm gonna spend every damned cent of it buildin' up good will."

This was not the act of a prodigal, this reckless spending of money. It came close to being the greatest stroke of genius on the part of a man whose entire business life was made up of brilliant acts. In a year when everyone else was

(Continued from page 45)

enormous diamond horseshoe pin, with a horse set with diamonds as a pendant. With this he wore studs and buttons with little diamond-studded horses dangling from them. His emerald and star-sapphire sets were famous.

When Diamond Jim sat down to dinner he invariably called first for a glass of milk and some dill pickles, which he considered especially good at Castle Cave. He usually ate four pickles, dipping them in the tumbler of milk. He said that the milk killed the acid and helped him digest the pickles. However, he never drank the milk.

After this pickle-milk appetizer, he always ate at least two dozen oysters, sometimes more. These were grilled on the half-shell over hickory embers, and flavored with a special Castle Cave sauce of blended vegetable juices. Soup followed the oysters, and after the soup he often had a huge grilled chuck steak, called a club and a half. Mr. Brady never ate bread or potatoes. He was especially fond of French-fried onions as prepared by his sister, Mrs. Bella Theis. Mr. Brady always chose a table at the rear of the restaurant from which he could observe the kitchen and his sister as she superintended the preparation of his dinner.

He never ate desserts, or drank tea, coffee or liquors of any kind. For his guests he always ordered champagne and whatever dishes they liked. But he himself seldom ate vegetables, and usually ordered only the dishes I have described. He was also very fond of grilled chicken, but to have been served with one or two chickens he would have considered an insult. Mrs. Theis usually broiled six chickens for him. He never ate all of the six, but he liked the sight of plenty of food, and from the platter he would choose the portions he most enjoyed eating. When he ordered mutton chops, a "saddle," the equivalent of four English mutton chops, would be broiled for his order.

He was anything but a pleasant sight seated at table, surrounded by many platters of food, saying nothing even to his guests, just eating and looking mean. I don't believe I ever saw him smile. He was lavish in his tipping, but never wanted to be thanked by the waiters. If he liked the cooking at a restaurant he would go there again and again. But if he thought he was being overcharged he left and never returned.

The Castle Cave was famous for its grills, the feature of which was that the fire was made of hickory logs. I superintended all the grilling myself. Castle Cave was a family affair, just as all the most famous restaurants in Europe were when they began. The food at Castle Cave was known all over the world, and nearly all the celebrities who were in New York in the late 'nineties and early years of this century dined there at various times.

counting pennies and cutting throats to make a dollar. Jim was banking on the future of his country and taking the greatest chance in the world.

The second great step in his program was to move from his mother's house to an apartment of his own. Being a gentleman sportsman in the fullest sense of the word, he hired two six-room suites in the Rutland, an apartment house at the corner of Broadway and Fifty-seventh Street, and had them thrown into one grand establishment. The furnishings of this place were most luxurious.

Unfortunately, Brady's mother did not like this move on his part. It occasioned an outburst of fluent vituperation from her that precipitated a break which had been coming for some time.

Like a disease, the great depression seemed to build up its own antitoxin. And in the early summer of 1895, there was a real if somewhat premature business boom. Everyone thought that the depression was over.

Then things crashed again. Eighteen ninety-six was a Presidential election year, and things were mighty precarious, politically. The Republican nominee was William McKinley. The Democ-ats nominated a young congressman named Bryan, whose stanch advocacy of bimetalism and a 16-to-1 silver ratio struck fear into the hearts of the industrial East.

Election night in 1896 was an unusually big evening in New York. For hours, crowds had blocked the streets around Madison Square waiting to get the latest returns. The great bar at the Hoffman House—the stronghold of Democracy in New York—presented the appearance of a present-day Times Square subway car during the rush hour. In the lobby "Matty" Lorham and George Wheelock, two of the biggest professional bookmakers in the city, held forth.

James R. Keene, with unlimited money from J. P. Morgan & Company in his pockets, John W. Gates, Davy John in the Dryer brothers, Paul and Mike, Theodore R. Hostetter of biters fame, an assortment of steel millionaires from Pittsburgh and Diamond Jim made up a group of heavy betters. At the end of the evening Jim had won a hundred and eighty thousand dollars!

Two or three days later, when his winnings were still a subject for much envious gossip, John W. Butler approached him saying: "Jim, you made enough on this election to take a chance on something else. Why don't you pay attention to Fred McLewee? I think he knows what he's talking about."

Butler was referring to one General F. C. McLewee, the son-in-law of Lewis Rurek's long stable. McLewee, a wonderful mathematician, had spent a great deal of time studying the coal and ore properties of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and in the 'nineties had invested the entire capital of his family in Reading stock.

When the market had crashed on that bleak May day in '93, the McLewee family fortune had gone crashing with it. Yes three years later, he was still crying the same stock that had pauperized him.

He had many times begged Jim to invest some of his money in Reading stock. But Jim had not seen fit to take his advice.

"Wait until we see what the receivers do with the road," he had said. "That will be time enough to take a chance."

And so, because Reading had emerged from the receivers' hands in September, 1896, John W. Butler had unconsciously passed the psychological moment to bring

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the matter to Jim's attention once again. "Sure, I'll take a chance," Jim told him. "I'll buy a thousand shares in the morning."

But that Reading stock was only half stock. Which meant that Jim had to buy two thousand shares in order actually to have one thousand. The same morning he placed his order the stock went up four points. Mr. Brady pyramided. The stock continued to go up and up.

In the course of the next year and a half the shares kept on rising. Jim's holdings were enormous by this time; and then, on the day they were quoted at 68, he gave orders for every share to be sold. His profits were exactly \$1,250,000. The depression had ended, and for Jim the Golden Shower was just commencing. He celebrated its advent in a peculiar way.

At Christmas, in the year 1886, he started his famous Christmas List, which was continued until the year of his death.

"I'm gonna do things in a big way from now on. There's a lot of fellas who ain't been gettin' much from me—and, this is a good time to give 'em something 'n' make 'em feel like they're getting it."

A little item of one hundred and seventeen twenty-pound turkeys headed the list of gifts! These were carefully packed in huge wooden boxes, surrounded by chestnuts, cranberries, celery and giant yams, potatoes. A week before Christmas Day they were dispatched by fast freight to points in almost every corner of the country. Chief clerks, secretaries, section foremen—even the engineers, firemen and conductors of trains upon which Jim had traveled were remembered. In the city, Jim's coachmen made personal delivery of similar boxes to fast freight policemen, firemen, street cleaners.

But just when things started running smoothly again, Jim felt the taste of the first real competition he had known in all his business life. It came from the Schoen Pressed Steel Company, a concern formed almost at the same time as the Fox Solid Pressed Steel Company but which, up to 1895, had never been considered as a serious competitor. When the Schoen Company started to experiment with steel cars, railroad men, including Brady, were skeptical of their ultimate success.

However, on March 26, 1897, J. T. Odell, vice president and general manager of the Pittsburgh, Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad, signed a contract with the Schoen Company for a thousand steel coal-and-coke cars. News of this order electrified the whole railroad industry.

Under the leadership of the ever-alert Mr. Brady, the Fox company plunged heavily into the manufacturing of these new steel cars. But the Schoen cars were more troublesome as the months passed on. Jim was forced to work his personal contacts to the limit, to keep on getting business for the Fox Company.

Finally, in 1898, Sampson Fox came over from England to have a talk with Jim. They finally decided to combine with the Schoens to form one gigantic concern which would dominate the car-building business.

The company was a financial success from the first. Orders on hand January 1, 1900, amounted to \$16,596,863, and these were scheduled for completion by June of that year. Small wonder, then, that Jim faced the new century with confidence and assurance.

It was the advent of the bicycle that created the present vogue for athletics among women. With its coming women left kitchens to embark upon cycle trips.

At this time Diamond Jim tipped the scales at exactly two hundred and forty pounds, and he was becoming a big worried about his physical condition. His

physician, a Doctor J. A. Bodine, told him that it would be better if he could keep his legs in motion. Horseback riding in the park was not sufficient exercise. So Jim went to the Columbia people and asked them to build a bicycle capable of supporting his enormous weight. The Columbia people forthwith evolved a machine that was veritably a bicycle built for two—its elements as large as a man.

The machine was enameled and decorated in a way that brought tears of joy to its makers' eyes. And it boasted a pneumatic seat which, when inflated, resembled a snowshoe.

Jim tried it for a week and became so enthusiastic about cycling that he hired a man named Dick Barton, a former circus rider, as his instructor.

"There ain't enough work for you, just taking care of this one machine," Jim told him the day after he was hired. "You'd better order a couple of dozen more from the Columbia people."

"A couple of dozen more—bicycles, you mean?" asked Dick Barton.

"Sure," said Jim. "Why not? It looks like the whole country has gone crazy over this bicycle idea. So we'll have to have enough machines for everyone when I give parties. And another thing, those bicycles ain't near fancy enough to suit my taste. See what you can do about getting some with gold frames and silver spokes. Then I'll see if I can buy a few diamonds and rubies cheap, and we'll set them in the handlebars and the frame."

A diamond-studded solid-gold bicycle! Dick Barton refused to believe his ears. And when Jim repeated his order Barton decided to drop the matter as crazy.

However, Jim was doomed to have his wishes thwarted this time. The Columbia people, when confronted with the problem, decided that they could not get the strength necessary to support the Brady avardupus if they used gold.

"We could build the machine of steel, and then have it all plated," he wrote.

"Fine!" Jim wrote back. "Build me dozen machines, and I'll take care of having them plated."

By the time the machines were made, Jim had completed arrangements with William Mock, an electroplater with a shop down on John Street, for the future care of his frames, and ordered at a cost of six hundred dollars, Mock built a huge tank capable of holding three bicycle frames at one time.

Every two weeks thereafter, Dick Barton took the wheels down to John Street, where they were disassembled and placed in the electroplating bath. It made no difference whether they needed replating or not—Jim felt that the wheels had to be kept busy. So into the bath they went.

When the members of the Brooklyn Germania Cycle Club got their famous Lightning Express and went flashing along the road to Coney Island all ablaze with nickel plate, Jim sniffed at the publicity the newspapers gave them.

"Hell!" he said. "What's the use of having six men on a bicycle? What you want are some women—pretty ones."

So once again he called the Columbia people into consultation, and this time they had orders to evolve a snappy machine that would allow Jim to take some of his women along with him on his Sunday cycling excursions. In due time they delivered a triplet that was masterpiece of the bicycle makers' art.

Tandems were common enough at this time, but triplets were comparatively rare. This one was designed to take care of one or two women, as Jim wished. The center position had the conventional "drop" handlebars, the satisfactory management of feminine skirts, and the front position had a detachable bar

which allowed it to be suited to either masculine or feminine occupancy. The rear seat was for a man, and its rider had control of the steering.

It was seldom that Jim took two women on the machine with him. Generally he preferred to have the lady of his choice in the middle, himself in front, and Dick Barton in the rear, doing all the heavy work.

During those gay middle 'nineties it seemed as if the whole world was a wheel. Society took up the fad in a big way and started the Michaux Club, with headquarters on Broadway near Fifty-third Street. Pictures of society belles in fetching bicycle costumes appeared in all the Sunday papers. And when Lillian Russell appeared in the park in a white serge cycling costume, the last of the "die-hards" gave in.

But if Lillian's costume caused comment, her cycle caused even more. For Diamond Jim had fairly outdone himself in creating it. It was heavily gold-plated and had tiny chip diamonds studding the whole frame. The handlebars were of the creamiest mother-of-pearl and tiny diamonds, sapphires, rubies and emeralds were lavishly set into the hubs and spokes. Awestruck groups whispered to each other that it had cost Diamond Jim Brady ten thousand dollars.

As a matter of fact, the whole thing, case and all, had cost Jim exactly nineteen hundred dollars. But one hundred times that amount could not have purchased the publicity which it subsequently got for both him and Lillian. For the sight of Lillian Russell and Diamond Jim Brady riding together was enough to stop traffic for blocks.

And how they both loved it!

In New York at this time, Jim had two particular cronies. Their names were Freddie Oebhard and Stanford White. Just why there should have been a friendship between White and Jim is mysterious, to say the least. Yet for years they were constantly seen in each other's company.

These men were natural targets for the more predatory females of the species. Diamond Jim Brady, with his gem-studded shirt front and his open-handed spending, was the goal of every pretty little baggage who itched with the desire to be beautifully kept. Girls stormed his offices by the dozen, but few of them ever reached the inner sanctum.

From the beginning of his business career Jim had made a rule that no woman was ever to be employed in his office. But any girl with a hard-luck story could get a stake or a steak out of Jim. Time after time his business associates took him to task for his habit of handing out money to strange girls. "Jim, you're a damn fool. These girls are just pulling your leg," they'd tell him.

"What the hell!" he always answered. "Let 'em pull it! It's a damn sight easier for me to make money than it is for them. Why shouldn't I help 'em along a little bit, even if they do make an easy mark out of me? At least it will keep 'em off the streets!"

It may have kept some of them off the streets, but it put bad ideas into the heads of many others, who started figuring out how they could declare themselves in on this bonanza.

Most of them failed—but there was one who was amazingly successful.

Her name was Edna McCauley.

*Next Month Parker Morell tells the dramatic story of another girl whom Diamond Jim loved and lost*

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economic basis. The Metropolitan will be glad to prepare a plan specially adaptable to any individual business organization.

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An "Inspiring Reporter" interviews a young woman on the Observation Roof of the RCA Building in New York's Rockefeller Center. The instrument at his side is a chronometer, which was

checked each morning before making interviews by Naval Observatory Time. (Showing in the background is the skyline of lower New York, with the Empire State Building clearly visible.)



FACTS REVEALED BY 1416 INTERVIEWS		
Make of Watch	Watches "On Time"	Average Variation From Accuracy
Hamilton	41.5%	0 min. 45 sec.
Illinois*	36.2%	1 min. 0 sec.
Watch "C"	27.5%	1 min. 26 sec.
Watch "D"	24.3%	1 min. 36 sec.
Watch "E"	26.1%	1 min. 42 sec.
Watch "F"	15.4%	1 min. 48 sec.
Miscellaneous†	18.8%	1 min. 48 sec.
Watch "G"	15.8%	1 min. 56 sec.
Watch "H"	36.8%	More Than 2 min.
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\* Hamilton owned. † "Miscellaneous" includes makes of watches of which only a few of each were found.

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